

The Jar

There was a little dreamer
Who, from just the age of three
Spent all his time imagining
What he could do and be

He wanted to invent things
Give the world something brand new
He wanted to change lives
Even if he only changed a few

His wild imagination
Was like a jar without a lid
And they nurtured and encouraged it
Whilst he was still a kid

But as he grew and his dreams
Showed no signs that they would slow
They tried to tame them, rein them in
And screw the jar lid closed

They told him he should think
More realistically instead
Yet, almost everything that's real
Was once thought up in someone's head

If everyone stopped dreaming
We'd be stuck right where we are
But they tell us that, as adults
We must live inside the jar

So he parked his dreams up in the clouds
Said he'd return some day
But his dreams grew all redundant
As his life got in the way

Yes, the dreamer stopped his dreaming
And they were all left wondering why
Well, they said the sky's the limit
Then put a ceiling on the sky

