**Childhood Dreams**

I wish I was the king, of nearly everything,

I wish could make all my dreams come,

Bursting into life, ooh it would be nice, it’s true…

I wish I could fly, soar into the sky,

Float so high, I would sail so far above the ground,

Never come down at all…

**That’s my song, how can it be wrong?**

**To let our childhood dreams, live on, and on and on and on,**

**For the edges may get torn, the pages slightly worn,**

**But the story stays as bright as when it’s born,**

**The story stays as bright as when it’s born.**

I wish I could see, into every mystery,

Every answer’d be, so easy to me,

Clear as day, I’d show the way for all…

And I wish I was the one, who could fly beyond the sun,

Find new worlds where everyone was,

Full of life’s joy, every girl and boy so pure…

**That’s my song, how can it be wrong?**

**To let our childhood dreams, live on, and on and on and on,**

**For the edges may get torn, the pages slightly worn,**

**But the story stays as bright as when it’s born,**

**The story stays as bright as when it’s born.**

 For what is life without the fantasy of more,

 A unicorn, a dragon, or a queen?

 This is where we first see, all the world can be,

 The driving force behind grown-up dreams…

So will you come with me, think of what you’ll see,

If you let yourself believe, in what could be,

It’s all within our reach, each and everyone…

**That’s my song, how can it be wrong?**

**To let our childhood dreams, live on, and on and on and on,**

**For the edges may get torn, the pages slightly worn,**

**But the story stays as bright as when it’s born,**

**May your stories stay as bright as when they’re born.**