

# I Wanna Live In A Dream In My Record Machine

## Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds

Help me  
To find the light that's shining on me  
To get back what they've taken from me  
Build a little fire where it's cold Show me  
The path that leads to all the glory  
The words that tell a sacred story  
Build a little fire where it's cold I wanna live in a dream  
In my record machine  
I wanna picture the world  
And everyone inside my mouth  
And all the money I waste  
Is it a matter of taste?  
I wanna picture the world  
And you can't make me spit it out Take me  
Back from the darkness  
Where they sent me  
Give hope to places  
Where it can't be  
Build a little fire where it's cold I wanna live in a dream  
In my record machine  
I wanna picture the world  
And everyone inside my mouth  
And all the money I waste  
Is it a matter of taste?  
I wanna picture the world and  
You can't make me spit it out You can't give me your reason  
I wanna mean what to shine  
You can't give me the feelings  
'Cause they're already mine  
You get one in a million  
And if the sun won't rise on my soul  
Then I'll I go

Songwriters

GALLAGHER, NOEL Published by

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