Call Me Up In Dreamland

Van Morrison

Well I tried and I tried
But the river seems so wide
And my head hurts and my hands are tiedAnd it's so hard
When you're standing on the yard
Every time that your number comes aroundCall me up in dreamland
Radio to me man, alright
Get the message to me
Anyway you canWell let your river roll
A way down in your soul
Never to grow old
On the saxophoneFrom the airport to the plane
A way to the railroad trains
Why can't we take it from the top
And start all over againEvery time you hear that whistle blow
You know you gotta put on your show
Every time your number comes aroundCall me up in dreamland
Radio to me man
Get the message to me
Anyway you canA let your river roll
Way down in your soul
Never to grow old
On a saxophoneFrom the car to the bar
Or why don't you pour it in a jar
An put a label on it
And send it off to the lost and foundYou've gotta get it in your brain
But before you go insane
Every time your number comes around
Here it comesCall me up in dreamland
A radio to me man
Get the message to me
Anyway you canLet your river roll
A way down in your soul
Never to grow old
On a saxophoneNever to grow old
On a saxophone
Never to grow old
On the saxophoneNever to grow old
On that saxophone
Lord have mercy

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