Magic Carpet Ride

Mother's Finest

I like to dream yes, yes, right between my sound machine
On a cloud of sound I drift in the night
Any place it goes is right
Goes far, flies near, to the stars away from here
Well, you don't know what we can find
Why don't you come with me little girl
On a magic carpet ride
You don't know what we can see
Why don't you tell your dreams to me
Fantasy will set you free
Close your eyes girl, look inside girl
Let the sound take you away
Last night I held Aladdin's lamp
And so I wished that I could stay
Before the thing could answer me
Someone came and took the lamp away
I looked around, a lousy candle's all I found

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