Last Night Sleep

Can

Dreams seen by a man-made machine
How does it seem, how does it seem
That we can see each others dreams
That we can see each others dreams(Last night sleep, only to the beat)She hold green onions in her hand
She listens to the sound of the band
A bed of green spam grows in her head
Talking to the rising sun
Yes she's talking to the rising sun(Oh papa-papa there, yeah yeah papa-papa cares)
(Oh moma-moma there, yeah yeah moma-moma cares)

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