

Dreaming of Another World

Mystery Jets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's a trick of the eye to live or to die
A riddle without a clue
I spend my days in a dreamy haze
Thinking of what to do When the sun comes down, night is all around
I shed my skin, tread it on your ground
Go to a place where the people make a crowd
Find your pace and do what's not allowed Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another
You always seem to talk all through the night
And you always seem to make it home alright It's a sorry tale when a dream turn stale
I need a bolt from the blue
I once loved before, does it matter anymore?
'Cause now it might be you When the sun comes up burning out the night
We stretch our limbs and walk into the light
There's nothing left to say, sleep as the dead
It's time to live out the dreams inside your head Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another
You always seem to talk all through the night
And you always seem to make it home alright Just try, try to scrape the sky
Only once, once before you die
Do something that will make your mother cry
The dream, dream of another world Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world, dreaming of another
You always seem to talk all through the night
And you always seem to make it home alright

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