Call Me Up In Dreamland

Van Morrison

Well I've tried and I've tried
But the river seems so wide
And my head hurts and my hands are tied
And 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
Get the message to me
Any way you can
Let your river roll
Way down to your soul
Never to grow old
On a saxophoneFrom the airport to the plane
Way to the railroad train
Why don't we take it from the top
And start over all over again
Every 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
Any way you can
Let your river roll
Way down to your soul
Never to grow old
On a saxophoneFrom the car to the bar
Why don't you pour it in a jar
And put a label on it
And send it off to the lost and found
You gotta get it in your brain
Before you go insane
Every time your number comes aroundCall me up in dreamland
Radio to me man
Get the message to me
Any way you can
Let your river roll
Way down to your soul
Never to grow old
On a saxophoneNever to grow old

On a saxophone
Never to grow old
On a saxophone
Never to grow old
On a saxophone

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