

Dreaming from the Waist

The Who

I feel like I want to break out of the house
My heart is a-pumping, I've got sand in my mouth
I feel like I'm heading up to a cardiac arrest
I want to scream in the night, I want a manifest I've got that wide awake, give-and-take, five o'clock-in-the-morning feeling
I've got the hots for the sluts in the well thumbed pages of a magazine
I want to drive, want to fly like I do in the dreams I've never really been in
I want to hump, want to jump, want to heat up, cool down in a dream machine I'm dreaming... from the waist on down
I'm dreaming... but I feel tired and bound
I'm dreaming... of a day when a cold shower helps my health
I'm dreaming... dreaming - of the day I can control myself
Day I can control myself Sound like a priest and then I'm shooting dice
I'm burning tires with some guy whose hair is turning white
I know the girls that I pass, they just ain't impressed
I'm too old to give up, but too young to rest I've got that numb-to-a-thumb over-dubbed
Feeling social when the world is sleeping
The plot starts to thicken then I sicken and I feel I'm cemented down
I'm so juiced that the whorey lady's sad sad story has me quietly weeping
But here comes the morning
Here comes the yawning demented clown I'm dreaming...but I know it's all hot air
I'm dreaming...I'll get back to that rocking chair
I'm dreaming...of the day I can share the wealth
I'm dreaming...dreaming - of the day I can control myself
Day I can control myself
Hey, hey!
The day I can control myself

Songwriters

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