

# Magic Carpet Ride

## The Star-Lord's

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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