

# The Dream Police

David Byrne

Combing the snakes in his head  
Reading a book in his bed  
Getting ready for the night to begin  
Waiting for daylight to end

In this court of law  
This court of common pleas  
The crimes that you committed  
You claim were only a dream

Ev'ryone has the same dreams  
On diff'rent days of the week  
We are the watchdogs of your mind  
We are the dream police

The judge has closed his eyes  
The court begins to dream  
Of crimes that you committed  
While you were lying asleep

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