

Pullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a tourist
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That first friend you had, that worst thing you said
That perfect moment, that last tear you shed
All you've done in bed, all on Memorex
All around your head, all around your head

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You've had too much of the digital love
You want everything live, you want things you can touch
Make it feel like a movie you saw in your youth
Make it feel like that song that just unopened you
You were ten years old, holdin' hands in the classroom

He had a gun on the first day of high school
You want something bizarre, old conceptual cars
You want girls dressed in drag, you want boys with guitars

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You see in Kodachrome, you see pink and gold
You see Mulholland glow, you see in airplane mode
All around round your head, all around round your head
All around round your head, all around round your head

You float in the pool where the soundtrack is canned
You go ask your questions like, "What makes a man?"
Oh, it's 2020, so it's time to change that
So you go make an album and call it Dreamland