

Dreaming of Another World

Mystery Jets

It's a trick of the eye to live or to die
A riddle without a clue
I spend my days in a dreamy haze
thinking of what to do

When the sun comes down
Night is all around
I shed my skin chain it on your ground
Go to a place where the people make a crowd
Find your pace and do what's not allowed

Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another you
Always seem to talk all through the night
And you
Always seem to make it home alright

It's a sorry tale
When a dream turns stale
I need a bolt from the blue
I once loved before does, it matter anymore
'Cause now it might be you

So when the sun comes up, burning out the night
We stretch our limbs and walk into the light
There's nothing left to say sleep is for the dead
It's time to live out the dreams inside your head

Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another world
Dreaming of another you
Always seem to talk all through the night
And you
Always seem to make it home alright

Just try
Try to scrape the sky
Only once, once before you die
Do something that will make your mother cry
And dream, dreaming of another world

Dream, dream, dream