

Iberian Dream

Powderfinger

I stood up on a wave and I felt just like a king
So I rode it all the way to the palace of the queen
She was looking so devine and I keep away the pearls
Just a picture of a swing through a keyhole of the girl

I crept in to the room to investigate the sound
That was keeping me awake and driving me around
And I sold my soul to follow teenage dream
And now I'm living like a kid in my Iberian dream
But every time I look I can feel my temperature rise
Whenever I dive down deep in her Iberian eyes

I sat up on my bed in the middle of the night
Just imagining a world were everythings all right
I couldn't hear a soul no I never heard a squeal
Just the sound of yawning drivers who were sleeping at the whee
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I had it hanging there in my mini-scooter ride
But it never really matters since we follow behind
I sold my soul to follow teenage dream
And now I'm living like a kid in my Iberian dream
But every time I look I can feel my temperature rise
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I can feel it
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