

Dreamland

Roger McGuinn

It's a long long way to Canada
It's a long way from bow chains
Donkey venders slicing coconut
No parkas to their name
Black babies covered in baking flour
The cook's got a carnival song
Lay down someplace shady
With Dreamland coming on

Dreamland, dream on Dreamland

Walter Raleigh, Chris Columbus
Come a-marchin' out of the waves
And they claim the beach and concessions
In the name of the sun-tan slaves
I wrapped their flag around me
Like an Errol Flynn sarong
And I laid down thinking national
With Dreamland coming on

Goodtime Mary and the lady soldiers
Talking over a glass of rum
Burning on the inside
With a knowledge of things to come
There's gambling out on the terrace
Midnight rambling on the lawn
As they lean towards temptation
With Dreamland coming on

In a plane flying back to winter
With shoes full of tropic sand
There comes a lady in a foreign flag
On the arm of her Marlboro man
The hawk howls in New York City
Six-foot drifts on Myrtle's lawn
As they push the recline buttons down
With Dreamland coming on

African sand on the Trade Winds
On the sun on the Amazon
As they lean towards temptation
With Dreamland coming on