

# Tame Impala, Apocalypse Dreams

This could be the day that we push through  
It could be the day that all our dreams come through  
For me, turning at the end just to look

I am too terrified to try our best  
Just to let the wind fade in,  
And you can't it guess  
Life obsessed  
Let us dance you wake up mystified

Oh, I feel so real in my sleep  
Let the \_\_\_ step in too closer \_\_\_  
\_\_\_ could this be, yeah  
Do you let the \_\_\_ feel  
Everything is changing,  
And as my thing I \_\_\_  
I can't run,  
My voice turning \_\_\_  
My hand just sitting in and

Whoa, can I'm getting closer?  
Will I ever get up  
Does it even matter?  
Do I really need this?  
Who shall I command now?  
Whoa, can I'm getting closer?  
Will I ever get up  
Does it even matter?  
Do I really need this?

Nothing ever changes  
No matter how long you do your thing  
Looks the same,  
Everything is changing,