

# Campers Happy, Extraordinary Dream

In the dead of night  
A pool of light  
Newborn swaddled in white  
They laugh and weep  
As he finally breathes  
Then peacefully sleep

The diva dies alone  
Her hands on the phone  
Weary to the bone  
You know the skies will burn  
For every penny she earned  
But emptyhanded  
She will return

You could be a slave  
You could be a tycoon  
But we all sleep  
Underneath the careless moon

Six o'clock news  
Something blew the fuse  
And he went wild  
Now the crowd wants more  
He's faced down on the floor  
In a liquor store  
The night is full of sirens outside  
They're taking the poor squealer for a ride

You could be a slave  
You could be a tycoon  
But we all sleep  
Underneath the careless moon

Simple heart's gonna leave you so soon  
Simple heart's gonna leave you so soon  
It's the age of the lonely  
I flash my light  
I feel like I'm slowly dying in here  
Tonight

You could be a slave  
You could be a tycoon  
But we all sleep  
Underneath the careless moon