

# Jason Mraz, Dreamlife Of Rand McNally

Who is he, Mr. Rand McNally? Who, who is he?

Well, I had I dream that mystery was me, now who else could I be?

'Cause I dreamed I went to England and met the Spice girls there for tea  
They lost one more they're down from four to my favourite number of three  
But they're still quite spicy as the orange flavour  
And oh so nice to do me the favour and lick my icing under the table now  
But I gotta leave town Mr. Nally,  
Just as scary spice was about to go down on me  
And don't ask how Mr. Nally and give up the towel Mr. Nally and run.

I dreamed I went to Singapore got bored and robbed a liquor store  
What for? Nobody knows I only took a couple of Marlboros  
Oh that was all they needed and the criminal was soon defeated  
And now in jail I'm waiting for my punishment of caning  
But I gotta think fast Mr. Nally, watch your ass, say wake up and laugh and run

Better Mr run, Mr rand, Mr Mac, Mr. Nally  
Mr run, Mr man, you got the knack for the rally and run.

I had a chance to visit the north pole but it was way too cold to smoke  
Oh my nose was freezing I should could use some coughing and wheezing  
So I tried it anyway and the place went up in flames  
How was I suppose to know you could catch fire to the snow  
Oh lord way to go Mr. Nally, way to go, oh now you're melting the poles mr nally so run.

I jumped ship in NYC then headed south to Washington DC  
Didn't think I'd go there but played some shows there fancy lucky me  
And it is really slow there with our new president on TV  
Too many politicians and liberal Christians they're all set out for me  
Oh my, cast your vote Mr. Nally, castrate your vote, no you don't, Mr. Nally

I thumbed a ride across the prairie, I got hitched in Vegas, yeah, I got married  
To a lady who loved me she thought it's be funny to gamble all my money  
And I got stranded without my clothes, a little bit of fear and loathing heart attack  
I got chased by the rat pack once in a flashback, singing viva Las Vegas.  
Singing viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas, singing viva Las Vegas

I settled down in San Diego and smoked a joint with java Joe  
And with a grin he took me in spilling coffee on his chin  
And I played my show there, I met my bitches and ho's there  
And with my holy ho they kindly let me shake my tail there  
But one more thing before I go there's never been any place like this home  
For once in a lifetime maybe I'd be foolish not to stay  
I gotta get away, running to play, say what can I say  
C'est, c'est c'est la vie  
C'est c'esat c'est la, la vie  
C'est la vie