

Man, A Night In Dad's Bag

Went out in a desert, nothing but sand
Ain't no-one to talk to, it's tough on the land
You think you see people, it looks like a tree
A carpet of pleasure, that comes from the sea

Pictures change the scene
You're living in a dream
And if you think it's mad
You're living, you spend a night in Dad's bag

Crystals of water, form on your face
A tingling sensation, has started to race
A figure in rain-gear, alone on a hill
He's followed by bandits, they're up for the kill

Pictures change the scene
You're living in a dream
And if you think it's mad
You're living, you spend a night in Dad's bag

As temptation lingers, do you hand in the towel?
Or enter the desert, that's come for you now?
Do you hear the voices, that cry in the wind?
You're out in the open, you ain't got a friend

Pictures change the scene
Where you are, you've been
And if you think it's sad
You're living, you spend a night in Dad's bag