

Mates of State, Beautiful Dreamer

You're spending too long.

The people were wrong.

They don't even know we're moving on.

I just want to feel the taste of the meal, and not the routine of dining here.

We'll be so sorry, if we got to the shadow of death having missed all the sun on your face.

It's thrilling for you now.

Na na na na na na na na na.

We do it all the time, do all the time.

We're the dreamer in the beautiful mess.

I just want to feel the taste of the meal, and not the routine of dining here.

Let's lay here awhile.

All the sounds will compile.

Forgetting to sleep, we ponder this.

Here's an alibi.

We love the voices don't know why.

There was a time we lived in truth.

Let's bring it back.