

Ricky Nelson, Marshmallow Skies

The room starts movin', my mind starts groovin'
Marshmallow skies
Yellow gold ceilings concealing my feelings
Marshmallow skies

I look around, at the ground as it passes me by
Keep holdin' on to the people I want to
Marshmallow skies
There's no delusions for reaching conclusions
In marshmallow skies

Where are you going I said to myself yesterday
To be or not to, is something you've got to
In marshmallow skies
Marshmallow skies