

# 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