

# Van Morrison, Call Me Up In Dreamland

Well I tried and I tried  
But the river seems so wide  
And my head hurts and my hands are tied

And it's so hard  
When you're standing on the yard  
Every time that your number comes around

Call me up in dreamland  
Radio to me man, alright  
Get the message to me  
Anyway you can

Well let your river roll  
A way down in your soul  
Never to grow old  
On the saxophone

From the airport to the plane  
A way to the railroad trains  
Why can't we take it from the top  
And start all over again

Everytime you hear that whistle blow  
You know you gotta put on your show  
Everytime your number comes around

Call me up in dreamland  
Radio to me man  
Get the message to me  
Anyway you can

A let your river roll  
Way down in your soul  
Never to grow old  
On a saxophone

[Instrumental & sax solo]

From the car to the bar  
Or why don't you pour it in a jar?  
An put a label on it  
And send it off to the lost and found

You've gotta get it in your brain  
But before you go insane  
Everytime your number comes around  
Here it comes

Call me up in dreamland  
A radio to me man  
Get the message to me  
Anyway you can

Let your river roll  
A way down in your soul  
Never to grow old  
On a saxophone

Never to grow old  
On a saxophone

Never to grow old  
On the saxophone

Never to grow old  
On that-a saxophone

Lord have mercy!