

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!