

Wondermints, Wanderlust

(N. Walusko)

Say all the things you say, words get in the way
They don't start to explain, nothing is more strange
And not quite there, oh no

You wander through your whispered dreams
In wanderlust

See all the son's raise meat, sell it on the street
Fame, gold you shot in vain, poor man spared some change
That's not quite there, oh no.

He wanders through your whispered dreams
In wanderlust

Hey, trust no one today ,like the CIA, video delay
Of what's not there, oh yeah

They wander through your whispered dreams
In wanderlust

He wanders through your whispered dreams
In wanderlust

You wander through your whispered dreams
In wanderlust