

Last Night Sleep

Can

Dreams seen by a man-made machine
How does it seem, how does it seem
That we can see each others dreams
That we can see each others dreams

Last night sleep, only to the beat
Last night sleep, only to the beat
Last night sleep, only to the beat

She hold green onions in her hand
She listens to the sound of the band
A bed of green spam grows in her head
Talking to the rising sun, yes, she's talking to the rising sun

Oh papa-papa there, oh papa-papa there
Oh papa-papa there, yeah yeah, papa-papa cares
Oh moma-moma there, oh moma-moma there
Oh moma-moma there, yeah yeah, moma-moma cares

Yes, yes, yes, moma-moma there, oh yes, moma-moma cares
Yes, yes, moma-moma there, yeah yeah, moma-moma cares
Yeah yeah, papa-papa there, yeah yeah, papa-papa cares

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