

That day you said you sent a letter to me, never got it anyway,
Playing that guilt trip game, some are won't to do.
Now I lie awake with tequila sunrise,
Feeling like shit surprise surprise by your lack of impiety.
There's really never been a daydream that didn't leave me smiling
And as I get old all I see makes less sense to me.
There's really never been a daydream that didn't leave me smiling,
There's never been a dream a wet dream left me for him.
There's something plastic surgery about this thing called a CD,
Something status quo 'bout a rolled up one pound note.
There's something your big false teeth do say, you never brushed them anyway.
There's something credit note about the age that you can vote.
That day you said you sent a letter to me,
I think I got it but I threw it away.
Something squeaky clean, oh it makes me.
There's really never been a daydream that didn't leave me smiling
And as I get old all I see makes less sense to me.
There's really never been a daydream that didn't leave me smiling.
There's never been a dream, more than a dream left me for him.