

# Dreamland

Roger McGuinn

It's a long long way to Canada  
It's a long way from bow chains  
Donkey venders slicing coconut  
No parkas to their name  
Black babies covered in baking flour  
The cook's got a carnival song  
Lay down someplace shady  
With Dreamland coming on

Dreamland, dream on Dreamland

Walter Raleigh, Chris Columbus  
Come a-marchin' out of the waves  
And they claim the beach and concessions  
In the name of the sun-tan slaves  
I wrapped their flag around me  
Like an Errol Flynn sarong  
And I laid down thinking national  
With Dreamland coming on

Goodtime Mary and the lady soldiers  
Talking over a glass of rum  
Burning on the inside  
With a knowledge of things to come  
There's gambling out on the terrace  
Midnight rambling on the lawn  
As they lean towards temptation  
With Dreamland coming on

In a plane flying back to winter  
With shoes full of tropic sand  
There comes a lady in a foreign flag  
On the arm of her Marlboro man  
The hawk howls in New York City  
Six-foot drifts on Myrtle's lawn  
As they push the recline buttons down  
With Dreamland coming on

African sand on the Trade Winds  
On the sun on the Amazon  
As they lean towards temptation  
With Dreamland coming on