

I dreamed you saw the eyes of a paranoid man
And quit your vision of the millenium
Leaving our hopes in the hands of the psychics

Peace isn't quiet, i'm heading down the freeway
I'm hanging on the frequency of your voice
I'm drunk on the sound of your voice

I dreamed i climbed a hill in the midnight mud
You turned a blind eye to the baby
Leaving our hopes in the hands of the psychos

Peace isn't quiet, i'm heading down the freeway
I'm hanging on the frequency of your voice
I'm drunk on the sound of your voice

There are sapphires in the trees
And the moths as big as bats
Lucky me, to have all that

What do you have on your mind?
What do you have on your mind?

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And the moths as big as bats
Lucky me, to have all that

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