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She can talk in codes I only partly understand,
  She learned them trying to communicate with imaginary friends
  She used to call them angels but now they're not anything,
  Now she feels alone and wishes that they were here again
  She writes a letter and one week later she puts it in the mai
1,
  She says that California Dreaming is a cautionary tale,
  She says I shouldn't treat it like an empty pop song,
  She says interpretations make the premises all wrong,
  She has two older sisters who send care packages in the mail,
  She collects all of their letters in a yellow plastic pail,
  She can make it to the store as it's part of her routine,
  She watches videos until they mix in with her dreams,
  Until they mix in with her dreams,
  Until they mix in with her dreams,
  Until they mix in with her dreams
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