

Dream Life of Rand McNally

Jason Mraz

Who is he, Mr. Rand McNally? Who, who is he?
Well, I had I dream that mystery was me, now who else could I be?

'Cause I dreamed I went to England and met the Spice girls there for
tea
They lost one more they're down from four to my favourite number of t
hree
But they're still quite spicy as the orange flavour
And oh so nice to do me the favour and lick my icing under the table
now
But I gotta leave town Mr. Nally,
Just as scary spice was about to go down on me
And don't ask how Mr. Nally and give up the towel Mr. Nally and run.

I dreamed I went to Singapore got bored and robbed a liquor store
What for? Nobody knows I only took a couple of Marlboros
Oh that was all they needed and the criminal was soon defeated
And now in jail I'm waiting for my punishment of caning
But I gotta think fast Mr. Nally, watch your ass, say wake up and lau
gh and run

Better Mr run, Mr rand, Mr Mac, Mr. Nally
Mr run, Mr man, you got the knack for the rally and run.

I had a chance to visit the north pole but it was way too cold to smo
ke
Oh my nose was freezing I should could use some coughing and wheezing
So I tried it anyway and the place went up in flames
How was I suppose to know you could catch fire to the snow
Oh lord way to go Mr. Nally, way to go, oh now you're melting the pol
es mr nally so run.

I jumped ship in NYC then headed south to Washington DC
Didn't think I'd go there but played some shows there fancy lucky me
And it is really slow there with our new president on TV
Too many politicians and liberal Christians they're all set out for m
e
Oh my, cast your vote Mr. Nally, castrate your vote, no you don't, Mr
. Nally

I thumbed a ride across the prairie, I got hitched in Vegas, yeah, I
got married
To a lady who loved me she thought it's be funny to gamble all my mon
ey
And I got stranded without my clothes, a little bit of fear and loath
ing heart attack
I got chased by the rat pack once in a flashback, singing viva Las Ve
gas.
Singing viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas, singing viva Las Vegas

I settled down in San Diego and smoked a joint with java Joe
And with a grin he took me in spilling coffee on his chin

And I played my show there, I met my bitches and ho's there
And with my holy ho they kindly let me shake my tail there
But one more thing before I go there's never been any place like this
home
For once in a lifetime maybe I'd be foolish not to stay
I gotta get away, running to play, say what can I say
C'est, c'est c'est la vie
C'est c'esat c'est la, la vie
C'est la vie