

# Dreamland

Joni Mitchell

It's a long, long way from Canada  
A long way from snow chains  
Donkey vendors slicing coconut  
No parkas to their name  
Black babies covered in baking flour  
The cook's got a carnival song  
We're going to lay down someplace shady  
With dreamland coming on  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland

Walter Raleigh and Chris Columbus  
Come marching out of the waves  
And claim the beach and all concessions  
In the name of the suntan slave  
I wrapped that flag around me  
Like a Dorothy Lamour sarong  
And I lay down thinking national  
With dreamland coming on  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland

Goodtime Mary and a fortune hunter  
All dressed up to follow the drums  
Mary in a feather hula-hoop  
Miss Fortune with a rose on her big game gun  
All saints, all sinners shining  
Heed those trumpets all night long  
Propped up on a samba beat  
With dreamland coming on  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland

Tar baby and the Great White Wonder  
Talking over a glass of rum  
Burning on the inside  
With the knowledge of things to come  
There's gambling out on the terrace  
And midnight ramblin' on the lawn  
As they lead toward temptation  
With dreamland coming on  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland

In a plane flying back to winter  
In shoes full of tropic sand  
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  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland

La, La ...  
African sand on the trade winds

And the sun on the Amazon  
As they push the reline buttons down  
With dreamland coming on  
Dreamland, dreamland  
Dreamland, dreamland