

Dream Sequence

Mountain

I'm gonna write a little letter
Gonna mail it to my local DJ.
Rockin' rhythm record
I want my jockey play.
Roll over Beethoven, hear it again today.

Well my temperatures risin'
Jukebox blow a fuse.
My heart beatin' rhythm
My soul keeps singin' the blues.
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven, tell Tchaikovsky the news

Whooooh Whooooh Whooooh Whooooh
Roll over Beethoven, tell Tchaikovsky the news

Sitting in a blue room, staring at the wall
Trying to get into anything at all
Cigarettes taste funny as I sink into my bed
Dreams of milk and honey are running through my head

Look at me, Lord
Listen and see

Look at me, Lord
Listen and see, yeah

Girl, you say you love me but the truth is in your eyes
Your heart for me is empty and your lips are givin' lies
And it seems I'm in a blue room, spending all my time
Trying so to catch you while you're running through my mind