Dreamland

Glass Animals

Pullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a tourist
Pullin' down backstreets, deep in your headSlippin' through dreamland like a touristThat first friend you had, that worst thing you said
That perfect moment, that last tear you shed
All you've done in bed, all on Memorex
All around your head, all around your headPullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a tourist
Pullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a tourist
You've had too much of the digital love
You want everything live, you want things you can touch
Make it feel like a movie you saw in your youth
Make it feel like that song that just unopened youYou were ten years old, holdin' hands in the classroom
He had a gun on the first day of high school
You want something bizarre, old conceptual cars
You want girls dressed in drag, you want boys with guitarsPullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a tourist
Pullin' down backstreets, deep in your head
Slippin' through dreamland like a touristYou see Kodachrome, you see pink and gold
You see Mulholland glow, you see in airplane mode
All around your head, all around your head
All around your head, all around your head
You float in the pool where the soundtrack is canned
You go ask your questions like, "What makes a man?"
Oh, it's 2020, so it's time to change that
So you go make an album and call it Dreamland

Lyrics provided by https://www.songlyrics.band/