

(D. Coutts)

She seems so far away she could sleep through World War III
And if they ever start I'd rather be that girl than me
The first part of the day she is pleasantly sedated
She says she likes to go where the hate is separated

Reality's overrated
Soda pop religion on line
I must remain in dreamland
Just to have a regular life

She lives, she lives
Morning girl she is

Never seen the morning star
Never heard me slam the door
She must be dreaming good yeah
She knows what dreams are for