

Woggles, The "Wanderlust"

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(N. Walusko)

Say all the things you say, words get in the way

They don't start to explain, nothing is more strange

And not quite there, oh no

You wander through your whispered dreams

In wanderlust

See all the son's raise meat, sell it on the street

Fame, gold you shot in vain, poor man spared some
change

That's not quite there, oh no.

He wanders through your whispered dreams

In wanderlust

Hey, trust no one today ,like the CIA, video delay

Of what's not there, oh yeah

They wander through your whispered dreams

In wanderlust

He wanders through your whispered dreams

In wanderlust

You wander through your whispered dreams

In wanderlust

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