

Jason Mraz "Dream Life Of Rand McNally"

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Who is he, Mr. Rand McNally? Who, who is he?
Well, I had I dream that mystery was me, now who else
could I be?

'Cause I dreamed I went to England and met the Spice
girls there for tea
They lost one more they're down from four to my
favourite number of three
But they're still quite spicy as the orange flavour
And oh so nice to do me the favour and lick my icing
under the table now
But I gotta leave town Mr. Nally,
Just as scary spice was about to go down on me
And don't ask how Mr. Nally and give up the towel Mr.
Nally and run.

I dreamed I went to Singapore got bored and robbed a
liquor store
What for? Nobody knows I only took a couple of
Marlboros
Oh that was all they needed and the criminal was soon
defeated
And now in jail I'm waiting for my punishment of caning
But I gotta think fast Mr. Nally, watch your ass, say
wake up and laugh and run

Better Mr run, Mr rand, Mr Mac, Mr. Nally
Mr run, Mr man, you got the knack for the rally and run.

I had a chance to visit the north pole but it was way too
cold to smoke
Oh my nose was freezing I should could use some
coughing and wheezing
So I tried it anyway and the place went up in flames
How was I suppose to know you could catch fire to the
snow
Oh lord way to go Mr. Nally, way to go, oh now you're
melting the poles mr nally so run.
I jumped ship in NYC then headed south to Washington
DC
Didn't think I'd go there but played some shows there
fancy lucky me

And it is really slow there with our new president on TV
Too many politicians and liberal Christians they're all
set out for me
Oh my, cast your vote Mr. Nally, castrate your vote, no
you don't, Mr. Nally

I thumbed a ride across the prairie, I got hitched in
Vegas, yeah, I got married
To a lady who loved me she thought it's be funny to
gamble all my money
And I got stranded without my clothes, a little bit of
fear and loathing heart attack
I got chased by the rat pack once in a flashback,
singing viva Las Vegas.
Singing viva Las Vegas, viva Las Vegas, singing viva
Las Vegas

I settled down in San Diego and smoked a joint with
java Joe
And with a grin he took me in spilling coffee on his chin
And I played my show there, I met my bitches and ho's
there
And with my holy ho they kindly let me shake my tail
there
But one more thing before I go there's never been any
place like this home
For once in a lifetime maybe I'd be foolish not to stay
I gotta get away, running to play, say what can I say
C'est, c'est c'est la vie
C'est c'esat c'est la, la vie
C'est la vie

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