

Neutral Milk Hotel

"My dreamgirl"

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My dreamgirl don't exist
And at the age of five she slit her wrists
She didn't know that I'd be hanging around
So her parents buried her in the ground.

To this day I can still hear the sound
Of her life in outer space.
My dreamgirl don't exist
Just you and I and this TV
And this illness seems to feel so strange
Like a henchmen that's about to hang
The moon up like a ball and chain
And set his hands ablaze.

And the wait is waiting up
To build a world so real and strong

My dreamgirl don't exist
Should've photographed in a history book
And I believe she had a voice and name
Three children on the coast of Maine
Her life was in a hurricane
Of love and real embrace.

My dreamgirl don't exist
And at the age of five she slit her wrists
She didn't know that I'd be hanging around.
So one day she took a stroll to town
And walked in front of a Greyhound
Bound for New York Central State?

And the wait is waiting up
To build a world so real and strong.

She goes and now she knows she'll never be afraid.

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