

## The Roots

### "Dreamy Days"

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Dah dah dah dah dah, dah dah dah dah dah dah, dah dah dah dah dah  
La la la la, la la la la  
Dreamy days, (la la la la) come what may, (la la la la)  
we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
Dreamy days, (la la la la) come what may, (la la la la)  
we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
I'm just a long foot barely talk  
I might take of my shoes wan' take of my socks tonight  
Take a little peep under that frock tonight  
But there be no body pop pop tonight  
You know my style I keep it on a holy outta body mind  
blown  
We in some zone  
So how deep can we sow those seeds  
And procede to buck the limit?  
Spinnin' in a whirlpool, essential peek  
Messin' around with all these chemical rushes  
When natural highs come a whole lot cheaper  
Sweet to Geha got me singin' baby baby babe  
I got the sudden urge to misbehave  
I want to take you away from all the stresses  
Buy you nice flowers and expensive dresses  
You don't believe me, you think I'm cheesy  
Dreamy days, (la la la la) come what may, (la la la la)  
we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
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we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
I want to feel ya, I want to know ya, I want to hold ya  
But at the same time situations are complex  
Cause you got particulars, I got particulars  
Old circles are sick of us  
Cause we're walkin' down a primrose row  
To everything and nothing  
So can you picture past the honeymoon  
Where you beat me with a wooden spoon  
And you got me sleepin' on the couch

Now I'm thinkin' who's house is this?  
This is my money, this is my pain, these are my drugs  
This is my brain, and it's never gonna be the same  
Dreamy days, (la la la la) come what may, (la la la la)  
we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
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we feel no way (la la la la),  
There's gonna be fun and lots of laughter  
I'm a one man powerhouse succeeding within the  
scene  
Son of the sir, livin' the love livin' the dream  
Whippersnappers get jealous it's true they don't know  
'Bout my x amount of heart break years of low dough  
We professional we dealin' with bussiness  
Revolution creep up slap you on the nose bridge  
Touces in the back room gettin' the dutch  
And these women in my black book they all quite posh  
Still I wash my own breif wash my own socks  
Some cocks y'all the horny bastards gressy polls  
Square peg in a round hole too much show now  
Some say I'm arrogant some say I'm laid back  
From a council fact payin' higher rate tax  
Who's the daps, who's the geez, must be me, Manuva  
MC  
With a second LP for all of the girls I got the vitality  
It's my  
Dreamy days, (la la la la) come what may, (la la la la)  
we feel no way (la la la la),  
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