

Jason Mraz - Dream Life Of Rand McNally

Tom: E

verse/intro

Chorus

where the drum solo goes, the guitar is:

LYRICS:
DREAMLIFE OF RAND MCNALLY on Sold Out (In Stereo)

Transcribed by V

Who is he, Mr. Rand McNally?
I had I dream that mystery was me. Now who else could I be?
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 favorite number three
But they're still quite spicy as the orange flavor
And oh so nice to do me the favor 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 but that was all they needed and the criminal was soon defeated
And now in jail I'm waiting for my punishment of caining
So I gotta think fast mr nally watch your ass, 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

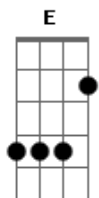
I had a chance to visit the north pole but it was way too cold to smoke
Oh my nose was freezing I should could use some coughing and wheezing
So I tried it anyway and the place went up in flames
How was I suppose to know you could catch fire to the snow
Oh lord way to go mr nally, way to go, now you're melting the poles mr nally so run.

I jumped ship in NYC and headed south to Washington DC
Didn't think I'd go there but played some shows there fancy lucky me
But it is really slow there with our new president on TV
Too many politicians and liberal Christians they're all set out for me
Singing cast your vote mr nally, castrate your vote, no you don't, just run

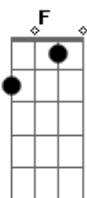
I thumbed a ride across the prairie, I got hitched in Vegas, yep, I got married
To a lady who loved me she thought it's be funny to gamble all my money
And I got stranded without my clothes, a little bit of fear and loathing heart attack
I got chased by the rat pack once in a flashback. Singing viva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

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 and I met my bros there
And with my throw pillow they kindly let me make my bed there
There's 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

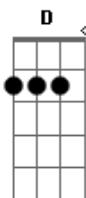
Acordes



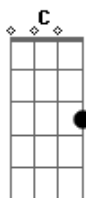
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com