

Child  
of limousines  
What's the best place  
That you have seen  
all of the hands  
That you have shook  
Home of the queen of everything fancy  
Is there a smell  
That you can tell  
gives you some peace  
sends you to hell  
all of the beds  
That you have yearned  
Is there a dream to  
where you'd return  
Where is the plight  
With the most stars  
Where do you drink  
By Echo guitars  
What's the best shore  
Seen from a boat  
Miniature heads that  
color the shore line  
If you could rest  
A minute to tell  
Get me some grass  
Iridescent shells  
I know there's a nest  
Fit with a hatch  
Sunset a glowin'  
Makes us all sweaty

I don't even know where to begin  
or how I should start these days.  
The green mountain south or  
The Clay of the westerns

The Maryland meadows at midnight they do have a misty grace  
Take a trip to blue bayou  
Find Roy Orbison cryin'

A continent molded from glass  
or maybe a town I can taste. Dresses that glow on  
girls from Barcelona

I wanna discover the key  
And open the everywhere place  
A mix of sky from Montana  
dipped in FloriDada

FloriDada

Old  
demented men  
Where is the place  
We can extend  
Crooked state lines

Polka dot signs  
Say that this place is  
a state of mind  
Pretty lip girls  
Paint me the halls  
Not on a street  
Not near a mall  
Raise me a thumb  
From human skin  
That isn't judged by  
where it begins  
Show me the clams  
Show me the pearls  
Mail me a note  
Sent from a world  
That isn't so far  
And always right here  
Where all the boundaries  
Have disappeared  
And all the nights  
Are stitched with a glue  
That's sticking to me  
And I'll stick to you  
I'll take your hands  
You'll take my face  
And everywhere home will  
be a good place

I found myself there a collagin'  
With all of the human race  
A dancer from Ghana  
smiling in Tijuana  
I Frankenstein java with touches of Prada  
and corn on the plates  
A smear of gardenia  
in the fair hair of sweden  
And maybe I actually visited  
some sort of mythical place  
Or was it a future  
connected by sutures  
Oh let's go get lost in the image  
I made of the everywhere place  
I see the lads from Osaka  
dyed in FloriDada

FloriDada

Where's the bridge that's gonna take me home  
the bridge that someone's fighting over  
a bridge that someone's paying for  
a bridge so old just let it go