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Disneyland

Reference number PT0531

Doria

Hot summer night,
I guess the folks were busy fightin'
Joe'd already left home,
eleven years old on my own
felling nothing but lonely.
There's nothing to do,
there's nothing out there but the traffic
Down on state ninety-three,
So I'd sit through the night by our old black and white T.V.
And that's where I saw it,
That's when I heard it
callin', callin' me.

Disneyland,
Magic Kingdom,
Disneyland,
I close my eyes real tight,
Wishin' hard I might,
wishin' hard I may
Find my way to
Disneyland,
Gotta get to
Disneyland,
on a western breeze,
Magic carpet, please, carry me away.

Oh I know you're gonna say the trees are paper mache.
It's done with mirrors, the magic there,
Each little birds full of springs, you press a button, it sings,
Recorded music in the air.
They've had the mountain refaced, it's only plywood and paste.
Go on, say it!
I'll turn around and tell you,
I don't care!
I don't care.

I will live in
Disneyland
Make my home in Disneyland,
Maybe it's all fake,
That's a chance I'll take
It's perfectly ok
Someone give me
Disneyland
Take me there to Disneyland
And when I get to Disneyland
I'll stay!