

Land of the Nod

Is Tropical

Rifles
It rifles through your mind
Rifles throughout time
How sublime My eyes, they're as old as me
As old as the sea
But not so firm Drift me off to the land of the nod
To the land of the nod Frightening, Frightening sights abroad
Frightening sights 'til morn
My whole new world Drift me off to the land of the nod
To the land of the nod
To the land of the nod
To the land of the nod
Hell hounds
Vacations in the fires
'Kept me up for hours
Wake up and smell the flowers
(Drift me off) To the Land of the Nod

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