

Doorman to Dreamland

©2002 George Stetten BMI
not for redistribution

The doorman to dreamland is guarding the door,
The lobby is empty, they're waxing the floor.
There's gold in the marble, the chandelier's glare
Is making it glitter, I wish I was there.

The doorman to dreamland is wearing a frown,
I'm tired of gambling and need to lie down.
The streets of insomnia harbor the game
That keeps my mind reelin', they all look the same.

Oh, doorman to dreamland, you're holding the keys.
I know you can hear me, so please help me, please.
I need your amnesia to reset my soul,
For all of my winnings, I can't pay the toll.

Someday when I'm sober and pious and pure,
I won't have to wander in search of a cure,
And then we'll be buddies, the doorman and I,
I'll toss him a quarter each time I walk by.