

COLLECTORS OF DREAMS

We is collectors of dreams
We give them to the human beans
Some is good or bad
And some is even sad
And some are not what they seem

And we are traveling so far
To Dream Country, where dreams are
We catch them in our net
AND keep the ones we get
And put each one in a jar

And on the table we is labelling all the jars on different shelves.
Then we pickses them and fixes them and mixes them ourselves
Then we dump it in a trumpet
And travel to a bed
And blow our dream into a little sleeping person's head

Ohhhhhh

We is collectors of dreams
We give them to the human beans
So if you think we're bad, you will be so glad
That we is not what we seems
We are collectors of dreams.