

Tame Impala, Apocalypse Dreams

This could be the day that we push through
It could be the day that all our dreams come through
For me, turning at the end just to look

I am too terrified to try our best
Just to let the wind fade in,
And you can't it guess
Life obsessed
Let us dance you wake up mystified

Oh, I feel so real in my sleep
Let the ___ step in too closer ___
___ could this be, yeah
Do you let the ___ feel
Everything is changing,
And as my thing I ___
I can't run,
My voice turning ___
My hand just sitting in and

Whoa, can I'm getting closer?
Will I ever get up
Does it even matter?
Do I really need this?
Who shall I command now?
Whoa, can I'm getting closer?
Will I ever get up
Does it even matter?
Do I really need this?

Nothing ever changes
No matter how long you do your thing
Looks the same,
Everything is changing,