

Electric Light Orchestra, Eldorado Overture

The dreamer, the unworken fool,
In dreams, no pain will kiss the brow.
The love of ages fills the head.
The days that linger there in prey of emptiness,
Of burned out dreams.
The minutes calling through the years.
The universal dreamer rises up above his earthly burden.
Journey to the dead of night.
High on a hill in Eldorado