

Hypnotized

Fleetwood Mac

Written by Bob Welch.

It's the same kind of story
That seems to come down from long ago
Two friends having coffee together
When something flies by their window
It might be out on that lawn
Which is wide, at least half of a playing field
Because there's no explaining what your imagination
Can make you see and feel
Seems like a dream
(They) got me hypnotized Now it's not a meaningless question
To ask if they've been and gone
I remember a talk about North
Carolina and a strange, strange pond
You see the sides were like glass
In the thick of a forest without a road
And if any man's ever made that land
Then I think it would've showed Seems like a dream
(They) got me hypnotized
They say there's a place down in Mexico
Where a man can fly over mountains and hills
And he don't need an airplane or some kind of engine
And he never will
Now you know it's a meaningless question
To ask if those stories are right
'Cause what matters most is the feeling
You get when you're hypnotized Seems like a dream
(They) got me hypnotized

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