

Barbra Streisand

"Pieces Of Dreams"

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Little boy lost
In search
Of little boy found
You go a wandering, wandering
Stumbling, tumbling
'Round... 'round...
When will you find
What's on the tip of your mind
Mmm... Why are you blind
To all you ever were
Never were
Really are
Nearly are
Little boy false
In search
Of little boy true
Will you be ever done
Traveling
Always unraveling
You,... you...
Running away
Could leave you further astray
And as for fishing in streams
For pieces of dreams
Those pieces will never fit
What is the sense of it
Little boy blue
Don't let your little sheep roam
It's time come blow your horn
Meet the morn
Look and see
Can you be far from home...

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