

## **Bob Dylan**

### **"Bob Dylan's Dream"**

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While riding on a train goin' west  
I feel asleep for take my a rest  
I dreamed a dream that make me sad  
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon  
Where we together weathered many a storm  
Laughin' and singing 'till the early hours of the morn'.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung  
Our words were told, our songs were songs  
Where we longed for nothin' and were satisfied  
Joking and talking about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold  
We never thought we could ever get very old  
We thought we could sit forever in fun

Our chances really was a million to one.

As easy it was to tell black from white  
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right  
And our choices they were few and the thought never  
hit  
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and  
split.

How many a year has passed and gone  
Many a gamble has been lost and won  
And many a road taken by many a first friend  
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
That we could sit simply in that room again  
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat  
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

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