

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Series Of Dreams"**

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I was thinking of a series of dreams  
Where nothing comes up to the top  
Everything stays down where it's wounded  
And comes to a permanent stop

Wasn't thinking of anything specific  
Like in a dream when someone wakes up and screams  
Nothing truly very scientific  
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams  
Where the time and the tempo drag  
And there's no exit in any direction  
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes

Wasn't making any great connections  
Wasn't falling for any intricate schemes  
Nothing that would pass inspection  
I was just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded  
And into the path you are hurled  
And the cards are no good that you're holding  
Unless they are from another world

In one, the surface was frozen  
In another, I witnessed a crime  
In one, I was running, and in another  
All I seemed to be doing was climb

Wasn't looking for any special assistance  
And not going to any great extremes  
I'd already gone the distance  
Was just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded  
And into the path you are hurled  
And the cards are no good that you're holding  
Unless they are from another world

I'd already gone the distance  
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Just thinking of a series of dreams  
Just thinking of a series of dreams

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