

Chuck Berry "My Dream"

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When I build my home,
That I shall have some day;
It'll be like I want it
Oh - and I mean that in every way.

I have yet to see any
that would cope with the style -
Of the house that I dream of;
That I'll build after a while.

The roof of it will have peak lines,
and contours that dip;
and form shadowy eaves,
where the little raindrops can drip.

... That sweet pitter patter,
of raindrops at play -
is such a beautiful sound
on a quiet gloomy day.

You know, when the wind is high,
And the storm gods race,
and I'll be snugged up
by my fire-place.

Maybe feeding my little dog,
or playing with my little cat.
But unconsciously yearning,
and wonderin' where you're at.

But when the meadow is shadowed
by that old sinking sun;
And the roses are bowing
for the dew drops to come;

At my old upright piano,
with pure ivory keys,
I'll just plunk out some vibrations
of whatever I please.

Sometimes it'll be classics,
sometimes lullabies;

But mostly rock n' roll
- that I'll surely improvise.

And with my favourite guitar,
I'll be just strummin' away
and bidding goodbye,
to another beautiful day.

A portrait of my angel,

That I love most of all -
I'll have painted from a snapshot
onto my bedroom wall.

Where the sun's warm rays,
and the moon's cold beam
Will cast her reflection,
as I lay there and dream.

You know, I can't deny
- but it makes me so sad,
When I think that I've lost
All that I could have had.

It was best for her -
And I guess I, I know;
That she measured my love -
and then asked me to go.

Then Finally my house,
I will have it complete.
And I'll take up a smoke,
Sitting by the window sill.

And I'll read my many books
that I'll have in my bachelors nest;
While the sun goes drooping
- down in the west.

And I'll feel that gold,
warm light on my face;
And then I'll start trippin'
to some far off place.

That through all of my travels,
I must have missed somewhere -
A place that I might find
my angel someday.

And I'll leave all that I have
to the gods, up above;

and go spend my life searching
for the angel, that I love.

For all of my dreams,
would be but a souvenir;
compared to the one
that I love so dear.

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