

Marleys Ghost

"Bob Dylan's Dream"

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While ridin' on a train goin' West,
I feel asleep for to take my rest.
I dreamed a dream that me sad,
concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared into the room
where my friends and I'd spent many an afternoon.
Where we longed for nothing and were satisfied,
jokin' and a-talkin' about the world outside.

By the old wooden stove our hats was hung.
Our words was told and our songs were sung.
We thought we could sit forever in fun,
but 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 the choices were few so the thought never hit
that one road we travelled would ever shatter or split.

I wish, I wish in vain
we could sit simply in that room again.
A 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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