

Ray Stevens

"The Last Dream"

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A simple man had the strangest dream
He stood in a garden of flowers
That overlooked the sea
And there sailing by
Were his truth and his lies going home

While all around the sweetest sounds
Filled the air with love
They made his senses pound
He saw with open mind
His life turn with the tide to go home

Memories of youth had passed before
He and he alone could count the score
For he was free he was free
This was his last dream

Such melodies are made to sing
The mellow sounds within a thousand violins
Caught upon the breeze
They play in harmony sweet harmony

At last he knew his act was through
With no applause and no encores
Though the house was full
So bring the curtain down
Lay him in the ground
For he's gone home

Memories of youth had passed before
He and he alone could count the score
Now he is free he is free
This was his last dream

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