

## Residents

# "I'm Dreaming Of A White Sailor"

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Sometimes I feel his feet  
When I'm fast asleep  
I know that I'm dreaming  
But the touch is soft and sweet

I went to see the silent sailor  
And the sailor said  
"Do not forget my face, my friend  
For if you do I'm dead"

"Well, I don't see how that could be"  
I said to him as well  
As peeling off a piece of paper  
Stuck to my lapel

The sailor fell upon his knees  
Then he fell beside  
The cedar chest that he had carved  
Then I think he died

Well, this was curious, I thought  
So I wandered in  
And saw that there was something written  
On his wrinkled skin

Well, I thought the thoughts of little children  
And the thoughts of men  
I thought the thoughts of stupid people  
Who have never been

So much in love as they should be  
And got confused too easily  
To fall in love again  
To fall in love again

And so I say goodbye to you  
And hope that maybe someday soon  
We will meet again up there  
For death is fair and friends are few

Friends are few  
Friends are few

Friends are few

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