

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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