

## Shirley Bassey "Pieces Of Dreams"

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Little boy lost  
In search of little boy found  
You go a wondering, wandering, stumbling, tumbling  
'Round... 'round...  
When will you find

What's on the tip of your mind  
Why are you blind  
To all you ever would  
Never would  
Really are  
Nearly are  
Little boy false  
In search of little boy true  
Will you be ever done

Traveling  
Always unraveling

You ... you  
Running away

Could lead you farther astray  
And as for fishing in streams  
For pieces of dreams  
Those pieces will never fit  
What is the sense of it  
Little boy blue  
Don't let your little sheep roam  
It's time come blow your horn

Meet the morn  
Look and see  
Can you be  
Far from home?  
(transcribed by Roman )

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