

Crosby Stills Nash Young

"In My Dreams"

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Words & Music - David Crosby
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Look at those dancers gliding around.
Seems as is their feet
Don't hardly touch the ground.

Look at them smiling
Like they knew one another
And they never would come down.
Turn around, and hold me.
I'd like to see your face alone.
I'm hoping there's someone home.

I'd like to meet you, who do you see?
Introduce yourself to whichever of me is nearby.

Close behind your eyes you're laughing at me,
And I'm stuck with no instructions that I can see
To steer by.

Stick around, it's tricky ground.
I'd like to see your face alone.
I'm hoping there's someone home.

Two or three people fading in and out,
Like a radio station that I'm thinking about
But I can't hear.

Who gets breakfast? Who gets the lunch?
Who gets to be the boss of this bunch?
Who will steer?

Turning, turning, to see your face alone.
I'm hoping there's someone home.

Dream, do you dream,
Dreaming, do you?

In my dreams I can see I can.
I can see a love that could be.

Crosby, Stills, Nash - Vocals
David Crosby - Acoustic Guitar
Stephen Stills - Acoustic Guitar
Russ Kunkel - Drums
Joe Vitale - Vibes

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