

# My Dream

Chuck Berry

When I build my home,  
That I shall have some day;  
It'll be like I want it  
Oh - and I mean that in every way.  
I have yet to see any  
That would cope with the style -  
Of the house that I dream of;  
That I'll build after a while.  
The roof of it will have peak lines,  
And contours that dip;  
And form shadowy eaves,  
Where the little raindrops can drip.  
... That sweet pitter patter,  
Of raindrops at play -  
Is such a beautiful sound  
On a quiet gloomy day.  
You know, when the wind is high,  
And the storm gods race,  
And I'll be snuggled up  
By my fire-place.  
Maybe feeding my little dog,  
Or playing with my little cat.  
But unconsciously yearning,  
And wonderin' where you're at.  
But when the meadow is shadowed  
By that old sinking sun;  
And the roses are bowing  
For the dew drops to come;  
At my old upright piano,  
With pure ivory keys,  
I'll just plunk out some vibrations  
Of whatever I please.  
Sometimes it'll be classics,  
Sometimes lullabies;  
But mostly rock n' roll  
- that I'll surely improvise.  
And with my favourite guitar,  
I'll be just strummin' away  
And bidding goodbye,  
To another beautiful day.  
A portrait of my angel,  
That I love most of all -  
I'll have painted from a snapshot  
Onto my bedroom wall.  
Where the sun's warm rays,  
And the moon's cold beam  
Will cast her reflection,  
As I lay there and dream.  
You know, I can't deny  
- but it makes me so sad,  
When I think that I've lost  
All that I could have had.  
It was best for her -  
And I guess I, I know;  
That she measured my love -  
And then asked me to go.  
Then Finally my house,

I will have it complete.  
And I'll take up a smoke,  
Sitting by the window sill.  
And I'll read my many books  
That I'll have in my bachelors nest;  
While the sun goes drooping  
- down in the west.  
And I'll feel that gold,  
Warm light on my face;  
And then I'll start trippin'  
To some far off place.  
That through all of my travels,  
I must have missed somewhere -  
A place that I might find  
My angel someday.  
And I'll leave all that I have  
To the gods, up above;  
And go spend my life searching  
For the angel, that I love.  
For all of my dreams,  
Would be but a souvenir;  
Compared to the one  
That I love so dear.