

## Lucid Dreams

Kim Carnes

Laid on the floor beneath the ceiling fan  
Fumbled in the dark until I found your hand  
Turn out the lights, I wanna go there again

If I could only live my lucid dreams  
I wouldn't break down  
I would not wake up screaming  
Out of focus, just beyond my reach  
I only I, I could live my lucid dreams

Streetlights were yellow and the world spun down  
Put on your old jacket and I went to town  
I found our old place and I laid down on the lawn

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My lucid dreams in shadows, dreams of light  
Neon colors burning bright  
Dreams of sweet sangria wine  
And you undressed me one more time

I should be riding bareback across the silver sands  
Playing lead guitar in Bob Dylan's band  
Instead of wrestling the ghosts running loose in my head

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