

# Series Of Dreams

Bob Dylan

1. I was thinkin' of a series of dreams  
Where nothing comes up to the top  
Everything stays down where it's wounded  
And comes to a permanent stop  
Wasn't thinking of anything specific  
Like in a dream when someone wakes up and screams  
Nothing too very scientific  
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams

2. Thinkin' of a series of dreams  
Where the time and the tempo drag  
And there's no exit in any direction  
Except the one that you can't see with your eyes  
Wasn't makin' and great connection  
Wasn't fallin' for any intricate scheme  
Nothing that would pass inspection  
I's just thinkin' of a series of dreams

R: Dreams where the umbrella is folded  
And into the path you are hurled  
And the cards are no good that you're holdin'  
Unless they're from another world

3. In one, the surface was frozen  
In another, I witnessed a crime  
In one, I was running, and in another  
All I seemed to be doing was climb  
Wasn't lookin' for any special assistance  
Not going through any great extremes  
I'd already gone the distance  
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams

R: Dreams where the umbrella is folded...

C G C C F

\*: I'd already gone the distance  
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams,  
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams  
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams

