

The Dreamer

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SO THE SHEPARD BOY SAYS TO HIS LADY IN WAITIN' "GIVE ME YOUR HEART BUT GIVE ME SOME TIME, I'M NOT WITHOUT HOPE AND I'M NOT HESITATIN' MYSELF AND MY TREASURE TO FIND"

"AND I'LL MAKE MY WAY BACK BY THE LIGHT OF YOUR HEART IN THE DARKEST OF NIGHT YOUR FLAME I WILL SEE AND WE'LL DANCE IN THE MOON AND WE'LL RAISE US SOME BABIES FOREVER OUR SOULS WILL BE TOGETHER"

SO HE SELLS OFF HIS FLOCK FOR A PICK AND A SHOVEL AND A FINE LEATHER BAG TO HOLD ALL THAT GOLD AND HE TAKES HER SOFT HANDS ONE LAST TIME HOW HE LOVES HER WITH THE WINDS OF CHANGE BLOWIN' COLD

WELL "GOODBYE TENNESSEE HERE I COME COLORADO I'LL PISS IN YOUR STREETS AND SLEEP IN YOUR HILLS AND I'LL FILL UP MY BAG WITH YOUR TURQUOIS AND SILVER SUZANNE, I ALWAYS WILL LOVE YOU"

THAT NIGHT SHE LAY STILL WITH THE COLD WINDS A BLOWIN' & THE SOUND OF THE WHIPPORWILL CALLIN' THROUGH THE TREES "HEY, THAT MAN WITH THE SOUL THE SIZE OF A PICKLE HE'S LEFT YOU TO DO AS YOU PLEASE"

SO SHE MOVES INTO TOWN AND ENROLLS IN A COLLEGE AND GETS HER A JOB WITH A TEACHING DEGREE "SAY TO HELL WITH YOU FOOL, YOU DREAMER- JAMES BUTLER BY GOD I'M GONNA BE HAPPY"

OF COURSE HE COMES BACK WITH HOLES IN HIS POCKETS BUT READY TO CLAIM WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS STILL HIS SHE HAD A NEW HOUSE IN TOWN AND A DOCTOR FOR A HUSBAND AND A NURSERY SCHOOL FULL OF KIDS

SO HE FINDS HIM A ROPE STRONG ENOUGH FOR A HANGIN' WITH HIS HEART FULL OF SORROW HE FINDS HIM A TREE BUT HE CAN'T TAKE HIS LIFE SO HE TAKES OUT HIS PEN KNIFE AND CARVES I'LL ALWAYS BE A DREAMER