

# The Dream

Eric Burdon

One two three four  
Five crazy individual animals  
Stuck out on the road  
Trying to be one  
Can you imagine  
Five of us in search of a dream  
Always on the road it seems  
All turned on to the memory now  
Look for other lassies  
Hated by the lads  
But we bridged the gap somehow  
With our music  
In the scrap  
To be number one  
Number one  
Number one  
We had connct with the fans  
Nothing could stop us now  
Violens  
Saturday nights all those run arounds  
We was up there with the best  
Till it alt came down  
No sleep, no eat  
Just pills to keep you alert  
Searching, searching till we all went blind  
And never jet struck bater  
Moving at a hell of pace  
It'll take your breath away  
But I couldn't restist that  
Godlike feeling  
When I'm up on the stage  
And never in a thousand years  
Did lever think  
I'd see the day  
When it would all be gone  
Gone, gone, gone  
Or we'd blown away  
Well, the joker smiles  
As he shook my hand  
And said "Welcome to the stage" Laughed and said  
"Ha oho a welcome kid Welcome to number one"