

## Speaking Of Dreams

Joan Baez

Speaking of dreams  
Here we are in the glistening streets of Gay Paree  
Playing the Gipsy Kings  
After the rain and taking tea at the Ritz in boots and jeans  
With a teenage girl who said that it would be her grandest dream  
And speaking of dreams, I really must say  
I couldn't have dreamed you up  
Nor the way you burst into my life, rattled my cage  
And woke my sleeping demons up

You were not yet born  
When my career began in '59  
We're a sign of the times  
Who cares if you are a breath of spring and I am vintage wine  
We come from two different worlds  
Like every other couple on the Rue de Rivoli  
You spent your youth in the rainforests of distant Camaroon  
Your father was a Navy captain, I am the Queen of Hearts  
And the daughter of the moon

Speaking of dreams  
You took me to see the paintings of Paul Gaughin  
Speaking of dreams  
We stood in the midst of waterfalls, flaming trees  
Golden dogs and shining Tahitian ladies  
But it was you, not Paul Gaughin  
Who stopped my heart and then  
Started my life over again

And if you feel as I do  
That we've erased the lines between reality  
And all our painted dreams  
Then take me down to where the Gypsies sing  
The songs their mothers knew  
Tie bright ribbons in my hair  
Lean on the wind and watch me while I dance for you

And carry me off to the rainforests of distant Camaroon  
Tell me that you've always known that  
I am the Queen of Hearts  
And the daughter of the moon