

When I Dream

Nanci Griffith

I could have a mansion
That is higher than the trees
I could have all the gifts I want
And never ask please

I could fly to Paris
[Incomprehensible] at my beck and call
Why do I go through life
With nothing at all

But when I dream
I dream of you
Maybe someday
You will come true

I can be the singer
Or the clown in every room
I can even call someone
Take me to the moon

I can put my makeup on
And drive the men insane
I can go to bed alone
And never know his name

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