

# 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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I dream of you  
Maybe someday  
You will come true

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