

Dreamer  
sending your vision into the night  
dreamer  
swinging your sword of light

Running where the road is broken  
singing where no words are spoken

I remember you when I was a girl  
how your bright eyes reflected the African planes  
you told me of Laos and the Ivory Coast  
and of all of your friends with unsayable names...  
you taught me to never hide my wings  
to strive for all the craziest things  
and always believe in the goodness of men  
you told me all this,  
and took off again...

Dreamer  
let all the cynics laugh  
you're on your own path...

I remember you when you drank your beer  
the crack in your voice when you said,  
"don't you worry  
you know I must go, but I'll come back again"  
in the book of your face I could read your story.  
a torch in the disillusioned night  
you raged, and raged and raged  
against the dying of the light!  
and I still believe in the goodness of men  
you told me all this  
and I'll say it again

Dreamer  
let all the cynics laugh  
you're on your own path...

Running where the road is broken  
singing where no words are spoken...