

Bob Dylan's Dream

Peter, Paul and Mary

While riding on a train goin' west,
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
I dreamed a dream that made me sad,
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' 'til the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats were hung,
Our words were told and our songs were sung;
Where we longed for nothin' and were satisfied
Talkin' and a jokin' about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,
We never thought we could get very old;
We thought we could sit forever in fun
Though our chances really were a million to one.

As easy as it was to tell black from white,
It wasn't all that easy to tell wrong from right;
Our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone,
And many a gamble has been lost and won;
And many a road taken by many a first friend,
And each one of them I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
That we could sit simply in that room once again;
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

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I dreamed a dream that made me sad,
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