

## Still in Dreams

Ralph McTell

This morning I am still in dreams  
Of you and I both young as spring  
My step is cautious down to breakfast  
The floor of dreams is eggshell thin

There is a green mist in the trees  
The toast is burnt to cindered crumbs  
The sound of bees hum in my head  
And I am all fingers and thumbs

I've been sleeping now for hours  
I can't seem to wake me up  
Getting rained on in the shower  
Fumbling with my coffee cup

Deep down I know I'm in a mist  
And that really I'm not even trying  
For I have always been like this  
Whenever I've been flying

I drag a comb through knots of dreams  
For when I shave I must address  
This image mirrored back at me  
That's weathered in time's wilderness

Whilst yours is fixed in summer light  
Not creased or lined and smudged with age  
A new print from time's negative  
A red dot on a linen page

There is a green mist in the trees  
Along the river known to me  
There is a blue mist in the grass  
And I am lost and all at sea