

For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her

Ricky Nelson

What a dream I had
Pressed in organdy
Clothed in crinoline
Of smoky burgundy
Softer than the rain

I wandered empty streets down
Past the shop displays
I heard cathedral bells
Tripping down the alleyways
As I walked on

And when you ran to me your
Cheeks flushed with the night
We walked on frosted fields
Of juniper and lamplight
I held your hand

And when I awoke and
Felt you warm and near
I kissed your honey hair
With my grateful tears

Oh I love you girl
Oh how I love you
Oh how I love you