

## 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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