I was walkin to the corner drug store
and what should I happen to see
there were picket lines
and the people were a shoutin'
"Down with democracy"
as I strolled on by someone grabbed my arm and said
"buddy where do you stand"?
I said "I stand wherever I choose my friend
and you best let go of my hand"
as I walked away on a sunny day, I swear IA heard him scream
"you know you're leanin' on my dream"
"Hey man you're leanin on my dream"

Got home and turned on the tv set and sat me down to eat and a man came on talkin' bout the coppers they were blockin' off another street Seems some folks was raisin' cain and a riot had broke out

And they flashed the camera on the guy who had stopped me I watched him runnin' about as the cops were draggin him away I heard on of 'em scream "you know you're leanin' on my dream" "these kids are leanin' on my dream"

oh yeah

Well I got up and turned off the tv set and to tell you I was feelin' mean an I thought a while tryin to make some sense out of everything that I have seen

I was addin' the score when there's a knock on the door was a letter addressed to me
It read "greetings from the president, united states"
I fell down on my knees

The next day I was on the picket line and Lord you should have heard me scream "you know you're leanin' on my dream" "hey man you're leanin' on my dream"