

My Dream

Chuck Berry

When I build my home,
That I shall have some day;
It'll be like I want it
Oh - and I mean that in every way.
I have yet to see any
That would cope with the style -
Of the house that I dream of;
That I'll build after a while.
The roof of it will have peak lines,
And contours that dip;
And form shadowy eaves,
Where the little raindrops can drip.
... That sweet pitter patter,
Of raindrops at play -
Is such a beautiful sound
On a quiet gloomy day.
You know, when the wind is high,
And the storm gods race,
And I'll be snugged up
By my fire-place.
Maybe feeding my little dog,
Or playing with my little cat.
But unconsciously yearning,
And wonderin' where you're at.
But when the meadow is shadowed
By that old sinking sun;
And the roses are bowing
For the dew drops to come;
At my old upright piano,
With pure ivory keys,
I'll just plunk out some vibrations
Of whatever I please.
Sometimes it'll be classics,
Sometimes lullabies;
But mostly rock n' roll
- that I'll surely improvise.
And with my favourite guitar,
I'll be just strummin' away
And bidding goodbye,
To another beautiful day.
A portrait of my angel,
That I love most of all -
I'll have painted from a snapshot
Onto my bedroom wall.
Where the sun's warm rays,
And the moon's cold beam
Will cast her reflection,
As I lay there and dream.
You know, I can't deny
- but it makes me so sad,
When I think that I've lost
All that I could have had.
It was best for her -
And I guess I, I know;
That she measured my love -
And then asked me to go.
Then Finally my house,

I will have it complete.
And I'll take up a smoke,
Sitting by the window sill.
And I'll read my many books
That I'll have in my bachelors nest;
While the sun goes drooping
- down in the west.
And I'll feel that gold,
Warm light on my face;
And then I'll start trippin'
To some far off place.
That through all of my travels,
I must have missed somewhere -
A place that I might find
My angel someday.
And I'll leave all that I have
To the gods, up above;
And go spend my life searching
For the angel, that I love.
For all of my dreams,
Would be but a souvenir;
Compared to the one
That I love so dear.