

An Occasional Dream

David Bowie

I recall how we lived
On the corner of a bed
And we'd speak of a Swedish room
Of Hessian and wood

And we'd talk with our eyes
Of the sweetness in our lives
And tomorrow's of rich surprise
Some things we could do

In our madness
We burnt one hundred days
Time takes time to pass
And I still hold some ashes to me
An occasional dream

And we'd sleep, oh, so close
But not really close our eyes
'Tween the sheets of summer bathed in blue
Gently weeping nights

It was long, long ago, long ago
And I still can't touch your name
For the days of fate were strong for you
Danced you far from me

In my madness
I see your face in mine
I keep a photograph
It burns my wall with time

Time, an occasional dream of mine
An occasional dream of mine
An occasional dream of mine