

Deep in a Dream

Frank Sinatra

I dim all the lights and I sink in my chair.
The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air.
The walls of my room fade away in the blue,
And I'm deep in a dream of you.

The smoke makes a stairway for you to descend;
You come to my arms, may this bliss never end,
For we love anew just as we used to do
When I'm deep in a dream of you.

Then from the ceiling, sweet music comes stealing;
We glide through a lover's refrain, you're so appealing
That I'm soon revealing my love for you over again.
My cigarette burns me, I wake with a start;

My hand isn't hurt, but there's pain in my heart.
Awake or asleep, ev'ry mem'ry I'll keep
Deep in a dream of you.