

## Dreams Of A Dreamer

Gene Watson

Lost my pickup in a card game in New Orleans  
Lost my girl to a stranger in L.A.  
Left my dreams in a motel in Atlanta  
And I guess I lost my mind along the way  
Can't you see I'm dyin' on my feet  
Walkin' to my grave, too stoned to weep  
These old memories is tearin' up my mind  
There just dreams of a dreamer gone blind  
The bright lights have gone away for the good times  
This old yearning in my soul chills my brain  
The ashes of my years have been scattered  
By the laughter, wine and life of yesterday  
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