

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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