

Street Of Dreams

Guy Lombardo

Love laughs at a king,
Kings don't mean a thing,
On the street of dreams.
Dreams broken in two,
Can be made like new,
On the street of dreams.
Gold, silver and gold,
All you can hold,
Is in the moonbeams.
Poor, no one poor,
Long as love is sure,
On the street of dreams.

(Spoken)

Love laughs at a king,
'cos Kings don't mean a thing,
On the street of dreams.
Dreams that's all broken in two
You can make 'em just like new
On the street of dreams
Now you take gold, silver and gold
All that you can hold
Is way up yonder in the moonbeams
Poor? Ain't nobody poor
Long as love is sure
On that old street of dreams

(Sung)

Love laughs at a king,
Kings don't mean a thing,
On the street of dreams.
Dreams broken in two,
Can be made like new,
On the street of dreams.
Gold, silver and gold,
All you can hold,
Is in the moonbeams.
Poor, no one is poor,
Long as love is sure,
On the street of dreams.