

Speaking Of Dreams

Joan Baez

Speaking of dreams
Here we are in the glistening streets of Gay Paree
Playing the Gipsy Kings
After the rain and taking tea at the Ritz in boots and jeans
With a teenage girl who said that it would be her grandest dream
And speaking of dreams, I really must say
I couldn't have dreamed you up
Nor the way you burst into my life, rattled my cage
And woke my sleeping demons up

You were not yet born
When my career began in '59
We're a sign of the times
Who cares if you are a breath of spring and I am vintage wine
We come from two different worlds
Like every other couple on the Rue de Rivoli
You spent your youth in the rainforests of distant Camaroon
Your father was a Navy captain, I am the Queen of Hearts
And the daughter of the moon

Speaking of dreams
You took me to see the paintings of Paul Gaughin
Speaking of dreams
We stood in the midst of waterfalls, flaming trees
Golden dogs and shining Tahitian ladies
But it was you, not Paul Gaughin
Who stopped my heart and then
Started my life over again

And if you feel as I do
That we've erased the lines between reality
And all our painted dreams
Then take me down to where the Gipsies sing
The songs their mothers knew
Tie bright ribbons in my hair
Lean on the wind and watch me while I dance for you

And carry me off to the rainforests of distant Camaroon
Tell me that you've always known that
I am the Queen of Hearts
And the daughter of the moon