

Bob Dylan's Dream

Judy Collins

While riding on a train goin' west
I fell asleep for to take my rest
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I've had

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon
Where we together weathered many a storm
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn

By the old wooden stove where our hats were hung
Our words were told and our songs were sung
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied
Talkin' and jokin' about the wicked world outside

With haunted hearts through the heat and the cold
We never thought we could ever get old
We thought we could sit forever in fun
But our chances really were a million to one

As easy as it was to tell black from white
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right
And our choices were few but the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split

Now many a year has passed and gone
Many a gamble has been lost and won
And many a road taken by many a friend
And each one I've never seen again

Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That we could sit simply in that room again
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that