

## 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