

I Dream Alone

Little River Band

I was born near the factory,
Where Henry wrote his name,
Sometimes I could hear the whistle blow,
My father pushed his headlights,
Thru that northern English rain,
He was proud of everything he drove.

And mother's hair was fashioned,
For that very special day,
She cried on board the liner,
And tried to wave good-bye,
Five weeks of remembering, those names we couldn't say,
Staring at the South Pacific sky.

I share my life with the immigrants and the rambler,
I drink my wine with the middlemen and the gamblers,
I spend my time with schemers on the phone,
But when I dream, I dream alone, I dream alone,
I dream alone, I dream alone.

As soon as we set foot on the sunburnt land,
The mountains all around us ran with fire,
My family knew right then that our best laid plans,
Would have to reach a lot higher.

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Rows of simple houses, kids out on the street,
Windows all aglow from the brand new TV sets,
Screen door always slamming in that endless summer heat,
My father working late to pay his debts,
My father working late to pay his debts.
Now my little boy is safe in the comfort of his bed,
The monster he invented we both chased into the night,
His puzzle lies in pieces by the book that we just read,
The story of a man who touched the sky ...

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