

All Those Dreams

Neil Young

When the morning comes
And you're still sleeping
With all those dreams
In your pretty head

I'll light a fire
While the sun comes creeping
All across
The meadow bed

The old clock has stopped
No longer ticking
No longer counting every second

Out by the car
Our snowman's melting
Nothing can bring
him back now

His smile a twig
And his nose a cucumber
His eyes two pinecones
Looking out

We got pictures of him
Like little kids laughing
In the snow we were walking hand in hand

We went looking for a big surprise
And we found before our eyes
two white elks grazing on the green
Then we heard the honkers coming
Landing on the lake of summer
Nesting there and waiting for a dream

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