

Dreamer
sending your vision into the night
dreamer
swinging your sword of light

Running where the road is broken
singing where no words are spoken

I remember you when I was a girl
how your bright eyes reflected the African planes
you told me of Laos and the Ivory Coast
and of all of your friends with unsayable names...
you taught me to never hide my wings
to strive for all the craziest things
and always believe in the goodness of men
you told me all this,
and took off again...

Dreamer
let all the cynics laugh
you're on your own path...

I remember you when you drank your beer
the crack in your voice when you said,
"don't you worry
you know I must go, but I'll come back again"
in the book of your face I could read your story.
a torch in the disillusioned night
you raged, and raged and raged
against the dying of the light!
and I still believe in the goodness of men
you told me all this
and I'll say it again

Dreamer
let all the cynics laugh
you're on your own path...

Running where the road is broken
singing where no words are spoken...