

## Dancin' With Dreams

Phil Vassar

We were eighteen and nineteen  
And paired off on Saturday nights  
Down in the basement, big killer stereo  
Dimmer switch on the lights

Jane was a dancer, Paul was a drummer  
Christine was a doctor to be  
Life stretched out before us like one endless summer  
And that brings us to me  
I was the gypsy

We sang as we stood at the gate  
We were ready to take the world on  
Four young soldiers of fate  
Couldn't wait to go right every wrong  
Wearing our passion, our hopes  
Out t-shirts and jeans  
Dancin with dreams

Ten years ago May we all drank to the future  
And all went out separate ways  
I packed up to go with my clothes and piano  
And music and something to say

I hear Paul owns a drum shop  
Jane teaches ballet  
And Christine's an ob-gyn  
I'm writing songs that I sing in a cafe  
And sometimes I write about them  
I miss my friends

Before reality threw up the roadblocks  
And nothin was out of our reach  
Time flowed smooth as a waltz, so it seemed  
We were dancin with dreams