

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