

Fikus dreamed a dream for me
It cost me nothing it was free
He dreamed of walking in the sand
Of blossoms forming in his hand

Of kitchen cake and cedar shakes
Of waterfalls and yellow snakes
Of earthen dams and hydrofoils
Of watching water 'til it boils

Of holding forth from singing words
Of flying south with flocks of birds
None of this was charged to me
For as I said it was for free