

Pieces of Dreams

Shirley Bassey

Little boy lost
In search of little boy found
You go a wondering, wandering
Stumbling, tumbling 'round, 'round

When will you find
What's on the tip of your mind
Why are you blind to all you ever would?
Never would really are, nearly are

Little boy false
In search of little boy true
Will you be ever done
Traveling, always unraveling, you, you

Running away
Could lead you farther astray
And as for fishing in streams
For pieces of dreams
Those pieces will never fit
What is the sense of it?

Little boy blue
Don't let your little sheep roam
It's time come blow your horn
Meet the morn, look and see
Can you be far from home?