

## Pieces Of Dreams

Barbra Streisand

Little boy lost  
In search  
Of little boy found  
You go on wondering, wandering  
Stumbling, tumbling  
'Round... 'round...  
When will you find  
What's on the tip of your mind  
Mmm...Why are you blind  
To all you ever were  
Never were  
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 leave 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 them on  
Look and see  
Can you be far from home...