Bob Dylan's Dream

Peter, Paul & Mary

While riding on a train goin' west
I fell asleep for to take my rest
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I hadWith half damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon
Where we together weathered many a storm
Laughin' and singin' 'til the early hours of the mornBy the old wooden stove where our hats were hung
Our words were told and our songs were sung
We longed for nothin' and were satisfied
Talkin' and a jokin' about the world outsideWith haunted hearts through the heat and cold
We never thought we could get very old
We thought we could sit forever in fun
Though our chances really were a million to oneAs easy it was to tell black from white
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right
Our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the road we traveled would ever shatter and splitHow many a year has passed and gone
Many a gamble has been lost and won
And many a road taken by many a first friend
And each one of them I've never seen againI wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That we could sit simply in that room once again
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like thatWhile riding on a train goin' west
I fell asleep for to take my rest
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had

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