In My Dreams

Crosby, Stills & Nash

Look at those dancers gliding around
Seems as is if their feet don't hardly touch the ground
Look at them smiling like they knew one another
And they never would come down
Turn around and hold me
I'd like to see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home
I'd like to meet you, who do you see?
Introduce yourself to whichever of me is nearby
Close behind your eyes you're laughing at me
And I'm stuck with no instructions that I can see to steer by
Stick around, it's tricky ground
I'd like to see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home
Two or three people fading in and out
Like a radio station, I'm thinking about but I can't hear
Who gets breakfast? Who gets the lunch?
Who gets to be the boss of this bunch?
Who will steer? Turning, turning
To see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home
Dream, do you dream?
Dreaming, do you?
Dream, do you dream?
Dreaming, do you?
In my dreams, I can see, I can
I can see a love that could be
In my dreams, I can see, I can
I can see a love that could be
In my dreams, I can see, I can
I can see a love that could be
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