When I Dream

Nanci Griffith

I could have a mansion
That is higher than the trees
I could have all the gifts I want
And never ask pleaseI could fly to Paris
[Incomprehensible] at my beck and call
Why do I go through life
With nothing at allBut when I dream
I dream of you
Maybe someday
You will come trueI can be the singer
Or the clown in every room
I can even call someone
Take me to the moonI can put my makeup on
And drive the men insane
I can go to bed alone
And never know his nameBut when I dream
I dream of you
Maybe someday
You will come trueBut when I dream
I dream of you
Maybe someday
You will come true

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