

# Dreams of the San Joaquin

Kenny Rogers

I'm sending you some money  
I wish it could be more  
But it's harder than I thought  
To find the work I came here for This place is just as pretty  
As I pictured it to be  
And a man in need of work's  
An all too common sight to see Each morning as the trucks roll in  
A lucky few climb on  
And the rest of us are left to wonder  
Where the dream has gone  
Where the dream has gone They say the Sierras melt with the rain  
And race through the valley  
Like blood through the vein  
Turning the lowland  
From golden to green  
To harvest forever  
Our dreams of the San Joaquin Every day I struggle  
With the distance and the fear  
That I will not return or find  
A way to bring you here My emptiness grows deeper  
I feel my spirit fall  
As night comes like a blanket  
That brings no sleep at all I only hope that time will find  
A way to work things out  
And we will be together  
In the life we dream about  
The life we dream about Repeat Chorus and add line:  
We'll harvest forever  
In dreams of the San Joaquin They say the Sierras melt with the rain  
And race through the valley  
Like blood through the vein  
Turning the lowland  
From golden to green  
To harvest forever  
Our dreams of the San Joaquin

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