

# All In a Dream

[Steve Tilston](#)

All in a dream when reelin' down the road  
Thread, bare washed out in dye, was nicely blown  
And where the waters met I saw him cast his net in;  
all it shining to the brim with gold  
All in a dream when reelin' down the road All in a dream I heard the kindest words  
She spoke of loving me as cups of tea were stirred  
And I swear the mad March Hare and the Mad Hatter, he was there  
and someone shouted, life is so absurd.  
All in a dream I heard the kindest words And if it's alright, I'll dream about you next Friday night so beware  
And when the clock rings, I'll have you doing the strangest things in the air All in a dream, I cleaned up London  
Town  
Set the ravens free and pulled the tower down  
And the tens are turned to beer and upon a gondolier  
I rode my enemies way out of sound  
All in a dream I cleaned up London Town And if it's alright, I'll dream about you next Friday night so beware  
And when the clock rings, I'll have you doing the strangest things in the air All in a dream when reelin' down  
the road  
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Where the waters met I saw him cast his net in;  
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All in a dream when reelin' down the road  
All in a dream when reelin' down the road  
Yeah, all in a dream when reelin' down the road

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