

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 roadAll 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 wordsAnd 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 airAll 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 TownAnd 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 airAll in a dream when reelin' down
the road

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Yeah, all in a dream when reelin' down the road

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