

# An Occasional Dream

David Bowie

I recall how we lived  
On the corner of a bed  
And we'd speak of a Swedish room  
Of Hessian and wood And we'd talk with our eyes  
Of the sweetness in our lives  
And tomorrow's of rich surprise  
Some things we could do In our madness  
We burnt one hundred days  
Time takes time to pass  
And I still hold some ashes to me  
An occasional dream And we'd sleep, oh, so close  
But not really close our eyes  
'Tween the sheets of summer bathed in blue  
Gently weeping nights It was long, long ago, long ago  
And I still can't touch your name  
For the days of fate were strong for you  
Danced you far from me In my madness  
I see your face in mine  
I keep a photograph  
It burns my wall with time Time, an occasional dream of mine  
An occasional dream of mine  
An occasional dream of mine

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