

Street of Dreams

Frank Sinatra

Love laughs at a king
Kings don't mean a thing
On the street of dreams Dreams broken in two
Can be made like new
On the street of dreams Gold, silver and gold
All you can hold
Is in the moonbeam Poor, no one is poor
As long as love is sure
On the street of dreams Gold, silver and gold
All you can hold
Is in the moonbeam Poor, no one is poor
As long as love is sure
On the street of dreams

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