

# I Dream Alone

## Little River Band

I was born near the factory, where Henry wrote his name  
Sometimes I could hear the whistle blow  
My father pushed his headlights, through that northern English rain  
He was proud of everything he drove And mother's hair was fashioned, for that very special day  
She cried on board the liner and tried to wave good-bye  
Five weeks of remembering, those names we couldn't say  
Staring at the South Pacific sky I share my life with the immigrants and the ramblers  
I drink my wine with the middlemen and the gamblers I spend my time with schemers on the phone  
But when I dream, I dream alone  
I dream alone, I dream alone, I dream alone As soon as we set foot on the sun-burnt land  
The mountains all around us ran with fire  
My family knew right then that our best laid plans  
Would have to reach a lot higher I share my life with the immigrants and the ramblers  
I drink my wine with the middlemen and the gamblers I spend my time with schemers on the phone  
But when I dream, I dream alone  
I dream alone, I dream alone, I dream alone Rows of simple houses, kids out on the street  
Windows all aglow from the brand new TV sets  
Screen door always slamming in that endless summer heat  
My father working late to pay his debts My father working late to pay hid debts  
Now my little boy is safe in the comfort of his bed  
The monster he invented we both chased into the night  
His puzzle lies in pieces by the book that we just read  
The story of a man who touched the sky I share my life with the immigrants and the ramblers  
I drink my wine with the middlemen and the gamblers I spend my time with schemers on the phone  
But when I dream, I dream alone I share my life with the immigrants and the ramblers  
I drink my wine with the middlemen and the gamblers I spend my time with schemers on the phone  
But when I dream, I dream alone  
I dream alone, I dream alone, I dream alone

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