

Pieces of Dreams

Barbra Streisand

Little boy lost
In search of little boy found
You go on wondering, wandering
Stumbling, tumbling round, round When will you find
Whats on the tip of your mind
An' why are you blind
To all you ever were, never were, really are, nearly are Little boy false
In search of little boy true
Will you be ever done
Traveling, always unraveling, you, you Running away
Could leave you farther astray
And as for fishing in streams, for pieces of dreams
Those pieces will never fit, what is the sense of it

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