

Book of Dreams

Bruce Springsteen

I'm standing in the backyard
Listening to the party Inside
Tonight I'm drinkin' in the forgiveness
This life provides
The scars we carry remain but the pain slips away it seems
Oh won't you baby be in my book of dreams I'm watchin' you through the window
With your girlfriends from back home
You're showin' off your dress
There's laughter and a toast
From your daddy to the prettiest bride he's ever seen
Oh won't you baby be in my book of dreams In the darkness my fingers slip across your skin
I feel your sweet reply
The room fades away and suddenly I'm way up high
Just holdin' you to me
As through the window the moonlight streams
Oh won't you baby be in my book of dreams Now the ritual begins
'Neath the wedding garland we meet as strangers
The dance floor is alive with beauty
Mystery and danger
We dance out 'neath the stars' ancient light into the darkening trees
Oh won't you baby be in my book of dreams

Songwriters

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