

10,000 Maniacs, Circle Dream

[Buck/Drew/Gustafson/Augustyniak/Merchant]

[percussion: Paulinho Da Costa]

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle I had made were all the worlds unformed and unborn yet.
A volume, a sphere that was the earth, that was the moon, that did revolve around my room.

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle was a maze, a terrible spiral to be lost in.
Blind in my fear, I was escaping just by feel.
But at every turn my way was sealed.

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.
And in that circle was a face.
Her eyes looked upon me with fondness.
Her warmth coming near, calling me "sweetness", calling me "dear."
But I whispered, "No, I can't rest here."

I dreamed of a circle, I dreamed of a circle round.