

# Bob Dylan, Series Of Dreams

I was thinking of a series of dreams  
Where nothing comes up to the top  
Everything stays down where it's wounded  
And comes to a permanent stop  
Wasn't thinking of anything specific  
Like in a dream, when someone wakes up and screams  
Nothing too very scientific  
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams  
Where the time and the tempo fly  
And there's no exit in any direction  
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes  
Wasn't making any great connection  
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme  
Nothing that would pass inspection  
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded  
Into the path you are hurled  
And the cards are no good that you're holding  
Unless they're from another world

In one, numbers were burning  
In another, I witnessed a crime  
In one, I was running, and in another  
All I seemed to be doing was climb  
Wasn't looking for any special assistance  
Not going to any great extremes  
I'd already gone the distance  
Just thinking of a series of dreams