

Crosby, Stills & Nash, In My Dreams

Look at those dancers gliding around
Seems as if their feet
Don't hardly touch the ground

Look at them smiling
Like they knew one another
And they never would come down

Turn around and hold me
I'd like to see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home

I'd like to meet you
Who do you see?
Introduce yourself to whichever of me is nearby

Close behind your eyes you're laughing at me
And I'm stuck with no instructions that I can see
To steer by

Stick around it's tricky ground
I'd like to see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home

Two or three people fading in and out
Like a radio station I'm thinking about
But I can't hear

Who gets breakfast? Who gets the lunch?
Who gets to be the boss of this bunch?
Who will steer?

Turning
Turning
To see your face alone
I'm hoping there's someone home

Dream
Do you dream
Dreaming
Do you?

Dream
Do you dream
Dreaming
Do you?

In my dreams
I can see, I can
I can see a love
That could be ...