

# David Bowie, An Occasional Dream

I recall how we lived  
On the corner of a bed  
And we'd speak of a Swedish room  
Of hessian and wood  
And we'd talk with our eyes  
Of the sweetness in our lives  
And tomorrows of rich surprise...  
Some things we could do

In our madness  
We burnt one hundred days  
Time takes time to pass  
And I still hold some ashes to me  
An Occasional Dream

And we'd sleep, oh so close  
But not really close our eyes  
'Tween the sheets of summer  
bathed in blue...  
Gently weeping nights  
It was long, long ago  
And I can't touch your name

For the days of fate  
were strong for you...  
Danced you far from me

In my madness  
I see your face in mine  
I keep a photograph  
It burns my wall with time  
Time  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine