

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