

# Frank Sinatra, Deep In A Dream

(Eddie DeLange, Jimmy Van Heusen)

I dim all the lights and I sink in my chair.  
The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air.  
The walls of my room fade away in the blue,  
And I'm deep in a dream of you.

The smoke makes a stairway for you to descend;  
You come to my arms, may this bliss never end,  
For we love anew just as we used to do  
When I'm deep in a dream of you.

Then from the ceiling, sweet music comes stealing;  
We glide through a lover's refrain, you're so appealing  
That I'm soon revealing my love for you over again.  
My cigarette burns me, I wake with a start;

My hand isn't hurt, but there's pain in my heart.  
Awake or asleep, ev'ry mem'ry I'll keep  
Deep in a dream of you.