

Martin Nievera, I Dreamed A Dream

I Dreamed A Dream

I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high and life worth living
I dreamed that love would never die
I dreamed that God would be forgiving
When I was young and unafraid
When dreams were made and used and wasted
There was no ransom to be paid
No song unsung no wine untasted

But the tigers come at night

With their voices soft as thunder
As they tear your hopes apart
As they turn your dreams to shame

He slept a summer by my side
And filled my days with endless wonder
He took my childhood in his stride
But he was gone when autumn came

I had dream my life would be
So different from this world I'm leaving
So different love from what it seems
Now my life has killed the dream I dreamed