

Marty Robbins, The Dreamer - 1979

When I was a young man beginnin' my teens
How well I remember the lickin's I'd get cause I'd dream
My work never finished, barely begun
I couldn't get started till all of my dreamin' was done

I wouldn't shuck cotton', I wouldn't chop wood
And Pa would whip me and say that's for bein' no good
But I kept chasin' rainbows, finally I found
The great open range and the hills were my best dreamin' ground

When I left the home place our Mother did cry
She begged me to stay there and not say goodbye
My Pa told my Mother, your tears are in vain
Your son is a dreamer and the winds call his name

So don't try to stop him, let him move on
'Cause he won't stop his driftin'
Till all of his dreamin' is gone

Last night in a campfire a face I did see
A vision of Mother, she seemed to be callin' to me
For seventeen years now, I've drifted alone
But I wanna see Mother, tomorrow I start driftin' home

The last hill I've climbed now, and what do I see
An old run down shack where the ranch used to be
Then I see a tombstone and then see one more
I drifted too long from the old ranch house door

There's nothin' more left now but driftin', it seems
But I hope I can dream of the lickin's I'd get
'Cause I'd dream