

# Nanci Griffith, When I Dream

I could have a mansion that is higher than the trees  
I could have all the gifts I want and never ask please  
I could fly to Paris, oh, it's at my beck and call  
Why do I go through life with nothing at all

But when I dream, I dream of you  
Maybe someday you will come true

I can be the singer or the clown in every room  
I can even call someone to take me to the moon  
I can put my makeup on and drive the men insane  
I can go to bed alone and never know his name

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