Blondie, Dreaming

When I met you in the restaurant You could tell I was no debutante

You asked me what's my pleasure

A movie or a measure?

I'll have a cup of tea and tell you of my dreaming

Dreaming is free

I don't want to live on charity

Pleasure's real or is it fantasy?

Reel to reel is living rarity

People stop and stare at me We just walk on by - we just keep on dreaming

Feet feet, walking a two mile

Meet meet, meet me at the turnstile

I never met him, I'll never forget him

Dream dream, even for a little while

Dream dream, filling up an idle hour

Fade away, radiate

I sit by and watch the river flow

I sit by and watch the traffic go

Imagine something of your very own

Something you can have and hold

I'd build a road in gold just to have some dreaming

Dreaming is free

Dreaming

Dreaming is free

Dreaming

Dreaming is free