

Bruce Springsteen, Book Of Dreams

Im standing in the backyard
Listening to the party inside
Tonight Im drinkin in the forgiveness
This life provides
The scars we carry remain but the pain slips away it seems
Oh wont you baby be in my book of dreams
Im watchin you through the window
With your girlfriends from back home
Youre showin off your dress
Theres laughter and a toast
From your daddy to the prettiest bride hes ever seen
Oh wont you baby be in my book of dreams

In the darkness my fingers slip across your skin
I feel your sweet reply
The room fades away and suddenly Im way up high
Just holdin you to me
As through the window the moonlight streams
Oh wont you baby be in my book of dreams

Now the ritual begins
Neath the wedding garland we meet as strangers
The dance floor is alive with beauty
Mystery and danger
We dance out neath the stars ancient light into the darkening trees
Oh wont you baby be in my book of dreams