

# Gary Moore, Livin' On Dreams

Used to stand on the corner of the street,  
Watching the world go by.  
Movin' on when the cops came along,  
Looking 'em in the eye.

Young guys with stars in their eyes,  
Trying to make ends meet.  
Young guys with stars in their eyes,  
Dancin' to the beat.

Running wild,  
We were livin' on dreams.  
Running wild,  
Nothing's what it seems.  
Running wild.

Holy show  
Show , show

The Alley Cats on a Saturday night,  
A rumble without a warning.  
Woodbines and a bottle of wine,  
And no school in the morning.

Hot stuff, we acted so tough,  
We knew how to take a heed.  
Paying the dues by singing the blues,  
And dancin' to the beat.

Running wild,  
We were livin' on dreams.  
Running wild,  
Nothing's what it seems.  
Running wild,  
We were livin' on dreams.  
Running wild,  
Nothing's what it seems.

Just like an ocean in motion