

John Bucchino, Sweet Dreams

He left a man in New York City
She broke a home in New Orleans
They made their way to California
Sweet dreams, children, sweet dreams

They hit it off in a Greyhound station
When she kicked the cigarette machine
And woke him up hard from his nap beside it
Woke him up hard from his sweet dreams

He talked about his suggar daddies
She talked about her mean Marine
The settled down in seats adjoining
Sharing sweet dreams, sweet dreams

Well there's no man to sell your heart to
When you're dancin' across the TV screens
No husband to beat you when you're in the movies
Just sweet dreams, children, sweet dreams

Run away to another skin
A tough one, a pretty one
That won't let the badness in

Now he's keepin' house for a big producer
Who pays for the classes and the limousines
And she's in a bar, passed out on whiskey
Dreaming sweet dreams, still dreaming sweet dreams

Run away to another skin
A tough one, a pretty one
That won't let the sadness in
Won't let the madness in

There is a sidewalk in California
Where they put the stars right at your feet
And people delight in stepping on them...