

Nana Mouskouri, Dandelion

"Dandelion, my you're flying high"
Carrying my dreams all over the sky
From your window on the wind you go
Sometimes I wonder how much you know
Every wish I sent with you has lost its way
Every time it happens just the same
"Wish I knew the reason for your kind of teasing games, so"

"Dandelion, when my dreams have gone, can I go on?"
I'm not sure that I believe in wishing wells
Coins and fountains never was my style
Though I know the ropes I've tried to keep my hopes high for
"Dandelion, when my dreams are gone"
"Can I go on, Dandelion? Can I go on, Dandelion?"