

# Nana Mouskouri, When I Dream

I could build a mansion that is higher than the trees,  
I could have all the gifts I want and never ask please.  
I could fly to Paris, it's at my beck and call,  
Why do I live my life alone with nothing at all?

But when I dream, I dream of you.  
Maybe someday you will come true.

I can be the singer or the clown in any room,  
I can call up someone to take me to the moon,  
I can put my makeup on and drive the men insane,  
I can go to bed alone and never know his name.

But when I dream, I dream of you. Maybe someday you will come true.  
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