

# Richard John Thompson, It Will Be Alright

The strangest dream I had last  
I stepped into the long grass  
I crouched to hide myself in time  
There was a door in the soil  
The mud around starts to boil  
And from the door a light shines

I pushed the door and I was  
Met by a butler he was  
Collecting coats and saying hi  
Follow the corridor right  
Let's see your ticket, your flight's  
Been cancelled kiss her goodbye

My girl she turned to me  
And laid her head upon my shoulder  
She whispered in my ear and said

It will be alright my love  
I will hold you tight my love

I hailed a taxi, it stopped  
Where would you like to be dropped?  
I said just follow that plane  
We chased it down the runway  
Until it graced the airways  
I leapt but fell to my shame

My girl she turned to me  
And laid her head upon my shoulder  
She whispered in my ear and said

It will be alright my love  
I will hold you tight my love  
Kiss you while you dream my love  
I will never leave my love

I ran, chasing the trails in the sky  
Seems like she's getting away  
I woke desperately grasping for air  
She whispered in my ear and said

It will be alright my love  
I will hold you tight my love  
Kiss you while you dream my love  
I will never leave my love