

Steve Forbert, Dream, Dream

The signal lights jerk in the wind
And snow blows off the road like sand,
The driver squints and sets his chin,
He's got to hold the upper hand,
Saginaw by midnight, that's the plan
And then the snow blows harder still
On covered roads and slip'ry hills,
This trip will surely test his will...

Dream, dream
Of a Sunday,
Dream, dream,
Safe in bed,
Dream, dream,
With the sheets high round your head,
Home instead,
Dream, dream,
Dream, dream...

She don't sell drugs or ev'ning news,
She's got those rosebuds in her hand,
She took those Goodwill, bulky shoes
Because she's got so long to stand
Down there where the offramp meets with Grand
And when the dark cuts off the day,
She'll drag that box and walk away,
Back to that place they let her stay...

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Dream, dream,

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Home instead,
Dream, dream...

Someday soon the breaks won't bring you down;
One day soon you'll wake up safe and sound.

So now Hadzici's been returned
And Tuesday night Ilidza will,
So many houses here've been burned,
Their ol' town hall stands smold'ring still,
Muslim cheers and car horns split the chill
And though he's far from home tonight,
And though it's not his fight to fight,
The cause for peace must mean it's right...

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