

The Carpenters, Those Good Old Dreams

As a child I was known for makes-believing
All alone I created fantasies
As I grew people called it self deceiving
But my heart helped me hold the memories

As I walk through the world I find around me
Something new yet familiar's in the air
I feel it everywhere

Like a child's eyes on a Christmas night
I'm looking at you now finding answers to my prayers

It's a new day for those good old dreams
One by one it seems they're coming true
Here's the morning that my heart had seen
Here's the morning that just had to come through