

# 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