

The Yardbirds, Dream Within A Dream

Here I stand amid the roar
Of a surf tormented shore
And I hold within my hand
Grains of a golden sand
How few how yet they creep
Through my fingers to the deep
While I weep, while I weep

Oh God can I not grasp
One with a tighter clasp
Oh God can I not save
One from the pitiless wave
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream
But a dream, but a dream

Take this kiss upon the brow
And in parting from you now
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream
But a dream, but a dream