

THE DREAM

G. ARTIST
(C. Van Cleave)

Within my dream
An artist paints a pleasant scene
And I smile for a while like a child
My sleep is sound
I lay me down upon the ground
In my mind while the time is still kind
Now here is room for things to bloom
Above me sky for me to fly
If there's a way
That I might stay in this array
I must know so I won't have to go
I don't know why
But now my dream is running dry
And the painting is fading again
Fading away, I cannot stay
Fading away, I cannot stay
I know my mind
Will not erase that pleasant place
And the artist will come back to stay

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