

Richard Thompson, I Still Dream

(Richard Thompson)

It was cruel of you to stand at my door and take my hand
Like a drowning man I clung to my defenses
And ten years is a time but your looks, love, it's a crime
And I lost my tongue in the tangle of my senses
And I never was to know that I'd come to miss you so
But time winds down and I turned my back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling I still dream
Oh I still dream, oh Lord knows I still dream

On the killing floor I stand with a stun gun in my hand
Like a cowboy shooting badmen on the range
And nothing satisfies and the soul inside me dies
As I duck each punch and never risk the change
And now you look at me with that same old used-to-be
Oh but time winds down and I turned my back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling I still dream

Ah but now you look at me with that same old used-to-be
But time winds down and I turned my back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling, darling I still dream
I still dream, oh Lord knows, Lord knows I still dream
Oh I still dream, oh darling, darling, darling I still dream