

I Dream Of Jeannie

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the summer air.
I hear her melodies like days gone by,
Sighing around my heart o'er the fond hopes that die.

Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for her lost love that comes not again.
I dream of Jeannie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find her where the deep waters flow.