

Speaking Of Dreams

Speaking of dreams

Here we are in the glistening streets of Gay Paree
Playing the Gipsy Kings
After the rain and taking tea at the Ritz in boots and jeans
With a teenage girl who said that it would be her grandest dream
And speaking of dreams, I really must say
I couldn't have dreamed you up
Nor the way you burst into my life, rattled my cage
And woke my sleeping demons up

You were not yet born

When my career began in '59

We're a sign of the times

Who cares if you are a breath of spring and I am vintage wine

We come from two different worlds

Like every other couple on the Rue de Rivoli

You spent your youth in the rainforests of distant Camaroon

Your father was a Navy captain, I am the Queen of Hearts

And the daughter of the moon

Speaking of dreams

You took me to see the paintings of Paul Gaughin

Speaking of dreams

We stood in the midst of waterfalls, flaming trees

Golden dogs and shining Tahitian ladies

But it was you, not Paul Gaughin

Who stopped my heart and then

Started my life over again

And if you feel as I do

That we've erased the lines between reality

And all our painted dreams

Then take me down to where the Gipsies sing

The songs their mothers knew

Tie bright ribbons in my hair

Lean on the wind and watch me while I dance for you

And carry me off to the rainforests of distant Camaroon

Tell me that you've always know that

I am the Queen of Hearts

And the daughter of the moon