

Series of Dreams

Words and music Bob Dylan

Recorded Apr 1989 for Oh Mercy,

and Album: The Bootleg Series 1-3 (1991)

C
 I was thinking of a series of dreams
 Where nothing comes up to the top
 Everything stays down where it's wounded
 And comes to a permanent stop
 Wasn't thinking of anything specific
 Like in a dream, when someone wakes up and screams
 Nothing too very scientific
 Just thinking of a series of dreams
 Thinking of a series of dreams
 Where the time and the tempo fly
 And there's no exit in any direction
 'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes
 Wasn't making any great connection
 Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
 Nothing that would pass inspection
 Just thinking of a series of dreams

Bridge:

Am F C
 Dreams where the umbrella is folded
 Am F C
 Into the path you are hurled
 Am F C
 And the cards are no good that you're holding
 C G
 Unless they're from another world

In one, numbers were burning
 In another, I witnessed a crime
 In one, I was running, and in another
 All I seemed to be doing was climb
 Wasn't looking for any special assistance
 Not going to any great extremes
 I'd already gone the distance
 Just thinking of a series of dreams

Tell Tale Signs version

Outtake from the Oh Mercy! sessions (1989).

I was thinking of a series of dreams
 Where nothing comes up to the top
 Everything stays down where it's wounded
 And comes to a permanent stop
 Wasn't thinking of anything specific
 Like in a dream, when someone wakes up and screams
 Nothing too very scientific
 Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinkin of a series of dreams
 where the middle and the bottom drop out
 and you're walking out of the darkness

and into the shadows of doubt
wasn't going to any great trouble
You'd believe in it's whatever it seems
nothing too heavy to burst the bubble
Just thinking of a series of dreams.

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo drag
Suddenly the gate is thrown open
and you're left there holding the bag
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
I's just thinking of a series of dreams

Bridge:

Dreams where the umbrella is folded
Into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world

In one, the surface was frozen
In another, I witnessed a crime
In one, I was running, and in another
All I seemed to be doing was climb
Wasn't looking for any special assistance
Not going to any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams