

Whos been passing dreams around
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Billy chased the diamonds in the mountain stream.
Shivered through the night beside the fire.
Spent his whole life chasing after just a dream.
Died proclaiming hope was never higher.

[Cho:]

Who's passing dreams around this morning bright and early?
Might be better if he stayed in bed.
Maybe he ought to let us be, find something else to do.
God help me I've been dreaming too.

And Cynthia chased heaven on here dancing toes.
Dreaming swans, batons and bright bouquets.
Now she does the cleaning in her dancing clothes.
Now the old victrola seldom plays.

[Cho:]

Leroy he liked racing he was doing well.
Folks who knew said he was rising fast.
Lost control, you know his car blew all to hell.
Now he's down on the corner pumping gas.

[Cho:]