

Series Of Dreams

Bob Dylan

1. I was thinkin' 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 thinkin' of a series of dreams

2. Thinkin' of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo drag
And there's no exit in any direction
Except the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't makin' and great connection
Wasn't fallin' for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
I's just thinkin' of a series of dreams

R: Dreams where the umbrella is folded
And into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holdin'
Unless they're from another world

3. 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 lookin' for any special assistance
Not going through any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams

R: Dreams where the umbrella is folded...

C G C C F

*: I'd already gone the distance
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams,
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams
Just thinkin' of a series of dreams

