There was a time when men were kind
When their voices were soft
And their words inviting.
There was a time when love was blind
And the world was a song
And the song was exciting.
There was a time ...when it all went wrong...

I dreamed a dream in time gone by When hopes were high and life worth living, I dreamed that love would never die I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and unafraid, When dreams were made and used and wasted. There was no ransom to be paid, No song unsung, no wine untasted.

But the tigers come at night, With their voices soft as thunder, As they tear your hope apart As they turn your dreams to shame

He slept a summer by my side. He filled my days with endless wonder, He took my childhood in his stride, But he was gone when autumn came.

And still I dream he'll come to me And we will live the years together! But there are dreams that cannot be And there are storms we cannot weather.

I had a dream my life would be So different from this hell I'm living So different now from what it seemed Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.