

# All Those Dreams

Neil Young

When the morning comes  
And you're still sleeping  
With all those dreams  
In your pretty head

I'll light a fire  
While the sun comes creeping  
All across  
The meadow bed

The old clock has stopped  
No longer ticking  
No longer counting every second

Out by the car  
Our snowman's melting  
Nothing can bring  
him back now

His smile a twig  
And his nose a cucumber  
His eyes two pinecones  
Looking out

We got pictures of him  
Like little kids laughing  
In the snow we were walking hand in hand

We went looking for a big surprise  
And we found before our eyes  
two white elks grazing on the green  
Then we heard the honkers coming  
Landing on the lake of summer  
Nesting there and waiting for a dream

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