

Dreaming Wide Awake

She was dreaming wide awake and she had broken through the barriers to her soul,
She was walking on a tightrope and there were no nets around to break her fall,
She was actress, singer, dancer, poet and was spinning webs of pictures in my mind,
She was dreaming wide awake and the creations of her dreams had come alive.

She was dreaming wide awake I was enchanted by her voice and by her smile,
Her overflowing words were flying much too fast I felt just like a child,
She would sit and stare at me and touch my face as though that she were blind,
She was dreaming wide awake and the artist in me understood her kind.

I watched her very carefully while she was spinning strange and precious lies,
She often did not answer but held my hand and looked into my eyes,
She had a way of being that I never had and never could have been,
I was a willing piece of paper and was receiving my most beautiful imprint.

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Arrangement and accompaniment by “bluegrass great” Jules Hanson on the guitar.

