

## Dreams

I hear the train's whistle blow  
As it cuts through the black of the night  
I lean up against the window  
And am drenched in the spill of moonlight

As I finally begin to drift off  
My thoughts are about as clear  
As the glass now covered in fog  
And the dreams begin to appear

They are lush and bright as the morning  
Although it is far, far, away  
I feel in my heart a calling  
Those dreams are where I am meant to stay