

Frank Sinatra - Deep In a Dream

Tom: C

I dim all the lights and I sink in my chair.
 The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air.
 The walls of my room fade a - way in the blue,
 And I'm deep in a dream of you.

The smoke makes a stairway for you to descend;
 You come to my arms, may this bliss never end,
 For we love anew just as we used to do

When I'm deep in a dream of you.

Then from the ceiling, sweet music comes stealing;
 We glide through a lover's refrain;
 You're so appealing that I'm soon revealing
 My love for you over again.

My cigarette burns me, I wake with a start;
 My hand isn't hurt, but there's pain in my heart.
 Make or asleep, ev'ry mem'ry I'll keep
 Deep in a dream of you.

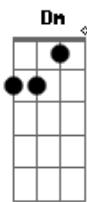
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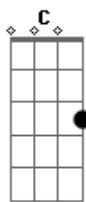
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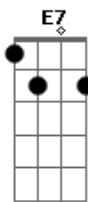
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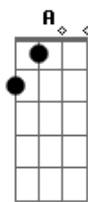
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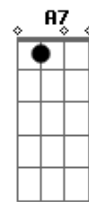
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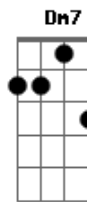
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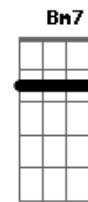
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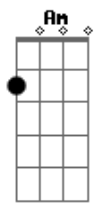
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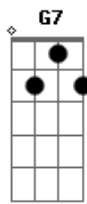
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