

THESE DREAMS

Words and Music by BERNIE TAUPIN and MARTIN PAGE
Recorded by HEART on CAPITOL RECORDS



Photons: Rebecca Blake / 1985

HEART



Columbia Pictures Publications
A Division of CBS/CSP Company

Includes Professional Fake Book Arrangement
ZOMBA ENTERPRISES INC. AND LITTLE MOLE MUSIC
6513TSMX / \$2.95

THESE DREAMS

Words and Music by
BERNIE TAUPIN
and MARTIN PAGE

Moderately Slow $\text{♩} = 80$

Am11 Dm9 C(9)/E F Am11 Dm9

p

Verse:

C(9)/E F(9) Am11

mp

1. Spare a lit - tle can - dle,

Dm11 C(9)/E Am11 Dm7 C(9)/E

save some light for me; — fig - ures up — a-head, — mov - ing in the trees. — White

F(9) Am11 F(9) C/E

skin in lin - en, per - fume on my wrist, and the full moon that hangs o -

These Dreams - 3 - 1
6513TSMX

Dm7 1. F G C D.S. 2,3. Am11 C/G

ver, these dreams in the mist. mist. These

Chorus: G/B F/A C/G Dm C/E G/B F/A

dreams go on when I close my eyes; ev - ery sec - ond of the night

C/G F C/E G/B F/A C/G Dm C/E

live an - oth - er life. These dreams that sleep when it's cold out - side; ev - ery mo -

G/B F/A 1. F(9) D.C.

ment I'm a-wake the fur - ther I'm a - way. bkgrd: (Fur - ther I'm a - way.)

2. F(9) To next strain 3,4. etc. F(9) Repeat ad lib. and fade F C/G

fur - ther I'm a-way. (Fur - ther I'm a-way.) There's fur - ther I'm a-way. These

Bridge:

ff some-thing out___ there *f* I can't re-sist. I need_to hide a-way___ from the pain.

There's *ff* some-thing out___ there I can't re-sist. *dim.*

Verse 2:

Darkness on the edge,
 Shadows where I stand,
 I search for the time
 On a watch with no hands.
 I want to see you clearly,
 Come closer than this,
 But all I remember
 Are the dreams in the mist. (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Is it cloak and dagger,
 Could it be spring or fall?
 I walk without a cut
 Through a stained glass wall.
 Weaker in my eyesight,
 The candle in my grip,
 And words that have no form
 Are falling from my lips. (To Chorus:)

Verse 4:

The sweetest song is silence
 That I've ever heard.
 Funny how your feet in dreams
 Never touch the earth.
 In a wood full of princes,
 Freedom is a kiss,
 But the prince hides his face
 From the dreams in the mist. (To Chorus:)