GO DOWN TO YOUR DREAMS

Gordon Light

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1. Mama, oh Mama, your strong arms en-fold me; they love me and hold me, and
2. Mama, your child's go-ing out chas-ing ang-els, those fine, shin-ing sail-ors on a

ga-ther me round.__ Your sweet sing-ing voice soft-ly ech-oes in-side me, 'til I'm
sea of bright stars; Or may-be slay gi-ants and fire breathing dra-gons,__ fight__

lost in the mist and the dreams of your song. I need you to let me be
my share of bat-tles, find my share of scars. I can see the tears spill, and I

free of your hold-ing, the web you have wo-ven has bound me too tight; and I
know that your hurt-ing, but the times call for turn-ing my heart to the sun;

can't stay for-ev-er in the spell of your dream-ing, I plan to be leav-ing with the
Ma-ma, don't wor-ry, may-be I'll be re-turn-ing, When the long day is ov-er and the

first morn-ing light.__ **The mountains are calling, say the sky holds an**
jour-ney is done.__

answer, the stones of the des-ert are beck-on-ing me;__ And I hear the wind whisper,__

"Come, face your fut-ure," and the riv-er cries out, "Go down to your dreams.____

D.S. al Fine