

I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I? (S. Fain), "Right This Way"

I can see, no mat-ter how near you'll be,
 I'm a-ware my heart is a sad af-fair.

You'll nev-er be-long to me. But I can dream, can't I?
 There's much dis-il-lu-sion there,

Can't I pre-tend that I'm locked in the bend of your en-brace,
 For dreams are just like wine, And I am drunk with mine.

can't I? Can't I a-dore you al-though we are o-ceans a-
 part? I can't make you o-pen your heart, But I can dream, can't I?

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