

The Muse Is Sleeping

words & music by
John Dandrea

**the muse is sleeping,
her blue eyes drifting in the wind
a cambric shirt about her
and music fills her slumbers once again
here I am beside her and now,
I have to stay and dream for a thousand years. . . .**

**what a day I dreamed of,
as I softly crept up beside her
kissed her gently on the cheek
and she awoke in playful laughter
there we ran through fields of daisies
and the magic of her eyes filled my heart. . . .**

**now there is but longing
for her laughter running naked through the fields
to chase her is to try to catch the wind
like a dream that you'd swear was real
and here I am forever dreaming
and while I'm under her spell, the muse is sleeping. . . .**