| <b>Dreamer</b> by Michael Drake                    |              |          |          |        |    |  |
|--|--------------|----------|----------|--------|----|--|
| C  | G            | C        |          | G-F-C  |    |  |
| I've got a story to tell,                          |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| abou   | t my li      | fe & a w | ishing v | vell,  |    |  |
| I've   | throwi       | n so man | y nickle | es in, |    |  |
| It surprises me that I wish at all,                |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| Pm   |              | F        | C        | G      | C  |  |
| 'Cause when they fall in, they seem to disappear   |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| F  | $\mathbf{C}$ | G        |          |        |    |  |
| But some day soon the well will fill,              |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| F  | C            | G        | C        |        |    |  |
| To the top with all my dreams,                     |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| F  | C            | G        |          |        |    |  |
| Then I'll be able to crawl on top and pick one out |              |          |          |        |    |  |
|  |              |          | F G C    | _      | FC |  |
| And make my choice, I've got a story to tell.      |              |          |          |        |    |  |
|  |              |          |          |        |    |  |
| C1   | 0            |          |          |        |    |  |

I've got a story to tell, of life & all the love I have
To fill my cup is really no big deal,
As long as chains stay off my daily meal.
I will climb any mountain on my hands and knees,
I will sit on the beach and count the grains of sand,
I hope that all people across this great land
Will open up there hearts to dream a dream
And let it live, with in there soul, I've got a story to tell.

Chorus