

NEVER SHARED

ried and I live in the country somewhere and we have a couple of kids and everything is beautiful, just beautiful. I can't quite see my wife's face in the dream so I don't know yet what she looks like but she's the nicest, warmest, most real girl in the world. And our kids are happy, outgoing, curious, well-mannered kids who make me very proud of them.

I sure hope that dream comes true someday.

Sometimes I dream about more immediate things too. I dream about some girl I've just met or some girl I hope to meet.

THE GIRL I DREAM OF

I had one dream about this really nice girl. She wasn't an exceptionally beautiful girl physically, but she had the nicest personality. She was really sweet. In the dream we were just sitting around my place talking and getting to know each other. It wasn't a big romantic dream with violins playing in the background and all that sort of stuff—just something nice and comfortable.

Once I even dreamed about my wedding day. I thought only girls had dreams like that, but I guess not. I remember it was out-of-doors and the weather was beautiful and my mom and dad and Shirley and her sons were all there. But my dog woke me up in the middle of the dream so I never found out if we lived happily ever after or not.

Just last night I had a beautiful dream about just lying on the grass in some cool, quiet spot, thinking and dreaming about the

future. But I couldn't quite see what was ahead for me. I guess you're not supposed to know the future until it happens.

And just last night while I was recording I was daydreaming about how great it would be if I could come up with one of those classic songs that would last forever. It sure would be a kick to record a song that would somehow touch everyone out there—something each person would relate to, something that would bring that little bit of happiness into their lives.

SILLY DREAMS

But not all of my daydreams are career dreams. I also dream about silly things. I'm always trying to dream up the ultimate practical joke to play on Danny, but somehow he always comes up with better ones than I do. I'd love to dream up something really funny to do to him (but of course it has to be something where no one gets hurt, just something really, really funny).

And one day I had this funny daydream about my mail. I was sitting around wondering if I'm ever going to get caught up with the mail and I thought wouldn't it be great if I could write just one really nice letter and I could mail it to one fan and she would read it and then send it one to another one and so on until every one of my fans had read it! Don't you think that's an interesting idea?

My dreams at night are much more romantic, though. I guess evenings are just naturally more romantic than days, anyway. And then, too, the dreams you

dream at night are supposed to be from your subconscious so you don't have any control over them—at least I don't.

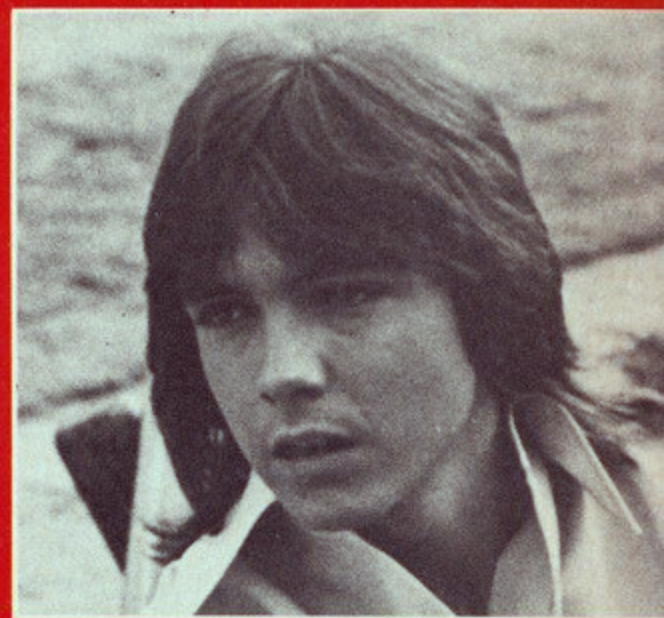
NIGHTMARES

One thing I'm glad of is that I very seldom have nightmares. Oh every now and then I'll have one, but mostly my dreams are happy ones.

I had one nightmare about doing a concert and there was no one in the audience. I mentioned it to a friend and he said it probably meant that I was afraid someday my fans would desert me. I think it was just a nightmare.

And I had another nightmare about being caught by a bunch of girls and having my hair pulled and my clothes torn—but that's happened to me when I'm awake too—and it's a nightmare whether it's real or not. It sure isn't any fun, that's for sure.

Mostly though, both my daydreams and night dreams are happy, warm dreams about good things that I hope will happen someday—someday soon, I hope.



BEFORE!