

I Dreamt I Told Bob Dylan A Story About Bringing Donuts To Frank Sinatra

I dreamt I told Bob Dylan a story about bringing donuts to Frank Sinatra.
I was mopping the floor in a hotel hallway when I overheard someone saying how much Frank Sinatra liked donuts. So I went and bought a bunch of donuts.
I went and knocked on the door of a big rehearsal hall in the hotel. (I was carrying a big box of donuts and a mop pail.)
And this big goomba opened the door and demanded to know what I wanted. So I told him I'd brought the donuts.
So he said, "Leave the pail."
Then he rushed me through a lounge full of guys sitting around in silk suits and drinking, to another door.
That door opened into a big recording studio that held a chorus of women in 50's dress styles and bouffant hairdos, in the process of rehearsing a backup for Sinatra.
Everything halted and there was silence until my escort announced "He's got the donuts!"
The women answered all at once, like a chorus in a Greek play, "HE'S GOT THE DONUTS!"

Then one of them continued telling a joke about the used car salesman and the car that died ...

And the guy took me to Sinatra with the donuts.

I dream sometimes that I'm hanging out with Bob Dylan like we're old buddies.
And every once in awhile I dream that I know Frank Sinatra.

And now I'm going back to sleep...