Prairie Lullaby

Michael Nesmith

Shadows slowly creeping down the prairie trail
Everything is sleeping - ah, but the nightingale
Moon will soon be climbing in the purple sky
Night winds all a-humming this tender lullaby.
Cares of the day have fled
My little sleepyhead
Stars are in the sky
Time that the prayers were said
My little sleepyhead
To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony
The sandman's here
To guide you down the trail of dreams
Tumble in bed my tired
My little sleepyhead,
To a prairie lullaby
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