

A Gentle Awakening

JD McPherson

Put down the paper, baby
I had a dream at dawn
A terrible storm blew over
Covered up the morning sun
Beyond I heard a lullaby
So peaceful and serene

Next thing I knew, I eased into a gentle awakening
The people on the city streets
The farmers on the plains
All walking in a lucid dream while the sky is set aflame
They soon will hear a quiet tune
So peaceful and serene

Then they might too, may ease into a gentle awakening Wading through a waning moon
An unknown masquerade
Hear the wounded mockingbird
A mournful serenade

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