

# Bad Dream Baby

[John Wesley Harding](#)

She had a criminal conversation with the devil  
On the back seat of a burned out Toyota Camry  
She said she'd finally found a way to start a family  
But not one soul could conceive that she was on the level  
And the strange thing was she didn't seem to care  
He got what he came for and left her to kiss the air  
But the baby burned like bitumen inside her  
That inhuman son of a bitch never even called her  
The doctor said, 'It'll be some kind of daughter'  
She dreamed she gave birth to a thousand spiders  
Who crawled up to her ear and called her mother  
And whispered words of wonder from her other love  
There There, There There  
It'll be all right, It's just a dream  
A bad dream baby  
The days flew by like petals on a flower  
Until the hour she screamed out with a vengeance  
The busy father could not be in attendance  
Although he sent his people to the baby shower  
And her tiny eyes were brighter than the sun  
And shone upon her mother more than anyone  
There There, There There  
It'll be all right, It's just a dream  
A bad dream baby  
Now when mother dreams her dark and handsome stranger  
Good daughter brings her messages and money  
Changes dirt and dust to bread and honey  
The dowager's reward for peopling the manger  
And that little girl is growing in this world  
You can tell she'll always be her daddy's girl  
You can tell she'll always be her daddy's little girl  
It'll be all right, It's just a dream  
A bad dream baby

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