

# Up the Wooden Hills to Bedfordshire

[Rick Springfield](#)

When you're slipping into sleep,  
That's the time to unwind.  
Sinking down into the deep,  
That's the time of no time.  
When you're slipping into sleep. All the sounds around you,  
Seem to have a new meaning,  
Leave your body behind,  
With a different feeling,  
When you're slipping into sleep. The day is night,  
The night is day,  
So squeeze out the light as I slip away,  
Up the wooden hills to Bedfordshire,  
Up the wooden hills to Bedfordshire When you're slipping into sleep,  
There's a world you will find,  
That's all yours and you can keep,  
That's the only thing to keep,  
When you're slipping into sleep.

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