

# Nightstand Drawer

[Heather Maloney](#)

Hey, hey baby I'm your picnic blanket,  
give your crumbs, give your drips, give your bugs.

Hey, hey baby I'm your mud-room floor,  
give your street-dust, give your beach-sand, give your rain.

Hey, hey baby I'm your nightstand drawer,  
give me your secrets, give me your longings, give me a chance  
to hold these thingsI'm not gonna, I'm not gonna sell it to the papers. No, and  
I'm not gonna, I'm not gonna spin em' into stories. And  
I'm not gonna, I'm not gonna use it as ammunition, no,  
I just wanna hold...

Hey, hey baby you know you can talk to me tonight,  
don't lie awake, don't lie awake, don't lie awake, oh,  
and let me in, for heaven's sake.

Hey, hey baby you know you can talk to me tonight,  
don't lie awake, don't lie awake, don't lie awake, oh,  
and let me in, for heaven's sakeHey, hey baby I'm your terra cotta pot,  
give me your basil, give me your daises, give me your dirt.

Hey, hey baby I'm your couch cushion corners,  
give me your pop-corn, give me you post-its, give me your change.

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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