Midnight Lullaby

Tom Waits

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying
You can burn the midnight oil with me
As long as you will stare out at the moon
Upon the windowsill and dreamSing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying
There's dew drops on the window sill
Gumdrops in your head slipping into dream land
You're nodding your head, so dreamDream of West Virginia or of the British Isles
'Cause when you are dreaming you see for miles and miles
When you are much older, remember when we sat
At midnight on the windowsill and had this little chatAnd dream, come on and dream, come on and dream
And dream, and dream, come on dream

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