

Sleepy Hollow

The Microphones

There's a place I call sleepy hollow
Where I go when you're not around
There's a brook running clear in the meadow
I lose my blues in it's sound
The wind and the trees from the hollow
Whisper secrets of life in my ear
When I lay down in their shadows
I dream that you're still here
The bubbling babbling brook is your laughter
The wind blowing softly, your touch
I've found the one thing I'm after
Your love, your love means so much, oh
Until you say that you love me
And make all my dreams come true
I'll go down to my sleepy hollow
And dream my dreams of you
I'll go down to my sleepy hollow
And dream my dreams of you

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