Sweet Baby James

James Taylor

There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range,
His horse and his cattle are his only companions.
He works in the saddle and sleeps in the canyons,
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.
And as the moon rises he sits by his fire,
Thinking about women and glasses of beer,
And closing his eyes as the doggies retire.
He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear,
As if maybe someone could hear.
He says

Goodnight you moonlight ladies,
Rockabye sweet baby James.
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose,
Won't you let me go down in my dreams,
And rockabye sweet baby James.

The first of December was covered with snow
So was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston
The Berkshires seemed dream-like on account of that frosting
With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,
A song that they sing when they take to the sea,
A song that they sing of their home in the sky,
Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep,
But singing works just fine for me.

Goodnight you moonlight ladies,
Rockabye sweet baby James.
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose,
Won't you let me go down in my dreams,
And rockabye sweet baby James.

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