

Hushabye Mountain

Stuart Staples & Dave Boulter

A gentle breeze,
From Hushabye Mountain,
Softly blows,
Over Lullabye Bay.
It fills the sails,
Of boats that are waiting.
Waiting to sail,
Your worries away.
It isn't far to Hushabye Mountain,
And your boat,
Waits down by the key.
The winds of night,
So softly are sighing.
Soon, they will fly your troubles to sea.
So close your eyes,
on Hushabye Mountain.
Wave goodbye to cares of the day.
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain,
Sail far away from Lullabye Bay.
So close your eyes,
on Hushabye Mountain.
Wave goodbye to cares of the day.
And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain,
Sail far away from Lullabye Bay.

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