

Chinese White

Incredible String Band

The bent twig of darkness
Grows the petals of the morning
It shows to them the birds singing
Just behind the dawning
Come dip into the cloud cream lapping
I can't keep my hand on the plough
Because it's dying
But I will lay me down with my arms
Round a rainbow
And I will lay me down to dream
Oh, will your magic
Christmas tree be shining
Gently all around?
Climbing up these figures
The sun is tugging at my shoulder
And every step I take
I think, my feet are getting older
I see the crystal dreams unfolding
I can't keep my eyes on the book
Because it's mouldering
But I will lay me down with my arms
Round a rainbow
And I will lay me down to dream
Oh, will your magic
Christmas tree be shining
Gently all around?

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