

# Lullaby

Joe Jackson

Shall I stay or go  
Through the door  
Will the pen to flow  
Watch the stars  
Sleep's a chore

The moon is growing cold  
It hangs like a sliver of tin  
How do our dreams unfold  
And why are my bones feeling thin

I watch my pen as though  
My fingers could shatter like icicles  
And before my eyes  
Lie glittering and useless on a field of snow