

Prairie Lullaby

Kind of Like Spitting

[Originally by Leon Redbone]

Shadows slowly creeping, down the prairie trail. Everything is sleeping, all but the nightingale. Soon the moon will be climbing across the blue, blue sky, night winds slow and haunting. This is prairie lullaby. Tumble to bed, my child, my little old sleepy head, the stars are in the sky. Now that your prayers are said, my little old sleepy head to this prairie lullaby. Saddle up your ponies, to sail with you, lead you down a trail of dreams. Stumble to bed, my child, my little old sleepy head, to this prairie lullaby. Saddle up your ponies to sail with you, lead you down a trail of dreams. Now that your prayers are said, you can get to bed, to this prairie lullaby.