

Midnight Lullaby

Tom Waits

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying.
You can burn the midnight oil with me
as long as you will
Stare out at the moon
upon the windowsill, and dream.

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying.
There's dew drops on the window sill,
gumdrops in your head
Slipping into dream land,
you're nodding your head, so dream.

Dream of West Virginia, or of the British Isles
'Cause when you are dreaming,
you see for miles and miles.
When you are much older, remember when we sat
At midnight on the windowsill,
and had this little chat
And dream, come on and dream,
come on and dream, and dream, and dream.