

# Scrapyard Lullaby

Chris Whitley

Wake up running on the sacred ground  
Searching the scrapyard for my dirty crown  
I been walking a very long time

Baby child up on your momma's knee  
Thirty-five angels looking after me  
They been watching with eyes so wide

In a sea of steel I seen a golden glow  
Screaming the message anyone could know  
Like a walking translation on a street of lies  
Singing this scrapyard lullaby

I'm gonna' take my time for her riches  
Wait for the diamonds to ripen in the ditches of love around here  
Things are never as they appear

Got a natural pearl in my calloused hand  
Saved for the girl who could really understand what it takes to see  
The gold from the alchemy

From a rusted hood I seen the stars fall about  
Screaming the message anyone could find out  
Like a walking translation down a street of lies  
Singing this scrapyard lullaby

Hush now baby dream sweet things  
Mama gonna' bring your anvil some wings  
She will let it go, you won't even know

Cause the chrome do rust and the dust do shine  
Broken could be golden in it's very own time  
You can be sure, you won't even know what for

Now I'm down in the junk on a darkened day  
Searching through the prizes others throw away  
Like a walking translation on a street of lies  
Singing this scrapyard lullaby  
Wake up running on the sacred ground  
Thirty-five angels leading her around  
Like a walking translation down a street of lies  
Singing the scrapyard lullaby  
Singing the scrapyard lullaby