

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 he
re
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