

They call me Wee Willie Winkie
I'm tired and blinky
Eyeless and poor
Promise I don't snore by candle light
I kiss the shimmering cheeks of little children
Having a mother
I lost in the street
A skinny jungle child
Wayward and windy
Sinful and pretty
I visit the graves of boys
Dead at war
Shipwreck sailors
Don't ask, don't tell
Sweet fragrance of moon has brought me to your room
Where you waft milky magic from that ancient loom

I only have eyes for you
Oh Lord, please tell me you're watching me too

My mother I seek
I long to curl up meek
In the lap of your laughter
You wanted a daughter
I ain't no Jesus
If you give me a dress
I could become your princess
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