

Rowantree

Craig Cardiff

Why aren't you sleeping?
Your eyes should be lead balloons.
A bumblebee flying,
Haven't slept all afternoon.

Let's get you ready for bed,
Read for a while
Until your eyes get heavy
And you drift off into the ocean of the night.

All the badness, all the fright,
We called them and told them not to come around tonight.
(You were) named for the witches, named for the tree,
Named for the one who couldn't be here to meet you.

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Read for a while
Until your eyes get heavy
And you drift off into the ocean of the night.