

# Sleep

David Ryan Harris

My eyes close like the curtains after a play  
And my mind opens like a vista, gold in hue.  
And my thoughts run like a river under an ocean  
And the sandman is given his due (yes he is, yes he is)

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, take me deep, until I am rested.

My dreams sore like an angel in flight  
And my worries run like the sunshine runs from the night.

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, looking skyward, counting sheep.  
I pray the lord my soul to keep until I am rested.

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Goodnight, don't let the bed bugs bite...