

Sleep

Goodnight, Texas

Where the coldest willows weep
And the fog does slowly creep
Where the fire cannot keep
I will sing myself to sleep

Where the winds so strongly sweep
And the earth can't feed the sheep
In a darkness thick and deep
I will sing myself to sleep

Where the cliffs dark red and steep
Beckon you to come and leap
Where ol' death does calmly reap
I will sing myself to sleep

I will sing myself to sleep
(I will sing myself to sleep)