

# 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)