Lullaby

Greg Brown

I look at you, and I think of bed,
You move so cool and freely,
And I know what's goin' on in your head,
Oh, babe, you make me sleepy.

We've been married all these years,
We know each other deeply
And oh my dear, oh my dear,
You still make me sleepy.

The children, they are nearly grown,
And ain't they turned out sweetly,
Tonight they're out, and we're alone,
And, oh babe, you make me sleepy.

I know your stories, you know mine,
Ah, but tell that one again to me,
About that room and the red, red wine,
Oh, babe, it makes me sleepy.

You make me feel like lying down,
Let down your hair completely,
Ah, when you put on that old nightgown,
Oh, babe, you make me sleepy.

And in your arms I sleep so fine,
So well do you meet me,
And you can wake me any time,
Oh, babe, I ain't that sleepy.

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!