

Sleeper

Greg Brown

It's another happy April
to every happy fool.
And you move through my dreams
like a trout moves through a pool.
Sure I will do anything,
but I blush at the reverie.
Sleeper come and go with me.

And she always was a painter
and she left me her suitcase,
and I still remember
the soft lines of her drunken face,
as she stood there in my doorway,
like a cat up in a tree.
Sleeper come and go with me.

A small farm in Wisconsin
for a driftless man,
supper on the table,
and a lover's tender hands,
though she leaves my salt and woodsmoke,
for a job in the city.
Sleeper come and go with me.

I will take you with my children,
through the clover, to the creek,
when Orion's gone a hunting
through the fields our wishes seek,
where we all can love each other
like sugar in our tea.
Sleeper come and go with me.

Well the last wild fling is over
and a cold wind brings the dawn,
to rows of parking meters
and the shadow of a blond,
who is standing by the wild rye
in a pointless dream.
Sleeper come and go with me.

[repeat first verse]