When I'm worried and I can't sleep I count my blessings instead of sheep And I fall asleep Counting my blessings

When my bankroll is getting small I think of when I had none at all And I fall asleep Counting my blessings

I think about a nursery
And I picture curly heads
And one by one I count them
As they slumber in their beds

If you're worried and you can't sleep Just count your blessings instead of sheep And you'll fall asleep Counting your blessings

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And I picture curly heads
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