

Lullaby

Joe Jackson

Shall I stay or go
Through the door
Will the pen to flow
Watch the stars
Sleep's a chore

The moon is growing cold
It hangs like a sliver of tin
How do our dreams unfold
And why are my bones feeling thin

I watch my pen as though
My fingers could shatter like icicles
And before my eyes
Lie glittering and useless on a field of snow