

The Land Of Nod

Judy Collins

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod

All by myself I have to go
With none to tell me what to do
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountainsides of dreams

The strangest things are there for me
Both things to eat and things to see
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod

Try as I like to find the way
I never can get back by day
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear