

## Prairie Lullaby

Michael Nesmith

Shadows slowly creeping down the prairie trail  
Everything is sleeping - ah, but the nightingale

Moon will soon be climbing in the purple sky  
Night winds all a-humming this tender lullaby.

Cares of the day have fled  
My little sleepyhead  
Stars are in the sky  
Time that the prayers were said  
My little sleepyhead  
To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony  
Sandman's here  
To guide you down the trail of dreams  
Tumble in bed my tired  
My little sleepyhead,  
To a prairie lullaby

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(spoken)

Michael: I felt like that was it.  
Control Room Voice #1: Dynamite!  
Control Room Voice #2: It sure did!  
Studio Voice: Worked.  
Control Room Voice #2: Golly!