

## Lullaby, Pt. 2

Quasi

Wooden legs float downstream in the alligator's dream  
The owl calls the tune: "fly me to the moon"  
The sun goes dark red as he staggers off to bed  
The snake and the mole  
Their house is their hole

Rubber trees, down on bended knees  
Bleed rubber blood while the tadpoles tend their mud  
Clear, starry skies give birth to lullabies  
Sleep comes down with a silent sound