

Clay Aiken "Sweet Baby James"

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There is a young cowboy he lives on the range
His horse and his cattle are his only companions
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change

There's a song that they sing as they take to the
highway
A song that they sing when they take to the sea
A song that they sing of their home in the sky
Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep
But singing works just fine for me

Goodnight you moonlight ladies.
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose
Won't you let me go down in my dreams
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James

Goodnight you moonlight ladies.
Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose
Won't you let me go down in my dreams
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James

Oh, rock-a-bye sweet baby James
Oh, rock-a-bye sweet baby James

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