

Harry Nilsson "Lullaby In Ragtime"

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Fine

Won't you play the music so the cradle can rock,
to a lullaby in ragtime.
Sleepy hands are creeping to the end of the clock,
play a lullaby in ragtime.
You can tell the sandman is on his way,
by the way,
that they play,
As still, as the trill, of a thrush, in a twilight high.

So you can hear the:-
Rhythm of the ripples on the side of the boat,

as you sail away to dreamland.
High above the moon you hear a silvery note,
as the sandman takes your hand.
So rock-a-by my baby,
don't you cry my baby,
sleepy-time is nigh.
Won't you rock me to a ragtime lullaby,
So rock-a-by my baby,

don't you cry my baby,
sleepy-time is nigh.
Won't you rock me to a ragtime lullaby,

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