

## Jimmy Dean

### "Sleeping Beauty"

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(L. Markes)

(Spoken)

Dear daughter, I tiptoed in your room tonight and I  
looked down at you  
smilin' in your sleep. You were so lovely my heart  
nearly broke and I  
thought how much like Sleeping Beauty a little girl is.  
When I tuck you in  
at night I never know how old you'll be when you wake.  
One evening you  
Crawl on your dad's lap and throw your arms around  
his neck.  
The next morning you might be much too grown up for  
that sort of thing.

You're so quickly approaching the awkward age, too  
young to drive the  
car and yet too old to be carried in the house half  
asleep on daddy's  
shoulder. I have a secret that I've never told you,  
Sleeping Beauty,  
you're going on a very exciting trip. You'll travel from  
yesterday all  
the way to tomorrow. It's a rapid journey and you'll  
travel light,  
leaving behind you - measles, mumps, freckles,  
bumps, bubble gum and  
me.

I promise not to feel too hurt when you discover that  
the world is more  
important than your daddy's lap. Yesterday you were  
blue jeans and pig  
tails, the neighborhood's best tree climber. Tomorrow  
you'll be blue  
organdy and pony tails and you'll view the world from a  
loftier perch - a  
pair of high heel shoes.

Yesterday you could mend a doll's broken leg with a

hug; tomorrow you'll  
be able to break a young man's heart with a kiss.  
Humh! Humh! Yesterday  
you could get lost one aisle away from me at a  
supermarket - now I have  
to worry about losing you down another aisle to some  
strange young man.  
You see, just at the point where you're growing pains  
stop, mine begins.  
Yesterday you were kind of a pain in the neck when you  
were around,  
tomorrow you'll be an ache in my heart when your not.

Tomorrow you'll lay aside your jump rope and tie up the  
telephone lines  
and that little boy that used to push you in the mud;  
well, he'll fight to  
sit out a dance with you. The clock is countin' the  
minutes for you and the  
sky upstairs is savin' its' brightest stars; - and the sun is  
waitin' with  
its' shiniest day.

Oh I, I can't expect you to live in a doll house forever.  
Sooner or later,  
the butterfly sheds it's cocoon and the smallest bird  
must try its wings.  
But when you grow up and out of my arms; when you  
finally get too big for  
my shirts, I'll still recall how you used to scatter dust  
and dolls and partially  
through ev'ry room in the house; but you spread  
sunshine too. The dust is  
settled, your mom picked up the dolls; - but the  
sunshine will always fill  
the corners of our hearts.

So, here I am talking in your sleep, because, well if you  
saw this look on  
my face, you'd laugh and if I spoke with this lump in my  
throat, I'd cry.  
Yea! honey when I looked at you tonight you were a  
Sleeping Beauty. So, I  
tiptoed over and I kissed you - you didn't wake up, I  
knew you wouldn't.  
According to the legend only the handsome young  
prince can open your  
eyes and I'm just the father of the future bride.

So you sleep on pretty thing, tomorrow you'll wake and  
you'll be a young

lady and you won't even realize that you've changed  
courses in the middle  
of a dream. But you might notice a little change in me;  
I'll look a little  
different somehow. A little sadder, a little wiser, but a  
whole lot richer.  
Tonight, I kissed a princess and I feel like a king...

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