

Kind Of Like Spitting "Prairie Lullaby"

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[Originally by Leon Redbone]

Shadows slowly creeping, down the prairie trail.
Everything is sleeping, all but the nightingale. Soon the
moon will be climbing across the blue, blue sky, night
winds slow and haunting. This prairie lullaby. Tumble to
bed, my child, my little old sleepy head, the stars are in
the sky. Now that your prayers are said, my little old
sleepy head to this prairie lullaby. Saddle up your
ponies, to sail with you, lead you down a trail of
dreams. Stumble to bed, my child, my little old sleepy
head, to this prairie lullaby. Saddle up your ponies to
sail with you, lead you down a trail of dreams. Now that
your prayers are said, you can get to bed, to this
prairie lullaby.

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