

## David Ryan Harris "Sleep"

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My eyes close like the curtains after a play  
and my mind opens like a vista, gold in hue.  
And my thoughts run like a river under an ocean  
and the sandman is given his due (yes he is, yes he is)

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, take me deep, until I am rested.

My dreams sore like an angel in flight  
and my worries run like the sunshine runs from the  
night.

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, looking skyward, counting sheep.  
I pray the lord my soul to keep until I am rested.

My eyes close like the curtains after a play  
and my mind opens like a vista, gold in hue.  
And my thoughts run like a river under an ocean  
and the sandman is given his due (yes he is, yes he is)

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, take me deep, until I am rested.

I can't wait for me to get some sleep.  
The sandman is on his midnight creep.  
Slumber enter, looking skyward, counting sheep.

Goodnight, don't let the bed bugs bite

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