

Connee Boswell

"Lullaby Of The Leaves"

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Rustling of the leaves used to be my lullaby,
In the sunny south when I was a tot so high,
And now that I have grown
And myself alone.

Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a
million eyes,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the leaves
Cover me with heaven's blue and let me dream a
dream or two,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the leaves.
I'm breezing along, along with the breeze,
I'm hearing a song, a song thru the trees,
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh.
That pine melody caressing the shore familiar to me, I
ve heard it
before ooh ooh ooh ooh.
That's southland, don't I feel it in my soul,
And don't I know I've reached my goal,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the Leaves.

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