

Bush Kate

"And Dream of Sheep"

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Little lights shining
Little lights will guide them to me
My face is all lit up
My face is all lit up
If they find me racing white horses -
They'll not take me for a buoy.

Let me be weak, let me sleep and dream of sheep.

Oh I'll wake up to any sound of engines
Every gull a seeking craft
I can't keep my eyes open -
Wish I had my radio

I'd tune into some friendly voices.
Talking 'bout stupid things
I can't be left to my imagination
Let me be weak, let me sleep and dream of sheep -

Ooh, their breath is warm,
And they smell like sleep
And they say they take me home -
Like poppies, heavy with seed -
They take me deeper and deeper

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