

I Can Get to Sleeping

She's watching star spots overhead
Her memories for keeping
When all these things get put to bed

She's dragging gold through waves of lead
Sparks weigh but lightly leaping
When all these things get put to bed

She's careful in the steps she'll tread
She's the shadows to light's creeping
When all these things get put to bed

I'll pour myself with things unsaid
She drinks it as it's steeping
When all these things get put to bed

With all the signals pinkish red
And all silence almost weeping
As all these things get put to bed
As all these things get put to bed
I can get to sleeping
I can get to sleeping