

# Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Dream A Little Dream

Stars shining bright above you, night breezes seem to whisper, "I love you";  
Birds singing in the sycamore tree, "Dream a little dream of me";  
Say "nighty-night" and kiss me. Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me.  
While I'm alone and blue as can be, dream a little dream of me.

Stars fading, but I linger on, dear.  
Still craving your kiss, I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear.  
Just saying this: Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you.  
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you.  
But in your dreams whatever they be, dream a little dream of me.

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