

# Tim Minchin, Lullaby

Sleep, little baby, sleep now my love  
The Milky Way's shining high up above  
When you grow up, you will learn all that stuff  
But for now, close your eyes  
Close your eyes

Sleep, little baby, try not to squawk  
Tomorrow and tomorrow you'll learn how to walk  
To love and laugh, to make toast and talk  
But for now, beddy-byes

Your blanket's hand-knitted with pure angora wool  
Your nappy is dry and your tummy is full  
Of enough antihistamine to chill out a bull  
Yet still all this gringing

What more could you want for? I just cannot guess  
You constantly complain to me; you should feel blessed  
There are children in Africa starving to death  
And you don't hear them whinging

What more can I do to put a stop to  
This mind-numbing noise you are making?  
Where is the line between patting and hitting?  
When is rocking "rocking" and when is it "shaking"?

I don't know what else I can do to try to hush you  
My heart says "I love you", but my brain's thinking "fuck you"  
And hoping a child trafficker will abduct you  
At least then I'll get a few hours in bed

I've shushed and I've cooed and I've even try to sing  
"Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da" in the exact voice of Ringo  
Now all I have left is to hope that a dingo  
Will sneak in and rip off your fat bitching head

Hush little baby, don't say a word  
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird  
In the hope you get avian flu  
The nice folk in A&E will take care of you

That's it, close your eyes, shhh, not a sound  
I can barely see your tiny belly moving up and down  
One thing they don't mention in the parenting books:  
Your love for them grows, the closer to dead they look