

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