

Ana's Mitchell, Santa Fe Dream

If it should happen
If you should wake in the night
There in the city of faith
Where your true love lies
Asleep like a baby
With her hands at her head
And the moon in your window
Sheds her light on the bed
If it should happen
If you should rise alone
And go sit staring in the shadows
Of all that you own
At the cloth on the table
And the cable bill
You're too old to keep moving
You're too young to keep still
All the while the rambling stars
All the while the roving moon
All the while the railroad cars
Keep passing by, passing by you
If it should happen
If you should turn to see
The way that moon sheds her light
On your love where she sleeps
Go lay down beside her
And wonder again
That such a small window
Lets so much light in