

Eisley, Lullaby

Lullaby

After the moon comes up, all of the toys behind closed doors
open their eyes and move their squeaky joints across the floor.
Rocking horses run, tinker toys assembling,
twisting mobile stars, dancing dolls and spinning cars.

Stop, will you stop? Will you stop and speak to me?
Wake, I know you're awake. Move your mouth and speak to me.
I'm not the kind who will take it for granted,
no, I'm not the kind who will take it for granted.

How I would like to know all the toy soldiers in a row,
marching to and fro, all the tin soldiers in a row.
Tiny painted mouths, how I wish you'd utter now,
words of nursery rhyme, tongue and teeth all click in time.

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no, I'm not the kind who will take you for granted.