

# Karine Polwart, Baleerie Baloo

I know the warp of a thread  
Of fibres and filaments silver and red  
But these golden stars  
Are blood on my hands  
Baleerie, baleerie baloo

I cradled you all in the sun  
I cradle you still though the day is done  
And these golden stars  
Swallow the light  
Baleerie, baleerie baloo

Tomorrow is sealed with a sigh  
And I am betrayed by the tear in my eye  
And these golden stars  
Have fallen to earth  
Baleerie, baleerie baloo

So hush ma wee lammie don't weep  
A far gentler hand will soon lull you to sleep  
And those golden stars will shine for you and I  
Baleerie, baleerie baloo