

Kate Bush, And Dream Of Sheep

Little light shining,
Little light will guide them to me.
My face is all lit up,
My face is all lit up.
If they find me racing white horses,
They'll not take me for a buoy.

Let me be weak,
Let me sleep
And dream of sheep.

"Attention shipping information in sea areas...Bell Rock, Tiree,
Cromaty, gale east...Malin, Sellafield..."

"Come here with me now."

Oh, I'll wake up
To any sound of engines,
Ev'ry gull a seeking craft.
I can't keep my eyes open--
Wish I had my radio.

I tune in to some friendly voices
Talking 'bout stupid things.
I can't be left to my imagination.

Let me be weak,
Let me sleep
And dream of sheep.

Ooh, their breath is warm
And they smell like sleep,
And they say they take me home.
Like poppies heavy with seed
They take me deeper and deeper.