

Michael Nesmith, Prairie Lullaby

Shadows slowly creeping down the prairie trail
Everything is sleeping - ah, but the nightingale

Moon will soon be climbing in the purple sky
Night winds all a-humming this tender lullaby.

Cares of the day have fled
My little sleepyhead
Stars are in the sky
Time that the prayers were said
My little sleepyhead
To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony
Sandman's here
To guide you down the trail of dreams
Tumble in bed my tired
My little sleepyhead,
To a prairie lullaby

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(spoken)
Michael: I felt like that was it.
Control Room Voice #1: Dynamite!
Control Room Voice #2: It sure did!
Studio Voice: Worked.
Control Room Voice #2: Golly!