

Neutral Milk Hotel, Sleepytime

Go to sleep my darling
Go to sleep my dear
It's late in the evening
And sleepy time is drawing near
My mind is growing tired
From December rains and winds
So let's sleep by the fire of orange apple cinnamon

Yes, I know it's hard to wait so long
And you will be waiting
Oh, it's true
The dead dog will reveal himself to you

The dead dog will save us all
The dead dog will save us all
The dead dog will save us all
The dead dog will save us all