

# The Grateful Dead, What's Become Of The Baby

Waves of violet go crashing and laughing  
The rainbow winged singing birds fly 'round the sun  
Sun bells rain down in a liquid profusion  
Mermaids on porpoises draw up the dawn  
What's become of the baby this cold December morning?

Songbirds frozen in their flight  
Drifting to the earth, remnants of forgotten dreaming  
Dawning answer comes there none.

Go to sleep you child, dream of never-ending always  
Panels of crystal ice sparkle like waterfalls  
Lighting the polished ice caverns of the dawn,  
But where in the looking-glass fields of illusion  
Wandered the child who was perfect as the dawn?  
What's become of the baby this cold December morning?  
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Racing in rhythm of the sun  
All the world revolves captured in the eye of woman  
Allah, where are you now?

All eyes are blinded by the sparkling waters  
Scheherazade gathering stories to tell  
But where is the child who played with the sunshines?  
And chased the cloud shape to the regions of mind?  
Standing stream cries the south wind  
Lost in the regions of  
Shadow-like chains of illusion, delusions of living and dead.