

The Pretenders, Thumbelina

Hush little baby
Don't you cry
When we get to Tucson
You'll see why
We left the snowstorms
And the thunder and rain
For the desert sun
We're gonna be born again
What's important
In this world
A little boy
A little girl
Hush little darling
Go to sleep
Look out the window
And count the sheep
That dot the hillsides
In the fields of wheat
Across America
As we cross America
What's important
Here today
The broken line
On the highway
All the love in the world for you, girl
Thumbelina, in a great, big scary world
All the love in the world for you, girl
Take my hand, and we'll make it through this world
Hush little baby
My poor little thing
You've been shuffled about
Like a pawned wedding ring
It must seem strange
Love was here then gone
And the Oklahoma sunrise
Becomes the Amarillo dawn
What's important
In this life
Ask the man
Who's lost his wife
Transcribed by Robert Kacsich (e9125767@stud1.tuwien.ac.at), with some