

# Waterdeep, Big Brass Bed

If i could lie in a bed of moss  
and sleep and dream the nights away  
i'd make the world count its cost  
for a big brass bed

And rivers would lullaby me to sleep  
as i'd curl up in a blanket of leaves  
while you'd doze off to the drone of police  
and the firing of lead

All the children are nestled snug in their beds  
All the tvs blare curses and laugh at the dead  
and the vagabond runs from this Vagabond Age

For the castles down the block have electric private eyes  
and the neighbor gives you looks that say you're somewhat despised  
and your car that's been stolen makes you almost want to cry out for  
the firing of lead.

You shuffle your papers you'll take to the zoo  
you frown on the way and then smile upon cue  
and everyone know just what they're supposed to do  
for their big brass bed

If i could lie in green pastures and rest  
far from alarms and the cold hard cement  
i'd send all the world my bill for its rent  
and its big brass bed