

I'll Show You Where To Sleep

Strawbs

Just paint a picture of the world
In gentle pastel shades
Indistinct and somehow blurred
Like childhood escapades
The painting box is rather dear
But the paints themselves are cheap
Leave your pack at the side of the road
I'll show you where to sleep.

Dead brown weeds in a ditch at the side
Of a field of burning corn
The road opens out before you
Like the womb where you were born
There's no need to pretend again
To try and earn your keep
Leave your pack at the side of the road
I'll show you where to sleep.

And crowds will gather in the sun
As stone madonnas weep
And the shepherd is a good man
As he tends his flock of sheep.

In case you find your tortoise shell
Is getting rather tight
You can wrap yourself in your magic cloak
And disappear from sight
And I will stand guard over you
As through the door you creep
Leave your pack at the side of the road
I'll show you where to sleep.