

james taylor - Sweet Baby James

There is a young cowboy he lives on the range.

His horse and his cattle are his only companion.

He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyon.

Waiting for summer, his pastures to change.

And as the moon rises he sits by his fire.

Thinkin' about women and glasses of beer.

Closing his eyes as the doggies retire

He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear

As if maybe someone could hear.

CHORUS: Goodnight you moonlight ladies.

Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

Won't you let me go down in my dreams.

And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Now the first of December was covered with snow.

And so was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston.

Lord the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting.

With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway.

A song that they sing when they take to the sea.

A song that they sing of they're home in the sky.

Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.

But singing works just fine for me.

CHORUS: Goodnight you moonlight ladies.

Rock-a-bye sweet baby James.

Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose.

 A E A A
Won't you let me go down in my dreams.

 G A D
And rock-a-bye sweet baby James.