Oh, I could hide rings 'neath the wings, rise, wipe the blue-bird out as she sings; the The six o' clock a - larm would nev- er ring. But it

Cheer up sleep - y Jean Oh, what can it mean to a
day-dream be-lie- ver and a home - com-ing queen.

You once thought of me as a white knight on a steed. But

Now you know how hap-py I can be. Oh, and our

how much, ba - by, do we real - ly need?

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