

## Jay's Song

My little boy wants to walk, to walk.  
My little boy wants to talk, to talk.  
My little boy soon may roam, may roam.

Where will you walk to?  
Whom will you talk to?  
Mommy and Daddy are waiting at home  
If you should tire of roaming alone.

My little boy wants to run, to play.  
Only too soon he will romp away.  
Where will you run to?  
When is your play through?  
Night time is dream time and lullabies sung.  
Rock here and listen my sleep head son.

My little boy, on and on you try.  
My little boy, no you mustn't cry.  
There'll be tomorrows, so I've been told.  
Then you'll be walking.  
Soon you'll be talking.  
Morning awaits you in crimson and gold.  
Till then, tis sleep that your eyes must behold.

Written in 1970