

Big Brass Bed

Waterdeep

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 despi
sed
and your car that's been stolen makes you almost want to cry ou
t 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