

Bed In Summer

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day,
To go to bed by day,
To go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown up people's feet
Still going past me in the street,
Past me in the street,
Past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?
To go to bed by day?
To go to bed by day?

