

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Dream A Little Dream

Stars shining bright above you, night breezes seem to whisper, "I love you";
Birds singing in the sycamore tree, "Dream a little dream of me";
Say "nighty-night" and kiss me. Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me.
While I'm alone and blue as can be, dream a little dream of me.

Stars fading, but I linger on, dear.
Still craving your kiss, I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear.
Just saying this: Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you.
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you.
But in your dreams whatever they be, dream a little dream of me.

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