

# Roy Orbison, Sleepy Hollow

Bill Dees

There's a place I call Sleepy Hollow  
Where I go when you're not around  
There's a brook running clear in the meadow  
I lose my blues in it's sound

The wind and the trees from the hollow  
Whisper secrets of life in my ear  
When I lay down in their shadows  
I dream that you're still here

The bubbling babbling brook is your laughter  
The wind blowing softly, your touch  
I've found the one thing I'm after  
Your love, your love means so much

Until you say that you love me  
And make all my dreams come true  
I'll go down to my Sleepy Hollow  
And dream my dreams of you  
I'll go down to my Sleepy Hollow  
And dream my dreams of you