

Sailing round the reservoir
Tranquil water rippling by
Sailing round the reservoir
Tranquil water rippling by
I pass the ivy covered power line
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
I pass the ivy covered power line
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Emmett hears the splish, splash, splosh
And he's falling asleep to the sound
Emmett hears the splish, splash, splosh
And he dreams of the feelings he's found
By Christina Monet

Peaceful sunrise on the lake,
Birdsong welcoming the new day
Peaceful sunrise on the lake,
Birdsong welcoming the new day
Falling leaves, through the trees,
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Falling leaves, through the trees,
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Henry he sings,
And he's falling asleep to the sound
James loves to run,
And he dreams of the feelings he's found
By Lydia Prentice

Sitting by Worth Park Fountain
Water makes rainbows in sun
Sitting by Worth Park Fountain
Water makes rainbows in sun
Rolling by Copthorne Road Sign
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Rolling by Copthorne Road Sign
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Mia hears the drip drip drop
And she's falling asleep to the sound
Mia hears the drip drip drop
And she dreams of the feelings she's found
By Carmen Ballestas-Ledlie

Climbing hills, they bring blue sky
Watching nature passing us by
Climbing hills, they bring blue sky
Watching nature passing us by
Calming bumps on the estate road
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Calming bumps on the estate road
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
Maisie hears the tweet tweet tweet
And she's falling asleep to the sound
Maisie hears the tweet tweet tweet
And she dreams of the feelings she's found
By Hannah Sutton

Children play in Ashurst Woods
Dancing flames on the side of your mug
Children play in Ashurst Woods
Dancing flames on the side of your mug
Driving down Pebble Hill
I know I'm going to lay my head down
Driving down Pebble Hill
I know I'm going to lay my head down
Yana hears the pook pook pook
And she's falling asleep to the sound
Yana hears the pook pook pook
And she dreams of the feelings she's found
By Nevelina Rousseva

Rustling leaves become my thoughts
As my words float over Buchan Lake
Rustling leaves become my thoughts
As my words float over Buchan Lake
I hear trains whoosh through town
I know I'm going home to lay my head down
I hear trains whoosh through town.
I know I'm going home to Crawley Town
Rayhan hears the squealing kids.
And he's falling asleep to the sound
Fatima hears the dogs barking
And she dreams of the feelings she's found
By Parveen Khan



MurmurationArts

Written with local parents and composer Laura Wright
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