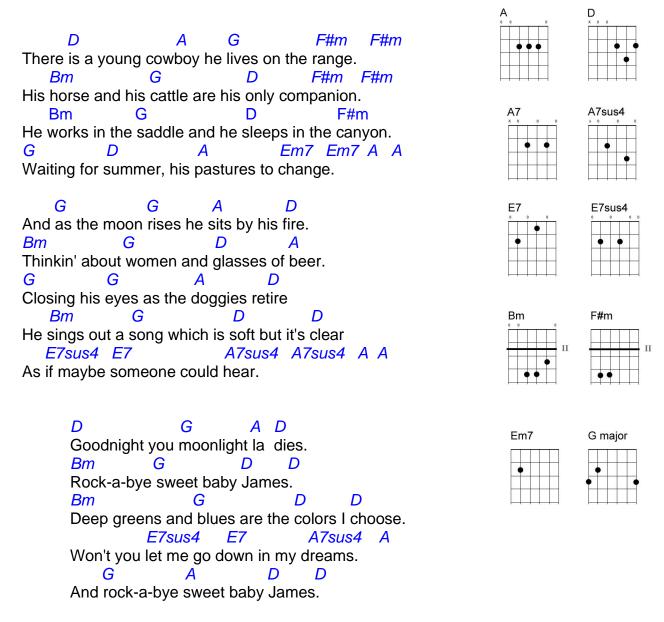
## Sweet Baby James by James Taylor (1970)



Now the first of December was covered with snow. And so was the turnpike from Stockridge to Boston. Lord the Berkshires seemed dreamlike on account of that frosting. With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway. A song that they sing when they take to the sea. A song that they sing of they're home in the sky. Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep. But singing works just fine for me.