

The clock
strikes five the
sun sinks down,
It's closing
time around the
town.

The baker
bakes his final
batch,
The landlord
shuts the
serving hatch.
The cobbler
finishes his last
shoe,

The butcher's
nothing left to
do.

Tills are closed
and doors are
locked,

And empty
shelves can be
restocked.

And then it's
time for home
and bed,
Where they
can rest their
weary head.

But when those
shops shut
another opens,

Like a beast
that's just been
woken.

The shop lights
up, it glows and
gleams,

Because this is
the shop of the
dreamer of
dreams.

They say it is
run by a man
with no name,
No one knows
who he is or
from where he
came.

He has good
dreams that

shine in silver
and gold,
And nightmares
sealed tight
that can never
be sold.

He has precious
dreams for
loved ones you
trust,

And unwanted
dreams that
are picking up
dust.

Some dreams
are wild and
try to break
out,

They escape
from their jars
and start flying
about.

Knocking down
shelves they
cause such a
stress,

And oozing and
whiggling

biffsquiggling
mess!

A jumble of
thoughts now
growing and
swelling,
And what
dream has been
made there is

now way of
telling.

But enough of
all that there
is work to be
done,

And orders to
finish before
the setting sun.

His loyal
assistants Dusk
Dawn Cloud and
Feather,
Work hard all
day long
whatever the
weather.
There are
dreams to be

**sold and
dreams to be
made,
Feelings to
bottle and
memories
weighed.
Because a
dream has to**

be made just
right,
So that
dreamers can
dream in peace
through the
night.