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Sleepy Time in Bedlam: a Lullaby

by Kevin Collins

"Sleepy Time in Bedlam" is dedicated to James V. Forrestal, the first U.S. Secretary of Defense, who had a sad end in the asylum. His troubles began just after World War II when he confided to a friend his belief that Israeli agents were following him everywhere he went. The friend provided some temporary comfort, arguing that there was not yet any such thing as the state of Israel and that it was quite impossible for such agents to be following him. Not until long after Forrestal's death did former members of a proto-Israeli paramilitary organization admit that they had indeed been dogging his every step prior to 1948. The moral of the story: the mere fact that you're paranoid does not preclude the possibility that you're also being followed by spies from an imaginary nation.

It's the end of another long day, Days have all been long since they put you away, You're tied to your beddie, So now you are ready, For sleepy time in Bedlam.

Say goodnight to John Hinckley And Rosemary Kennedy, Watch Sylvia Plath Get another sponge bath When it's sleepy time in Bedlam.

Close your eyes and plug your ears So you don't get scared by Britney Spears, And don't make a sound Or you'll wake Ezra Pound When it's sleepy time in Bedlam

Scott and Zelda are in a fog, And Frances Farmer's sawing logs, And asleep down the hall Is James V. Forrestal 'Cause it's sleepy time in Bedlam.

Listen to the thorazine That you took tonight with Norma Jean, Climb in the top bunk Above ol' Edvard Munch *Cause it's sleepy time in Bedlam

The moon is rising over you, Buzz Aldrin knows that that is true. And a light misting rain Falls upon Kurt Cobain When it's sleepy time in Bedlam.





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