Go the F**k to Sleep
Adam Mansbach
• Ricardo Cortés
‘A children’s book for grown-ups! I really did laugh out loud – hilarious!’
– David Byrne, musician, father of one
‘Beautiful, brilliant, funny as f**k. A new Contented Little Baby Book for the discontented parent’
– Helen Walsh, author of Go to Sleep, mother of one
‘Go the F**k to Sleep is the secret anthem of tired parents everywhere’
– Bliss Broyard, author of One Drop: My Father’s Hidden Life, mother of two

Go the F**k to Sleep is a bedtime book for parents who live in the real world, where a few snoozing kittens and cutesy rhymes don’t always send a toddler sailing off to dreamland. Profane, affectionate and refreshingly honest, it captures the familiar and unspoken tribulations of putting your child to bed for the night. Hilariously funny, this is a breath of fresh air for parents new, old and expectant.*

*You probably should not read it to your children.

www.GotheFtoSleep.com
www.canongate.tv

‘Total genius’
– Jonathan Lethem, author of Motherless Brooklyn, father of two
The cats nestle close to their kittens,
The lambs have laid down with the sheep.
You’re cozy and warm in your bed, my dear.
Please go the fuck to sleep.
The windows are dark in the town, child.
The whales huddle down in the deep.
I'll read you one very last book if you swear
You'll go the fuck to sleep.
The eagles who soar through the sky are at rest
Like the creatures who crawl, run, and creep.
I know you’re not thirsty. That’s bullshit. Stop lying.
Lie the fuck down, my darling, and sleep.
The wind whispers soft through the grass, hon.  
The field mice, they make not a peep.  
It’s been thirty-eight minutes already.  
Jesus Christ, what the fuck? Go to sleep.
All the nursery kids are in dreamland.
The froggie has made his last leap.
Hell no, you can’t go to the bathroom.
You know where you can go? The fuck to sleep.
The owls fly forth from the treetops. 
Through the air, they soar and they sweep. 
A hot crimson rage fills my heart, love. 
Come on, shut the fuck up and sleep.
The cubs and the lions are snoring,
Wrapped in a big snuggly heap.
How come you can do all this other great shit
But you can’t lie the fuck down and sleep?
The seeds slumber beneath the earth now
And the crops that the farmers will reap.
No more questions. This interview’s over.
I’ve got two words for you, kid: fucking sleep.
The tiger reclines in the simmering jungle.
The sparrow has silenced her cheep.
Fuck your stuffed bear, I’m not getting you shit.
Close your eyes. Cut the crap. Sleep.
The flowers doze low in the meadows
And high on the mountains so steep.
My life is a failure, I’m a terrible parent.
Stop fucking with me, please, and sleep.
The giant pangolins of Madagascar are snoozing
As I lie here and openly weep.
Sure, fine, whatever, I’ll bring you some milk.
Who the fuck cares? You’re not going to sleep.
This room is all I can remember.
The furniture crappy and cheap.
You win. You escape. You run down the hall.
As I nod the fuck off, and sleep.
Bleary and dazed I awaken
To find your eyes shut, so I keep
My fingers crossed tight as I tiptoe away
And pray that you’re fucking asleep.
We’re finally watching our movie.
Popcorn’s in the microwave. *Beep.*
Oh shit. Goddamn it. You’ve got to be kidding.
Come on, go the fuck back to sleep.
The End
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