

Chicago, Sleeping In The Middle Of The Bed

Caught in a love storm
Howling like a newborn
Trying hard to stay warm
My cover up is
Torn up and tattered

Addiction to Apocalypse
Looking for the big hit
Tending to take trips
The ship of love is
Beat-up and battered

Time after time
I blow me away
Sign on the street now
Brother, let me pray now
Winter's here, I believe
It's here to stay

I read somewhere
That religion is for people
Who want to stay out of hell
I was praying for a sign
Or a vision or a message
'Till you been there
You won't get well

I was sitting in a room
I never recognized it
With a picture before my eyes
I was sleeping in the middle
Of the bed again
I'm not sure this qualifies

Lost in a crosswalk
Battle only half fought
Crawling 'cause I can't talk
Childhood's finally
Caught up with me

Flashing like a neon
Noisy as an A-bomb
Looking to the beyond
Staring into the
Half-life of eternity

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I read somewhere that religion
Is for people who swear
They need to be saved
I was sleeping in the middle
Of the bed again
You can trust me I will be brave

New York, New York
The Big Apple
New York, New York

New York, New York
16 million feet stepping on each other
New York is a state of mind

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