

Elevenlive, Goodnight

IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS, SUCH A WONDERFUL RELEASE
FOR THE CRADLE MADE THAT WILL HOLD US IN PEACE

YOU MARCH AROUND, TILL YOUR HANDS GET SO FULL
ALL THE WORK THAT SPEEDS YOUR TIME THAT YOU DO

I LOCK MYSELF, AWAY IN MY ROOM
AND WON'T REFLECT WHAT I'M FEELING FOR YOU

TORN BETWEEN DREAM AND GOOD WILL
BUT DISTRACTED BY YOUR LIPS THAT FULFILL

HE NEVER WANTED HER TO GO,
ALONE TONIGHT
HE NEVER WISHED THAT SHE WOULD GO,
WITHOUT ONE LAST GOODNIGHT

BED IS COLD, AND NAKED SHE FINDS
HIS VOICE ECHOES SOFTLY IN HER MIND

TOSS AND TURN AND WAIT FOR A SOUND
BUT HER ONLY TRUE SENSE IS WALKING AROUND

LIGHTLY SLEEP A BEAUTIFUL GRACE
IN THE HOPE TO FIND MY BREATHE ON HER FACE

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