

# evan and jaron, Fuzzy-Headed Morning

I am lying down with my feet crossed in bed  
it's a fuzzy-headed morning  
I don't know I'm not dead  
I don't know what time it is  
but it's later than before  
there's a schoolroom clock on the wall  
but it doesn't work no more  
I know it's sometime in the morning  
between six and probably one  
cause there's light outside my window  
but there isn't any sun  
I feel pretty rested  
but without the time I'm not for sure  
I don't know if I should start my day  
or go to sleep some more  
here it is another day  
and I've yet to touch the ground  
I'm not afraid to leave the bed  
I'd just rather lay around  
there's a tv that I could watch  
sits adjacent to the bed  
one of those japanese numbers  
that does everything they said  
I could look at some friends  
in pictures taped over the desk  
there's an ansel adams to the left  
it's quite picturesque  
here it is another day  
and I've yet to touch the ground  
I'm not afraid to leave the bed  
I'd just rather lay around  
I like to pretend sometimes  
I do it quite a lot  
I think of the things I have  
that I really haven't got  
this bed that I lie on really isn't mine at all  
in fact neither is the t.v. clock or pictures on the wall  
here it is another day  
and I've yet to touch the ground  
I'm not afraid to leave the bed  
I'd just rather lay around  
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