Garbage, Sleep

In the middle of the night Head on my pillow Looking like a little ghost

Seems like all of the things That you gave me, mother Have all gone up in smoke

In the middle of the night You don't know what I'm thinking But still the stars do sparkle and shine

Seems like all of the time Our boat was slowly sinking You didn't even seem to mind

Now all I want to do is sleep Now all I want to do is sleep Now all I want to do is sleep