

Hefner, She Can't Sleep No More

She works every morning
In the greasy cafeteria
She makes little pastries
And stuffs them with cheese

The coffee burns her knuckles
Every time she spills it
She's alone
She's bereft

When he moved to Hackney
In 1990
He brought her little trinkets
But she turned him down

She can't sleep no more
She can't sleep no more
Since he's gone
Since he's gone

She wrote clumsy poetry
She let him read it
He told her it was perfect
But she scrunched her nose

She can't sleep no more
She can't sleep no more
Since he's gone
Since he's gone

All the ambition that they'd been storing up
Was flushed down the lavatory
She didn't love him but she knew
He was what she needed

He started wishing it, she started dreading it
She burnt her party clothes
Now there's nowhere to go
Since she burnt those party clothes

She said she didn't need him
He didn't believe it
He moved to the country
And started sleeping around

She can't sleep no more
She can't sleep no more
She can't sleep no more
She can't sleep no more
Since he's gone
Since he's gone