

Luna, Slide

a sleepin' pill
has made you ill
and caused you to regress
you're losin' touch
with simple pleasures
your life is gettin' dull
your telephone neurosis
it's killin' all us
your friends are gettin' famous
but that's not who have to call
you're havin' trouble wakin' up
you want things to be perfect
you're always at the window
you think it's safer there