

Silverchair, If You Keep Losing Sleep

If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me you're gonna be bored
If you're up chimney sweep under rubble covers
If you keep counting sheep and being adored

You're a tombstone in the mud
Playing twister in a bubble again
I need a breath a wind so pure
To dry up the mud over me
To be reborn not born again
Erase my regret from the start
Shot the model
Flaking temporary skin you're no burden
Such reduction
Such seductive silent wine hop scotch trigger

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If you keep losing me are you gonna be
If you're up chimney sweep under rubble covers
If you keep losing me

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If you keep losing me you're gonna be
If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me