

Sunset Rubdown, Jason Believes Me, You Can?t

Jason, believe me, you cant trust your dreams
When they take you alone in your room.
Some of them showgirls and some of them queens
But none of them who you swore to

Hold on Ho-oh-oh-old on
Till they summon old bones of mothers of old
You say, Loves gonna die.
They say, Loves gonna come home.

Young man, you shake hands too quickly with
Captains that take you alone in the night.
Whats in the hull? Is it femurs and skulls?
Then why are their hands so slight?

Hold on Ho-oh-oh-old on
To the resident bones of sons who roam
You say youre gonna die
They say youre gonna come home

So sleep with your eyes open
Oh, sleep with your eyes open
Sleep on your back, stave off the attack
Of carnivorous things
Sleep with your eyes open
Sleep with your eyes open
Sleep on your back and kick off the attack of carnivorous things.