

Suzanne Vega, Tired Of Sleeping

Oh Mom, the dreams are not so bad
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mom, the old man is telling me something
His eyes are wide and his mouth is thin
And I just can't hear what he's saying

Oh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mom, the kids are playing in pennies
They're up to their knees in money
And the dirt of the churchyard steps

Oh Mom, that man he ripped out his lining
He tore out a piece of his body
To show us his "clean quilted heart";

Oh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mom, the bird on the string is hanging
Her bones are twisting and dancing
She's fighting for her small life

Oh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping