

# Abe Vigoda, Endless Sleeper

Pull it over me. Put me in the street. Bury a kid. Build up the kind.  
He wants you to sing because when you sing, it doesn't mean anything.  
Take it off of me. The terror in my night. Please believe I am  
covered. Tear it up when you die, I am not covered. The green in my  
eyes, is a fortunate day. The way to kill a dead feeling. High dives  
are real.