

Alessia Cara, Sweet dreams

4:55, everybody else is snoring
My heavy eyes, I can never seem to close 'em
My running mind, just can't catch you when it's going
Is it late at night or is it early in the mornin'?

Only so many sheep a girl can count
Patchouli candles burning out
I try to meditate all away
But, damn, it is tooo quiet now

Daylight helps distract my head
Monsters hide under my bed
They bother me
With all kinds of thinks like:
Where do i go when i am dead?

Is it too much to ask for a sweat dream?