

Atlas Sound, Ativan

I slept til I threw up
I slept til I threw up
Gone are the days of
Wine and roses
They just make me
Nauseous now
I slept til I felt drunk
I slept while you had lunch
Lunch with a girl who
Has hair as
Soft as baby's breath
In morning

Lunch with a girl who
Takes time to
Listen to every word
You utter
I slept til I woke up
Then there was not much
Much to do so
I think of you
I crawl back
Between the sheets