

Autamata, The Tap

Well the clock is ticking over, ever nearer to the day
And the body next to me is drifting further and further away
I am het up, overheating, not sleeping, reliving my past mistakes
Maybe it's all imagination

Won't you listen?

I just want to make this work
What is it I'm doing wrong?
And I struggle as I lie
Not to panic, not to cry
Don't turn the tap on, I want to keep it dry

But what do I know?

How do I know what is going on for real inside that head?
So I softly bump myself over to his side of the bed
And he jumps like I've burned him and turns himself over
And I did not hear what he said
Maybe he's dreaming of somebody else
I'm not one to listen to myself but listen here I will
I'd be better off sleeping than weeping and waiting for him to go in for the kill
I don't turn the tap on
I keep it dry
I have no control over what he decides
And he tells me when he wakes
He was dreaming of a place
Full of boxes of chocolates and train-sets and games
Full of toys