

Ed Kuepper, Sleepy Head

So please wake up, you sweet sleepy head
With night time coming, there're things to be said
No happy endings, serene machine
If you don't act soon,
You'll see what I mean

If you scratch your world to pieces
You'll see the stains and all the creases
That are hidden away
With your sweet life at an all time low
No sweet-talkers with gems for eyes
To show the way

Well, your story could be ending
Without ever happy ending
To help pull it all through
And your mind could run so wild
In, oh ten thousand endless miles
Along a one way street

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Like your two cent friends
With their pretend faith
Who've ruled your world since distant time
And then stole it away
Well, I know you're always right
But still prepared to say you're wrong
Who could ask for more?

But your story could be ending
Without ever happy ending
To help pull it all through
And your mind would run so wild
In, oh ten thousand endless miles
Along a one-way street

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