

Enon, Count Sheep

She's got to love herself
too bad the lens got in her way
time changing off her head
so cut off your ears and issues
this conversation's done
we've covered heads she's covered tails
she's cut off her conscience son
deep in your head and your still crying but you don't have the right
you take sides and spill it at the sink from the spite?
from the role of the honor and the gluttonous heap
you would use the whole barn up and you love to count sheep
so count sheep

this diamond's not for sale
a big advertisement in our heads
one lie won't tip the scale
for rich little beggars making big bets
they're out to mark the score
fat cat's away dead mice decay
recouching on the course
awake in the bed and lay there crying but you don't have the right
go on open your finger for another big bite
you run all kinds of red lights except the ones on the street
when you run out of exits you can always count sheep
so count sheep