

# Glen Hansard & Marketa Irglova, Sleeping?

Are you sleeping?  
Still dreaming?  
Still drifting off alone...  
I'm not leaving with this feeling  
So you'd better best be told  
And how in the world did you come  
To be such a lazy love?

It's so simple, and fitting  
The path that you are on  
We're not talking, there's no secrets  
There's just a note that you have gone  
And all that you've ever owned  
Is packed in the hall to go

And how am I supposed to live without you?  
A wrong word said in anger and you were gone

I'm not listening for signals  
It's all dust now on the shelf  
Are you still working? Still counting?  
Still buried in yourself?  
And how in the world did we come  
To have such an absent love?

And how am I supposed to live without you?  
A wrong word said in anger and you were gone  
And how am I supposed to live without anyone?

And how in the world did you come  
To be such a lazy love?  
And where did you go?