

Glen Hansard, 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?