Grinch, Sleepwalking

She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes Awake now she wonders what day it is Shields the eyes from the glare of the light Alone in the gloom her room The precious haze lifting up from her head She wracks her brain for some scraps of memory Just to know if she is alive or dead She's alive Alive And sometimes when her mind has cleared She'll look into the mirror Asks herself who is that, and who cares? Who cares? She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes She felt a pinprick and opened her eyes Another day slips away looking for a fix Another foot steps away across the line Back in the gloom of her tomb Sheds a tear looking back on her life Cooks a spoonful of death in a waking dream No one's there when she whispers goodnight Goodnight