

# Jimmies Chicken Shack, Dead Silence

dead sleep

you give good face, you've got so many  
rubbing both your hands like you were shinning up a penny  
everyones your friend everyones your lover  
i pull the knife out of my back, just to discover  
loyalty is motivation settling it's score  
no matter what you give in it will always want some more  
obstacles are opportunities waiting without wings  
i need a bat to smash the mirror my conclusions bring  
i count on me to count on nothing, i can count that on no hands  
i count on me to count on nothing, found me someone who understands this  
i think it's you. i think it's you. i think it's you that i want into  
and if you do. if you do too. and if you do then i hope you  
keep up the pace you'll find hope if there's any  
trouble wears your face like a finger holding back the levy  
never one to bend, never one to wonder  
i'm the fool 'cause i don't understand, so i stand under  
royalty of post invasion, life is not a chore  
give everything then give in, tell me who could ask for more  
popsicles and firecrackers angels without wings  
i need to stack and burn to black all of my favorite things  
and count on me to count on nothing, i can count that on no hands  
i count on me to count on nothing, found me someone who understands this  
i think it's you. i think it's you. i think it's you that i want into  
and if you do, if you do too, and if you do then i hope you  
don't wait up 'cause i'm not going to sleep  
out of all of these thoughts decide which ones i can keep  
don't wait up 'cause i'm not going to bed, so much of nothing to do  
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead  
so much of nothing to do  
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead  
so much of nothing to do  
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead...