

# John Cale, The Sleeper

Your mailbox is always empty  
And your landlord always complains  
And you try to forget your past  
But it's just adding to your pain  
And it's time for one more cigarette  
Yes, I slept on your satin pillows  
They felt like a second skin  
You needn't have looked so helpless there  
I was the moth stuck on your pin  
Sleeping, I am the sleeper  
Sleeping, I am the sleeper  
Oh it used to feel so right  
Everything seemed new  
I haven't changed  
It isn't me that's what's wrong with you  
Sleeping, I am the sleeper  
The sun came up and you'd come back  
The door was open wide  
I should have slammed it in your face  
I should have shot you in the back  
That's what Jesus would have done  
If Satan had come  
And looked him in the eye and said  
"You're my kind of guy, why don't you come away with me?  
Come away with me"  
Cause I love you, I love ya, I love ya - that's what she said  
I love ya, love ya  
I'd rather speak to Satan himself  
I love you, I love you, I love you  
I love you, I'm the sleeper