

# Kecak, Losing Sleep

I think I lost the plot on this one  
Dustpans and ashtrays filled with burning photos  
Bones will bleach in sunshine  
Weak and tired from years of boredom  
I think I lost the plot on this one this time

This snidely smiling company  
Breathes idly chokes on nicotine  
Sees eyelids white craving caffeine  
Sleeps lightly then crawls back to it's feet

Speaking staccato  
And preaching bravado  
Of quiet dissention  
I want some attention

A t-shirt a statement  
No need to be flagrant  
A youthful convention  
I want some attention

A reflex a kneejerk  
Complaining about work  
Frustration, my pension  
I want some attention

A muttered legato  
A personal motto  
Did I not just mention  
I want some attention

This nightly outpouring of grief  
Is widely boring and routine  
Sit quietly until it's time to leave  
Speak lightly hope to find some relief

Stay awake and breath aloud  
Turn the page and rip it out  
Find yourself underground  
Find a way to dig yourself out

Sick, tired, bored beyond belief  
Hotwired, born to ways so illegitimate