

Letters To Cleo, I Could Sleep (The Wuss Song)

It's okay that you forget. It's alright that you don't
wanna remember. In your hands you've got a
martyr's head, in your mind, I know that's what you
wish you were. Turn my blue sky black, you're such
a hard luck baby. Yeah. That's what's the matter, with you.
But I could sleep through this. I am mystified as I
am in it. If that's your ride, well then you ought to get
it. It's just as if I wasn't dreaming. It's all the same,
'cause I still wake up screaming. Turn my blue sky
black... You're pilgrim in the boxcar. You can never
look back too far. You can't ever look back.
Turn my blue... I could sleep through anything