

# Manchester Orchestra, Sleeper 1972

When my dad died the worms ate out both his eyes.  
His soul flew right up in the sky and I cried myself to sleep.  
My mother lies alone on her back at night.  
Adding up hours till her demise, she counts herself to sleep.  
When my sister finds my body closed up like the blinds,  
I tell her I promise its fine, but she cries herself to sleep.  
The men in black ties arrive at the house in surprise.  
To find a little girl by your side in the wood box where you're sleeping.  
I still see you inside of this God-awful house  
You move awfully quiet now  
And I still feel you everywhere  
You told me this has always been worth living,  
But what's really worth living anymore?