

Nick Lowe, Endless Sleep

When you're walking in the street
Spoiling for a fight,
Hoping for a miracle
And there's no miracle in sight
Registerin' zero
Cos you're bombed out on the blues,
You feel like some bad story
In yesterdays news.

It make you wanna make lay face down
On the grass so brown,
Where the sun beats down
On the bakin' ground.
To find sweet release
In endless sleep.
Endless sleep.

When you're hanging by a thread,
Clutchin' at a straw,
Ain't got nothing left
And the world keeps shoutin' more, more.
You haven't got an earthly
Cos your heart bust up inside.
Nobody you can turn to this time
No place you can hide.

Makes you want to lay face down
On the grass so brown
Where the sun beats down
On the bakin' ground.
To find sweet release
In endless sleep.
Endless sleep.
Endless sleep.