

# One Man Army, Sleeper

Early In The Morning  
When Your Eyes Are Swollen  
When Your Hair's A Mess  
And Your Lips Taste Like A Cigarette  
Is This Something  
Am I Lovesick  
Or Is This Some Kind Of Trick In The Meantime  
I'll Lay Still  
Left To My Own Devices

And Each And Every Evening  
Without Reason  
I Waste Your Time Cause It Comes Cheap  
Then It's Gone In A Heart-Beat  
I Know You're Not Sleeping  
Did I Hurt Your Feelings  
Now You're Lost In A Crowd  
Our Silence So Loud  
In The Meantime  
I'll Wait Here Alone  
With My Own Devices

How Long Has It Been  
Since You Said Something  
I've Anted To Hear  
Just Say What You Mean  
And Each And Every Evening  
I Smash Your Favorite Things  
I Fuck Myself To Sleep  
Leave The Phone To Ring  
Be Still My Heart  
I Hate Being Here  
With My Own Devices