

# Our Lady Peace, Sleeping In

Unreleased rarity played live

Souls, although where we meet. This  
Hose a lazy Morphine.  
But I, Im stretching to see over  
Your shoulders and past your priest  
And paper cups and paper shoes  
Give backs to me, but I see right  
through  
And I know why you overslept  
So gray, gray, slow rain.

Im happier than you.  
And Im too high to follow through  
Home, like the bedpan he needs.  
And the hose, thats not supposed to be  
But I, Im stretching to see over your  
Flowers and Time magazines  
Now I believe in what you do  
The pain will cease  
Well I know why you overslept  
To be home, to be