Silje Nergaard, Two Sleepy People

Here we are, out of cigarettes
Holding hands and yawning
Look how late it gets
Two sleepy people by dawn's early light
And too much in love to say goodnight

Here we are, in a cozy chair
Pickin' on a wishbone from the frigidaire
Two sleepy people with nothing to say
And too much in love to break away

Do you remember the nights we used to linger in the hall?
Father didn't like you at all
Do you remember the reason why we married in the fall?
To get a little rest, to get this little nest

Here we are just about the same
Foggy little fella, drowsy little dame
Two sleepy people by dawn's early light
And too much in love to say goodnight