

Sleeper, Nothing Is Changing

pistol shot and lights at dawn
and one fine day you'll find her gone
all the ghosts they come for me
make her cry a little and cover them up
broken clocks and bathroom tides
but one fine day old mountains rise
cupboard doors and garden gates
and deep inside some glacier waits
and what in the world did i do then?
its only late for a while
its only scent your skin
what in the world do i do to resist?
its only seventy inches and where do i go?
i know nothing is changing but its gone
its really gone
i know its not really life till its gone wrong

there must be a reason
all the lives that i forgot
and one fine day you'll find her gone
all the nights they run from me
make her sigh a little and gather them in
and what in the world do i do then?
its only late for a while
its only breath your skin
and what in the world do i do to be strong?
its only seventy inches and where do i go?
i know nothing is changing
but its gone its really gone
i know its not really life till its all gone
and there must be a reason
there must be a reason