

Smog, Sleepy Joe

I slept through most of April
I got up in May and had some toast
Then I bedded down again
I bedded down again
Because I was sleepy

In June
I made enough chili in my crockpot
To last 'till the winter
'Cause winter will be here sooner than you think
Winter will be here sooner than you think
That's when I hibernate

Oh, can you hear the bells
Can you hear the bells
Well neither can I
Neither can I
And I don't hear trumpets
When I enter a room
The fire you build for yourself
Could be so cold
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe

You say you feel like you're dead
Oh well, I think it's just those books you read
You say you can't feel a thing
I'd like to break a chair across your back
And throw you in the ocean
Then tell me you don't feel a thing
When you slept with Jenny
You said you couldn't feel a thing
Well I did
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe
Nature abhors a vacuum
Nature abhors a vacuum
And so do you
Especially when you're trying to sleep late
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe
Sleepy Joe