

The Ditty Bops, Fall Awake

Critical eyes are gazing
Fat cows are grazing
My eyes are glazing
How can you see straight with all the lies
I'm too young
You think you're old
Why don't you just hold me cold
I don't like it when you talk about yourself like that
It changes the way that I feel
There'll be no bad dreams
When you're lying next to me
I don't care about the rules
We only answer to ourselves
Answer to ourselves
Why does my sleep tell me of lies
Waking life full of rotten surprise
Why do all the strangers care
Who knows who is there
If you are here and I am where?
Trapped in the cell of your own brain
Blood is scarcely moving through your shriveled veins
Don't let yourself pass you by
It can happen in the blink of an eye
There'll be no bad dreams
When you're lying next to me
I don't care about the rules
We only answer to ourselves
Until we fall awake
I feel old now you seem young
I spent too much time out in the sun
I got a wrinkle to show for every day
Give 'em back to me again
I'll spend them the same