

The Incredible String Band, No Sleep Blues

Cracks rack the windows,
Howls hold the floor;
Rains rot the rafters,
And do you just have to snore?
It's a most inclement climate,
for the season of the night,
Is that mouse playing football, oh
I thought they didn't like the light?

And the dawn comes sneaking up
When it thinks I'm not looking;
I am starting to grieve, man,
I used to know but now I believe, man.
They tell me sleep is a gas,
and if I want to lay down,
But I'm sorry I woke you,
I mean I've got the no sleep blues.

There's mayhem in this mansion,
Since the cows were coming home,
With delirium no sleepum,
In a cloud of nylon foam.
But release scours the outhouse,
And a hard rain sears the sky,
But if you let the pigs decide it,
They will put you in the sty.

And the dawn comes sneaking up
When it thinks I'm not looking;
I am starting to grieve, man,
I used to know but now I believe, man.
They tell me sleep is a gas,
and if I want to lay down,
But I'm sorry I woke you,
I mean I've got the no sleep blues.

I think I'll get a picture,
And I think I'll put it on a nail.
I think I'll get another one,
And put it in a pail.
But the pail got so rusty
I called it red, red, red for fun,
And I laughed like a leaver
till you ought to seen it run.

And the dawn comes sneaking up
When it thinks I'm not looking;
I am starting to grieve, man,
I used to know but now I believe, man.
They tell me sleep is a gas,
and if I want to lay down,
But I'm sorry I woke you.
I mean I've got the no sleep blues.

The size of the future declared itself no part,
Aloof like a Sultan in the autumn of your heart,
But the heart got so hearty,
that it pulled for the shore,
And the sailors fired a big salute,
and it made my ears quite sore.

And the dawn was sneaking up
When it thinks I'm not looking;
I am starting to grieve, man,

I used to know but now I believe, man
They tell me sleep is a gas,
and I want to lay down,
But I'm sorry I woke you,
I mean I've got the no sleep blues.

I mixed stones and water
just to see what it would do.
And the water it got stoney,
and the stones got watery too.
So I mixed my feet with water
just to see what could be seen,
And the water it got dirty,
and the feet they got quite clean.

And the dawn comes sneaking up
When it thinks I'm not looking;
I am starting to grieve, man,
I used to know but now I believe, man.
They tell me sleep is a gas,
and if I want to lay down,
But I'm sorry I woke you,
I mean I've got the no sleep blues