

The Monkees, Love Is Only Sleeping

She looked at me
And the emptiness in her eyes was cruel to see
Then she turned away and said,
"Once I loved, but love is dead."
And I whispered, "Sometimes love is only sleeping."

She said, "I cannot cry
And I cannot give or feel or even try."
And her voice was hard and cold
Then her sweet young face looked old
And I whispered, "Sometimes love is only sleeping."

Through the endless days and nights
Could not help but wrap herself in sorrow "(sorrow)"
Through the endless days and nights
She waited for a shiny new tomorrow
Love was sleeping "(sleeping)" sleeping

She looked at me
And her smiling tears were warm and sweet and free
And the moonlight kissed her eyes
As it mingled with our sighs
And she whispered, "Sometimes love is only sleeping."
And she whispered, "Sometimes love is only sleeping."

Only sleeping
Only sleeping
Only sleeping
Only sleeping