

The Postal Service, Sleeping In

Last week I had the strangest dream
Where everything was exactly how it seemed
Where there was never any mystery
Of who shot John F. Kennedy.
It was just a man with something to prove,
Slightly bored and severely confused.
He steadied his rifle with his target in the center
And became famous on that day in November.

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in

Again last night I had that strange dream
Where everything was exactly how it seemed
No concerns about the world getting warmer
People thought that they were just being rewarded
For treating others as they'd like to be treated
For obeying stop signs and curing diseases
For mailing letters with the address of the sender.
Now we can swim any day in November.

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
(now we can swim any day in November)
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Oooh, oooh