

# The Sleeping, Sunday Matinee (Reel To Reel)

Scented a rose, and as the shocked machines still scanning pavements screen, ground with siren  
Now I can't forget (buried in pain and thought, just because i wasn't there)  
Slide show incarcerated with grief and I know times have changed in our eyes. That's for sure, so I  
Now, without you, I can't.  
Eyes, slides are spinning. Toss, the ground is gone, dizzy and overthrown. Slide my feelings, my e