

Veda Hille, Sleepers

I never knew
How nice to sleep with you
Would be
The rest of me

I never cared
For metal hair
Until the boy you were
Slayer
Slayer

I never once
Thought it might
Be true to find it must
You give it up
Good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck

At night, the fall
You first conk out
I lurch and then
Adjust
Good luck