

XTC, Looking For Footprints

I want a back seat,
Because I'm dead beat,
I'm respirating,
Two (souls / soles) of the (ape here)

Gives us sleepyheads, sleepyheads,
The road ahead it takes us to our bed,
Sleepyheads, sleepyheads,
Our minds they race but our bodies are dead.

Just like looking for footprints
Looking for footprints

The lights are twisted,
Each one is misted,
To far and counting,
Head nod in twenty.

Gives us sleepyheads, sleepyheads,
The road ahead it takes us to our bed,
Sleepyheads, sleepyheads,
Our minds they race but our bodies are dead.