

I'm a Sucker for a Kind Word

Copeland

I'd be hanging on their words
Like they almost meant a thing
In the only lullaby I heard,
Their sirens blaring, singing me to sleep
Holding my loved one tight...On the softness of her laugh,
I could almost make my bed
But the racket of her absence joined
The sirens blaring ringing in my head
Holding nothing tight,
Holding nothing tight
With my eyes so wideIn a house without a back door
I was looking for a fire escape
And I'll be ripping up the floorboards
Just trying to get away
From this sleeplessness, sleeplessness, sleeplessnessShe'd be hanging on my words
Like I almost meant a thing
And I'd give anything not to let her down
to finally sleep through just one noisy night
Holding her so tight, holding her so tight
But my eyes are wideIn a house without a back door
I was looking for a fire escape
And I'll be ripping up the floorboards
Just trying to get away
From this sleeplessness
Sleeplessness, sleeplessness'Cause my mind just can't stop movin'
And I think I know why
Oooh, I know why
It's sad
but I'm a sucker for a kind word
And I'll just hurt until I find one
And I'll just hurt until I find oneAnd I've been trying all the windows
And I've been running up the staircase
In a house without a backdoor...Sleeplessness, sleeplessness, sleeplessness
In a house without a backdoor (Sleeplessness)
I was looking for a fire escape (Sleeplessness)
And I'd be ripping up the floorboards (Sleeplessness)
Just trying to get away...

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