The Sleeper

John Cale

Your mailbox is always empty
And your landlord always complains
And you try to forget your past
But it's just adding to your pain
And it's time for one more cigaretteYes, I slept on your satin pillows
They felt like a second skin
You needn't have looked so helpless there
I was the moth stuck on your pinSleeping, I am the sleeper
Sleeping, I am the sleeperOh, it used to feel so right
Everything seemed new
I haven't changed
It isn't me that's whats wrong with youSleeping, I am the sleeperThe sun came up and you'd come back
The door was open wide
I should have slammed it in your face
I should have shot you in the backThat's what Jesus would have done
If Satan had come
And looked him in the eye and said
"You're my kind of guy
Why don't you come away with me, come away with me?""'Cause I love you, I love ya, I love ya"
That's what she said
I love ya, love ya
I'd rather speak to Satan himselfI love you, I love you, I love you
I love you, I'm the sleeper

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