

Everything As Planned

We Came As Romans

I Don't Sleep At Night,
I Don't Sleep At Night.
I Just Lay And Think,
About If Everything Went Just How I've Planned,
And How Nothing Is Going How I've Planned.
I'm Tied Down To The Bed I've Made,
The One That I Said That I Had Left.
I Shouldn't Speak Before I Know,
I've Built And Rebuilt The Bed I Lay In.
But I Always End Up Restless In The Same Place.

I Don't Sleep At Night,
And I Don't Know What To Think,
About The Life I've Made For Myself.
Or Have I Created My Own Hell?
Did I Set Myself Up To Fail?
Tried To Take Care Of Everyone Else,
Neglected Taking Care Of Myself,
How Can I Take Care Of Anyone Else?
The One Thing I Wanted Most,
Was Lost Because Of My Own.

My Own Irresponsibility.
Do I Get As Many Chances As It Takes?
(As Many Chances As It Takes)
Or Have I Not Earned Them?
Or Have I Not Earned Them?
Tell Me That I Have Earned Them,
Tell Me That I Can
Start Sleeping Through The Night,
Will You Tell Me That I've Created A Life For Myself?
None Of Us Were Made To Fail.
I Know Without Taking Care Of Myself,
I Can Never Take Care Of Anyone Else.
Will I Start To Sleep At Night?
Or Will I Just Lay And Think?
About How If Everything Went Just How I've Planned,
Or If I'm Better Off It Never Has.
Will I start to Sleep?
Or Will I Just Lay In Bed?

Will I Start To Sleep At Night

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