

Sleeping

The Pitcher

For the life we chose in the evening we rose,
Just long enough to be lovers again.
And for nothing more, the world was too sore to live in.

Sad old ships, a morning eclipse,
I spent my whole life guessing,
Then I turned from the sun, and saw everyone searching.

The hoot owl and his song, will bring you along
Where else on earth would you wanna go?
We can leave all this hate, before it's too late
Why would we wanna come back at all?

Cobwebs on my pillow, I'm found in the willow,
I'd spend my whole life sleeping.
To be called by noon is to be called too soon today.

The storm is passed, there is peace at last,
I'll spend my whole life sleeping.
Now there's not a sound, no one to be found anywhere.

The shepherd and his sheep, will wind you to sleep,
Where else on earth would you wanna go?
To a land of wonder, when you go under,
Why would we want to come back at all?

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