

Mean Sleep

Cree Summer

What can we scrape together with just the flesh as evidence
Handfuls of hate and the bittersweet ambivalence
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might rain
How could the need deceive us into thinking things might change
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life You could burn a thousand days and I would need no other light
You could die a thousand ways and I'd still love you back to life
But my needs rising angry and my loneliness like quicksand
Who will find me under this mean sleep How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might rain
How could the need deceive us into thinking things might change
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life I am lost to the longing, I am moulded by the memory
Had shut down half my mind just to steal the space you left behind
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might rain?
How could the need deceive us into thinking things might change?
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life
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