

# Trying To Sneeze

**Ben Lee**

Copping the sound, the sound cops me  
I've got nothing to lose, my hair's in the breeze  
I don't hate you, just your jealousy So if you're ready to procrastinate  
I'll be your friend, you'll eat me up  
We boast the widest range in town  
I'll be your friend, you'll show me how Alarm clock is off, I'm trying to sleep  
Smelling of Bondi Beach, and the street, filthy as it may be  
Is still my street, so don't challenge me  
Some things don't change, for instance me I'll sail your third defeat today  
In every way, you'll lose again But I don't care, I don't care  
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze  
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm waiting to sneeze  
The hair's in my breeze Well, I don't care, I don't care  
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze  
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm trying to sneeze  
The hair's in my breeze

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