Sleeping In

The Postal Service

Last week I had the strangest dream
Where everything was exactly how it seemed
Where there was never any mystery on who shot John F. Kennedy
It was just a man with something to prove
Slightly bored and severely confused
He steadied his rifle with his target in the center
And became famous on that day in November
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
And then last night I had that strange dream
Where everything was exactly how it seemed

Where concerns about the world getting warmer
The people thought they were just being rewarded
For treating others as they like to be treated
For obeying stop signs and curing diseases
For mailing letters with the address of the sender
Now we can swim any day in November
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping

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