

# 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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