

# Behind the Wall of Sleep

## The Smithereens

She had hair like Jeannie Shrimpton

Back in 1965

She had legs that never ended

I was halfway paralyzed

She was tall and cool and pretty

And she dressed as black as coal

If she asked me to, I'd murder

I would gladly lose my soul

Now I lie in bed and think of her

Sometimes I even weep

Then I dream of her

Behind a Wall of Sleep

Well she held a bass guitar

And she was playing in a band

And she stood just like Bill Wyman

Now I am her biggest fan

Now I know I'm one of many

Who would like to be your friend

And I've got to find a way

To let her know I'm not like them

Now I lie in bed and think of her

Sometimes I even weep

Then I dream of her

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(Repeat)

Got your number from a friend of mine

Who lives in your home town

Called you up to have a drink

Your roommate said you weren't around

Now I know I'm one of many

Who would like to be your friend

And I've got to find a way

To let her know I'm not like them

Now I lie in bed and think of her

Sometimes I even weep

Then I dream of her

Behind a Wall of Sleep

(Behind a Wall of Sleep)

(Behind a Wall of Sleep)

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Lyrics submitted by Michael.

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