

# Sister Sleep

## Rasputina

We like to smoke pot, we like it a lot  
Our small eyes are tearing for what we have not  
Our small eyes are tearing for what we have not The nice pipe is here, a lighter is near  
I won't become freaked out, fear not, sister dear  
I won't become freaked out, fear not, sister dear We miss the blue sky, it is cold we will cry  
Our being mind is waning and we now know why  
Our being mind is waning and we now know why We want to feel warm yet outside the norm  
We want to be cradle-held and then to be reborn

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