

Half Asleep

Blake Mills

Waiting to be brought about
She turns before the grand reveal
And every time she chickens out
Those old familiar doubts she feels
 Songs about a life unlived
 Gifts she could not promise you
 She'd lie across the bed and give
Oh but is that a song you would want to do
 The greatness of this moon
 Pours its concrete over your bed
 And in the darkness of this room
 She kneads you and you rise like bread
 And you just lay back and rest
With what little time you share that bed
 Put your loving arm across her breast
 Half asleep and half undressed

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