

# 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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