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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/