

# Feeling Peaky

## Sleeper

Monday morning, fiction on the tube  
Then sorting out the daily mail  
Nasty habit, read the horoscope  
Pick the skin aroundHer nails are shiny, made for making love  
Or kissing indiscreetly  
At the weekend, miss the drink  
That leaves you feeling peakyTuesday, lunchtime, itchy in a suit  
All dressed up for the pantomime  
How d'you know though when you're getting on  
Or when you're getting back in?Line up, strung up, listen to the sound  
Of someone else's fun fair  
Always racing they'll catch you  
When you thought you'd just got somewhereThere's nothing you can do  
I'll make it up to you  
You're feeling just like them  
Tonight we'll find a different world  
Or sign a different treaty  
Love makes you forgetful so completelyYou're always looking, read about the lives  
That loiter in non fiction  
While you're waiting  
Someone stole the courage of your conviction

Lyrics provided by  
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