Sleepwalker

Cloud Cult

We are your conscience.
We thought we'd tell you,
you've been sleepwalking
through most of your days.

Your eyes are open,
Your body's moving,
Your lips are speaking,
But you're far from awake.

Where is your passion?
Where is your wonder?
Where is your thankfulness?
You put them away.

Times come to get up,
before you break down.
I know you're on it.

Where is your kid side?
Where is your joyfulness?
Where is your empathy?
Fast asleep.

Where went your moments?
Where went your presence?
Where went your purpose?
Fast asleep.

Times come to get up,

before you break down.
I know you're on it.

Lyrics submitted by Joe Ringo.

Lyrics provided by
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