

# Losing Sleep Tonight

**John Moreland**

Tie your hands to riot  
Speak up to be quiet  
Make a list of every debt I owe  
Let's line the streets with curses  
Then turn them all to torches  
I've never felt a loneliness this cold  
So send up three more wishes  
Count my hits and misses  
Bury me in a box with my mistakes  
Cause this lonely room's a prison  
And these fictional women  
They fade away the longer I'm awake  
Are you busy serving sentences  
To prodigals and priests  
Drowning in the sea of tears you're crying  
Are you worried that you're happier  
At war than at peace  
Baby are you losing sleep tonight like I am  
Oh are you losing sleep tonight like I am  
So you keep making up more reasons  
To justify such treason  
You can keep my poisoned ashes in your urn  
But goddamn these dire visions  
And this swimming in religion  
You can tell them all you stood and watched me burn

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