

Blacksheep Army

Futurist

It's a fragile fantasy concerning you and me
sweet sirens are singing me away from my destination
to me looks like looks like to me you've been
sleepwalking again to a shop across town,
you look just like one drowsy golden retriever parking meter 'cause what you see equates with what you're
dreaming.
And you dream.

Wake up man, you're falling down.
Wake up man, you're falling down.

The hardwood floors between our bedroom doors
are burning. It's all turning to ashes.
I am alone for the time being.
I am unsure,
covered in warpaint feelings.
We are fools.
Spin your soul, take your winnings
and we dream.

Wake up man, you're falling down.
Wake up man, you're falling down.

Things fall apart. Come and dance with me.
When things fall apart, come and dance with me
and we'll sing.

When the words that were used
begin to matter and fall from
the clouds in one smiling shower
You'll take my hand, you'll take my pen
and I'll enlist in your black sheep army.
Your black sheep army
Jet-black sheep army

Wake up man, you're falling down.

Lyrics submitted by Sigmund Birch.

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