Why Are We Sleeping (BBC In Concert)

Kevin Ayers

It begins with a blessing
And it ends with a curse;
Making life easy,
By making it worse;
My mask is my Master,The trumpeter weeps,
But his voice is so weak
As he speaks from his sleep, saying
Why, why, why, why are we sleeping!People are watching,
People who stare;
Waiting for something
That's already there.Tomorrow I'll find it ,
The trumpeter screams,
And remembers he's hungry
And drowns in his dreams, saying
Why, why, why, why are we sleeping!My head is a nightclub
With glasses and wine;
The customers dancing
Or just making time;While David is cursing
The customers scream!
Now everyone's shouting,
"Get out of my dreams!"

Songwriters
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