

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

AYERS, KEVIN CAWLEY / WYATT, ROBERT / RATLEDGE, MICHAEL ROLAND
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