

When You Sleep

Mike Gillespie

When you sleep

Where do your fingers go?

What do your fingers know?

What do your fingers show?

Where do your fingers go?

Yea

When you sleep do they tremble, on the edge, of the bed?

Or do you fold them neatly by your head?

Do they clench like claws against your own skin?

When you're living your day all over again

When you sleep

Where do your fingers go?

What do your fingers know?

What do your fingers show?

Where do your fingers go?

Yea

Do they play guitar in a latin bar?

Are they strangers or lovers? Do they drive your car?

Are they swimming submissively, sex acts of life

Or just cutting through jello with a very sharp knife?

Now Zeus was a womanizer

Always on the make

But Hera usually punished her that

Zeus, was one to take

When you sleep

Where do your fingers go?

Are they pulling out weeds, from the dusty soil?

But then never rewarded, with the fruits of their toil

Are they scratching their nails, on the chalkboards of death?

Only seeking attention, when everyone in the room has left

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What do your fingers know?

What do your fingers show?

Where do your fingers go?

Yea

When you sleep

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Or do you fold them neatly by your head?

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