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
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?

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