

Sleep (Instrumental)

[Kimya Dawson](#)

humming

Hey you

How are you doing?

Good, I hope.

I wanted to share a small snippet of time,

and you were there,

mostly,

at least in my thoughts.

The room was dark,

and my eyes were closed;

my palms rested on the brim of my forehead.

And I couldn't stop thinking of you.

I had a dumb little grin,

and I knew this was better than any dream I could imagine.

Anyway,

goodnight.

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