Click... Off... Gone

Sleeper

I must be dreaming, live in a small world with dust over it
I've got no feelings, wear thin shoes with glass under them
Click off goneThey made him lie down, keeping the ground warmwhile life drips on it
They turned him right down, collected a life and said goodbye to it
Click off goneDon't make it anything specil, tucked in with words over it
Click off goneLuca Brasi's got nothing on you
There's something wrong 'cause I can leave if I want to
You don't stay long but I imagine your real
Invited you for a mealI must be dreaming, the pictures are gone nowi'mnot sure of it
I've got no feelings. I turned down the sound now there's no more of it
Click off goneClick off gone

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