

# 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 gone They made him lie down, keeping the ground warm while life drips on it  
They turned him right down, collected a life and said goodbye to it  
Click off gone Don't make it anything special, tucked in with words over it  
Click off gone Luca 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 meal I must be dreaming, the pictures are gone now I'm not sure of it  
I've got no feelings. I turned down the sound now there's no more of it  
Click off gone Click off gone

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