Sleepyhead

The Slugs

And everything is going to the beat
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And everything is going
And you said, it was like fire around the brim
Burning solid, burning thin the burning rim
Like stars burning holes right through the dark
Flicking fire like saltwater into my eyes
You were one inch from the edge of this bed

I dragged you back a sleepyhead, sleepyhead
They couldn't think of something to say the day you burst
With all their lions, with all their might and all their thirst
They crowd your bedroom like some thoughts wearing thin
Against the walls, against your rules, against your skin
My beard grew down to the floor and out through the doors
Of your eyes, begonia skies like a sleepyhead, sleepyhead

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