# Letter #1

## Willy Mason

I like to sleep
'Cause when I sleep
I dream of places I would be
If I werent here right nowLike underground
Hearing the sound that humans make
When they have things
That they cannot talk aboutSo they blow horns
In little clubs
With wine and cigarettes
That serve to hide the dirty floors

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/