

Sleeping Pill

Luna

A sleeping pill has made you ill
And caused you to regress
You're losing touch with simple pleasures
Your life is getting dull Your telephone neurosis
It's killing all us
Your friends are getting famous
But that's not who have to call You're having trouble waking up
You want things to be perfect
You're always at the window
You think it's safer there

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>