

# Sleepyhead

[Chris Pickering](#)

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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