Sleep Well, Jeff

Ringside

Hello, how's your face
And how are the kids
You never cease to amaze
How you keep doing it
And the lady's fine
She's still counting on you
While you sip from the vines
With your prosthetic view
And though times are lean
Somehow we're still alive
In your waterfront dream
We're all warm and dryWe're all out in the streets
C'mon and give us a chance
Be an angel for me
C'mon and fill our glassAnd so we understand
There was talk of a deal
You said there was no more room
Do you know how it feels
We're all losing our heads
We're losing it all
We've borrowed our bread
We've buried our soulsWe're all out in the streets
C'mon and give us a chance
Be an angel for me
C'mon and fill our glass

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