

# 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

Songwriters

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