

If You Keep Losing Sleep

Silverchair

If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me, you're gonna be bored
If you're up chimney sweep under rubble covers
If you keep counting sheep and being adored You're a tombstone in the mud
Playing twister in a bubble again I need a breath, a wind so pure
To dry up the mud over me
To be reborn, not born again
Erase my regret from the start Shot the model, flaking temporary skin
You're no burden, you're no burden
Such reduction, such seductive silent wine
Hop scotch trigger, trigger If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me, are you gonna be
If you're up chimney sweep under rubble covers
If you keep losing me You're a tombstone in the mud
Playing twister in a bubble again If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me, you're gonna be
If you keep losing sleep over other lovers
If you keep losing me

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