Tired Of Sleeping

Suzanne Vega

Oh Mom, the dreams are not so bad It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, the old man is telling me something His eyes are wide and his mouth is thin I just can't hear what he's sayingOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, the kids are playing in pennies They're up to their knees in money And the dirt of the churchyard stepsOh Mom, that man he ripped out his lining He tore out a piece of his body To show us his clean quilted heartOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, the bird on the string is hanging Her bones are twisting and dancing She's fighting for her small lifeOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleepingOh Mom, I wonder when I'll be waking It's just that there's so much to do And I'm tired of sleeping

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