

Insomnia (Rene Amesz & Peter

Faithless

I only smoke weed when I need to
And I need to get some rest, yo, where's the sex
I confess, I burnt a hole in the mattress
Yes, yes, it was me, I plead guilty And on the count of three I pull back the duvet
Make my way to the refrigerator
One dry potato inside, no lie
Not even bread, jam When the light above my head went bam
I can't sleep, something's all over me
Greasy, insomnia please release me
And let me dream about making mad love on the heath Tearing off tights with my teeth
But there's no relief
I'm wide awake in my kitchen
It's black and I'm lonely
Oh if I could only get some sleep
Creaky noises make my skin creep
I need to get some sleep
I can't get no sleep

Songwriters

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