

# Wake Up

## Thrice

Just a little sleep  
A little slumber  
Little folding of the hands to rest  
It's what we tell ourselves but we know we're gonna just Lay here 'til the sun's gone west  
But there were boxes in the garden  
And there's an old man at the door  
When the wind is right and the skies show favor  
When the heat has died and the day is cool We tell ourselves that we'll do it later  
When we know full well that that ain't true  
And I was frozen at the window  
And I was breaking down the door  
Tomorrow we gotta wake up We gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
I hear them coming back for more  
Gotta wake up  
Oh, we say we'll do it when things settle down  
We say we'll do it when we get around to it  
But it's already overdue But there boxes in the garden  
And there's an old man at the door  
Tomorrow's song is a siren singing  
Such a sweet and sudden lullaby  
Tomorrow's song has got us clinging  
To the promise of the by-and-by And I was frozen at the window  
And I was breaking down the door  
Tomorrow we gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
I hear them coming back for more Gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
I hear them coming back for more  
Come on we gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
We gotta wake up  
Oh I think they're gathering for war

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