

Losing Sleep

Bob Mould

It's Saturday night
Drivin' so high
I'm noticing all the warning signs
A hundred and five
A temperature rise
A hundred (?) the space and time I'm take the Five
Desert's so dry
I'm focusing on the wobbly line
On the decline
I caught the wheel
Idling cages rattling in my ears And when your soul is in too deep
And in the sun you cannot breath
Your dark secrets wash up underneath
Better close my eyes
But I've been losing sleep And now those nightmares come awake
I don't know how much I can intake
In my brain arousing, a soft word beat
Locking down my eyes
But I've been losing sleep
Been losing sleep
Been losing sleep
Been losing sleep

Songwriters

Bob Mould Published by

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