Dead Sleep

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

Do do do, do do do, do do do, do do do do
Do do do, do do do, do do do, do do do doYou give good face, you've got so many
Rubbing both your hands like you were shinning up a penny
And everyone's your friend, everyone's your lover
I pull the knife out of my back, for what? Just to discoverLoyalty is motivation settling it's score
No matter what you give in, it will always want some more
Obstacles are opportunities waiting without wings
I need a bat to smash the mirror my conclusions bringI count on me, to count on nothing
I can count that on no hands
I count on me, to count on nothing
Found me someone who understands thisI think it's you, I think it's you
I think it's you that I want into
And if you do, if you do too
And if you do then I hope youKeep up the pace you'll find hope if there's any
Trouble wears your face like a finger holding back the levy
Never one to bend, never one to wonder
I'm the fool 'cause I don't understand, so what, so I stand underRoyalty of post invasion, life is not a chore
Give everything then give in, tell me who could ask for more
Popsicles and firecrackers, angels without wings
I need to stack and burn to black all of my favorite thingsAnd count on me to count on nothing
I can count that on no hands
I count on me to count on nothing
Found me someone who understands thisI think it's you, I think it's you
I think it's you that I want into
And if you do, if you do too
And if you do then I hope youDon't wait up 'cause I'm not going to sleep
Out of all of these thoughts decide which ones I can keep
But don't wait up 'cause I'm not going to bed
So much of nothing to do, I think I'll sleep when I'm deadSo much of nothing to do, I think I'll sleep when I'm dead
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