

Sleep On It

Angela McCluskey

Now I know that nothing's get me high
Scorched the land to find a man
Even lost the will to lie
Plucked out every artery
Left my heart to dieI made my bed
So I can lie on it
So I can cry on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?Camera's hidden in my ceiling fan
Excuse me but where was you, God
That long hot afternoon?
Drag my head across the floor
Now I'm living deadAnd I made my bed
So I can sleep on it
So I can weep on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?And the cold dew's stinging, there's vultures singing
I caught a vision of my death
But there's one sweet poison I'm immune to
Don't wake me 'cause my dreaming's seeming trueI made my bed
So I can lie on it
So I can cry on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?So I can sleep on it
So I can weep on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?

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