11:11

Rodrigo y Gabriela

Woke up this morning at 11:11
Wasn't in Portland and I wasn't in Heaven
Could have been either by the way I was feeling
But I was alive, I was alive
Woke up this morning at 11:11
John was half-naked and Lulu was crying
Over a baby that will never go crazy
But I was alive
And kicking through this cruel world
Holding a notion of you at 11:11
Tell me what else can I do?
What else can I do?
Woke up this morning and something was burning
Realized that everything really does happen in Manhattan
Thoughts were of characters and afternoons lying
And you, you were alive
Oh the hours we are separate
11:11 is just precious time we've wasted
So patch up your bleeding hearts
And put away your poses
I'm gonna have a drink
Before we bring around the roses with you
Oh the hours we are separate
Oh the hours we are separate
In Heaven, in Heaven

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