

The Sleeping Beauty

American Music Club

as i drove away over the dead leaves of your southern town
in the mirror i saw you wave - in the mirror i saw you
as the autumn fell - until i made my turn and i thought oh well
i thought oh well this could be the last time i see your beautiful hands
your frozen hands your trembling hands that could not hold on
to any heart that's warm to any lie that's cold your hands
are papers burning in the sun

i like to get there safe i like to get my sleep
selfish with my time like it was something i could keep
oh but you know the truth it never helped you much
it only beat it drum it woke sleeping beauty up too much
it woke her up too much
it woke her up too much
the bankers the liars and the thieves
they want to sell you into a life of fear
they call it a plan that will make you free
but nothing's free - you taught me that my dear

no one can love the way you love
with the blind purity of a honey bee
but now that sweetness feels like a mistake i grieve
it poisons my life - becomes a prison i don't want to leave
as i drove away over the dead leaves
and merged into the stream of those who know their lines
stagnant reason why we travel so far away from our hearts
like flies caught in jars
little flies buzzing in cars