

I'm a Sucker for a Kind Word

Copeland

I'd be hanging on their words
Like they almost meant a thing
And the only lullaby I heard
The sirens blaring, singing me to sleep
Holding my loved one tight...

On the softness of her laugh,
I could almost make my bed
But the racket of her absence draw in
The sirens blaring, ringing in my head
Holding nothing tight, holding nothing tight
With my eyes so wide

In a house without a back door
I was looking for a fire escape
And I'll be ripping up the floorboards
Just trying to get away
From this sleeplessness,
Sleeplessness, sleeplessness

She'd be hanging on my words
Like I almost meant a thing
And I'd give anything not to let her down
But finally sleep through just one more tonight
Holding her so tight, holding her so tight
But my eyes are wide

In a house without a back door
I was looking for a fire escape
And I'll be ripping up the floorboards
Just trying to get away
From this sleeplessness,
Sleeplessness, sleeplessness

'Cause my mind just can't stop moving, I think I know why
Oooh, I know why
It's sad, but I'm a sucker for a kind word
And I'll just hurt until I find one
I'll just hurt until I find one

And I've been trying all the windows
And I've been running up the staircase
In a house without a back door...

Sleeplessness, sleeplessness, sleeplessness
In a house without a back door (Sleeplessness)
I was looking for a fire escape (Sleeplessness)
And I'd be ripping up the floorboards (Sleeplessness)
Just trying to get away...