

# Sleeping Soul

Jon Allen

It's the end of an evening  
The bar's propping me up  
A pair of empty pockets  
Is the only thing I've got

The sounds I make are hollow  
The words don't come out right  
The clock turns into tomorrow  
But it feels just like tonight

Tears I didn't show  
Where did they go  
Into my dreaming sleeping soul

They file out in slow motion  
Lines wounded soldiers make  
They're happy in oblivion  
But I am wide awake

And all the drink inside me  
Don't still my shaking hands  
I see everything around me  
But I still don't understand

Tears I didn't show  
How could I know  
Into my dreaming sleeping soul

Well you know I'll come around  
You can't keep a fool heart  
And I'll smile and shake it off  
When you're had enough

Tears I didn't show  
Couldn't let go  
Inside my dreaming sleeping soul  
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul  
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul