

# Big Sleep

Madrugada

Oh there is no sleep at the very point of the needle And there's  
no good company There's an end for the circle Of the plain si  
lver ring So far from the place Where I left the van On higher  
ground With a grey wind around her waist

I have dreamed of the soft of her skin and her very own taste M  
y perfect friend in a perfect house The big sleep I am awake to  
night And I dream of her hands And the big sleep Happy Are we h  
appy now No I do not think that we are

Oh there is no sleep for me There's no good company Oh I do rem  
ember how a certain lady used to speak very gently to me My per  
fect friend in a perfect house The big sleep My perfect friend  
in a perfect house The big sleep Oh everything in its proper pl  
ace The big sleep I am awake tonight and I dream of her hands a  
nd the big sleep Her big sleep

Her big sleep Her big sleep