

Sleeper

One Man Army

Early In The Morning
When Your Eyes Are Swollen
When Your Hair's A Mess
And Your Lips Taste Like A Cigarette
Is This Something
Am I Lovesick
Or Is This Some Kind Of Trick In The Meantime
I'll Lay Still
Left To My Own Devices

And Each And Every Evening
Without Reason
I Waste Your Time Cause It Comes Cheap
Then It's Gone In A Heart-Beat
I Know You're Not Sleeping
Did I Hurt Your Feelings
Now You're Lost In A Crowd
Our Silence So Loud
In The Meantime
I'll Wait Here Alone
With My Own Devices

How Long Has It Been
Since You Said Something
I've Anted To Hear
Just Say What You Mean
And Each And Every Evening
I Smash Your Favorite Things
I Fuck Myself To Sleep
Leave The Phone To Ring
Be Still My Heart
I Hate Being Here
With My Own Devices