

Lay On The Tracks

The Pineapple Thief

Words go to sleep,
You're flying around my head until I' mad,
I cannot keep,
Your words, they simply slide away.

This is too late, I cannot write a word
Pain is in my head...in my head.

This is a love song about nothing,
Because there's nothing in my head,
Another love song made for nothing,
So can I close my eyes instead.

This is too late, I cannot write a word,
Pain's my head,
Keeps telling me to go,
Go back to sleep,
I cannot face the world,
Go back to sleep...to sleep...to sleep.

This is too late, I cannot write a word,
Pain's my head,
Keeps telling me to go,
Go back to sleep,
I cannot face the world,
Go back to sleep...to sleep...to sleep.