

Wake Up

Thrice

Just a little sleep
A little slumber
Little folding of the hands to rest
It's what we tell ourselves but we know we're gonna just
Lay here 'til the sun's gone west

But there are foxes in the garden
And there's an armed man at the door

When the wind is right and the skies show favor
When the heat has died and the day is cool
We tell ourselves that we'll do it later
When we know full well that that ain't true

And now there's wolves at every window
Their mama's breaking down the door

Come on, we gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
I hear them coming back for more
Gotta wake up

Oh, we say we'll do it when things settle down
We say we'll do it when the season's through
Say we'll do it when we get around to it
But it's already overdue

But there are foxes in the garden
And there's an armed man at the door

Tomorrow's song is a siren singing
Such a sweet and sudden lullaby
Tomorrow's song has got us clinging
To the promise of the by-and-by

And now there's wolves at every window
Their mama's breaking down the door

Come on, we gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
I hear them coming back for more
Come on, we gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
We gotta wake up
Oh, I think they're gathering for war