

# Why Are We Sleeping

Kevin Ayers

It begins with a blessing  
And it ends with a curse;  
Making life easy,  
By making it worse;  
My mask is my Master,

The trumpeter weeps,  
But his voice is so weak  
As he speaks from his sleep, saying  
Why, why, why, why are we sleeping!

People are watching,  
People who stare;  
Waiting for something  
That's already there.

Tomorrow I'll find it ,  
The trumpeter screams,  
And remembers he's hungry  
And drowns in his dreams, saying  
Why, why, why, why are we sleeping!

My head is a nightclub  
With glasses and wine;  
The customers dancing  
Or just making time;

While David is cursing  
The customers scream!  
Now everyone's shouting,  
"Get out of my dreams!"