

# Don't Sleep

Aloha

Must have been an angel laying on me then  
And with those curtains blowing on our closed windows  
And there are no reminders, but I've known all along  
I'm citing conversation word for word with you and  
Elaborations  
Dotted language  
Not the inevitable  
Not the eye contact

That was a sell

I have a photographic memory sometimes  
They'll stay up for hours just in case  
You'd understand my crisis, so what  
It's not a crisis at all  
And we have built an empire of sorts of free time  
And I'll sell you my labor, of course  
It's mine