

Sleeping On The Floor

Bear Hands

Help me count up my quarters so I can cash in while I still have time
You might call me a hoarder but I think my things will keep me alive

I've been sleeping on the floor
Who needs a bed anymore?
Who wants to dress up
And put their best beyond the front door?

Don't you give me a reason to add to my collection of regrets
My pets might not be legal, but tell me
Who is there to rescue them?

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Who needs a bed anymore?
Who wants to dress up
And put their best beyond the front door?
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Don't act like it's a murder scene
It's my home and I will fill it twice
You might think that I overindulge
but tell me how to make it right

Tell me how to make it right
Before I say goodnight
I'm clean, I'm clean, I'm clean
I can dream, I can dream, I can dream

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