

Half Asleep

Blake Mills

Waiting to be brought about
She turns before the grand reveal
And every time she chickens out
Those old familiar doubts she feels

Songs about a life unlived
Gifts she could not promise you
She'd lie across the bed and give
Oh but is that the song you would want to do?

The greatness of this moon
Pours its concrete over your bed
And in the darkness of this room
She kneads you and you'll rise like bread

Would you just lay back and rest
With what little time you share that bed?
Put your loving arm across her breast
Half asleep and half in dread