

## Eyes Grow Heavy

Crowded House

We stand on guard 'til our eyes grow so heavy  
We hang on tight 'til our hands grow so weak  
All precautions prepare you for nothing  
When lights go down on the street

And when the morning comes  
You won't remember too much of anything at all  
And in my future of fantastic visions  
They're tall and sleek and they tower over me

Tie me down and I'll beg them for mercy  
I'm paralysed in my sleep  
And when the morning comes  
I won't remember too much of anything at all

Before they break in to steal the silver  
Thieves come 'round to admire the loss  
At the end of each waking hour  
Is just one more chime on the clock

And when the morning comes  
You won't be aware of his touch or anything at all