## Not a Job

Pull the final splinters Of missing picture winters You have to give yourself a break

What's the fascination? With lovers at the station You have to tear yourself away

The dream again nobody understands Walkin' through the long grass on your hands It's not a job to do today Sleep it off

Words to make her stay, you said Leave me and the plants die A panic smile across your face

Corrugated brow line An' hissing bitter punchline Call when you can tie your lace

The dream again nobody understands Walkin' through the long grass on your hands It's not a job to do today Sleep it off Sleep it off Sleep it off

Hissing bitter punchline Hissing bitter punchline Bitter punchline

Hissing bitter punchline Hissing bitter punchline Bitter punchline

The dream again nobody understands Walkin' through the long grass on your hands It's not a job to do today

You rule my world You rule my world my brother You rule my world You rule my world compadre (Hey, hey, hey, hey) (Hey, hey, hey)