

Fuzzy-Headed Morning

Evan and Jaron

I am lying down with my feet crossed in bed
it's a fuzzy-headed morning
I don't know I'm not dead
I don't know what time it is
but it's later than before
there's a schoolroom clock on the wall
but it doesn't work no more
I know it's sometime in the morning
between six and probably one
cause there's light outside my window
but there isn't any sun
I feel pretty rested
but without the time I'm not for sure
I don't know if I should start my day
or go to sleep some more
here it is another day
and I've yet to touch the ground
I'm not afraid to leave the bed
I'd just rather lay around
there's a tv that I could watch
sits adjacent to the bed
one of those japanese numbers
that does everything they said
I could look at some friends
in pictures taped over the desk
there's an ansel adams to the left
it's quite picturesque
here it is another day
and I've yet to touch the ground
I'm not afraid to leave the bed
I'd just rather lay around
I like to pretend sometimes
I do it quite a lot
I think of the things I have
that I really haven't got
this bed that I lie on really isn't mine at all
in fact neither is the t.v. clock or pictures on the wall
here it is another day
and I've yet to touch the ground
I'm not afraid to leave the bed
I'd just rather lay around
here it is another day
and I've yet to touch the ground
I'm not afraid to leave the bed
I'd just rather lay around