Sleep

Garbage

In the middle of the night
Head on my pillow
Looking like a little ghost

Seems like all of the things
That you gave your mother
Have all gone up in smoke

In the middle of the night
You don't know what I'm thinking
But still the stars still sparkle and shine

Seems like all of the time
Our boat was slowly sinking
You didn't even seem to mind

Now all I want to do is sleep
Now all I want to do is sleep
Now all I want to do is sleep.

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