

Sleeping States

Gregory and the Hawk

i listen to you talk about your
whistling band, ride your bikes to
bad racket, climb the ladder and
up on the roof we're passing pipes
like we're good old friends
but i know what i want
and i can't help feeling it
slate blue eyes
noone ever tries to win me over
so thanks, even though it's just
a little taste
slate blue skies
noone ever tries to stay up
later than they want to
even though it's heaven
slipping into sleeping states
i listen as you try to take my
breath away
but it's not what you do
it's what you don't say
if i never look over
you could never not stay
and when the sun comes up
we'll have someone to blame
fight it now if you have to
i understand your mistakes
pretty soon it'll all blow over and
i'll go back to where i came from