

Yours is the only version of my desertion
That I could ever subscribe to
That is all that I can do
You are a past sinner the last winner
I'm raping all around me
Until the last drop is behind you

But you're so cute when you're frustrated, dear
Yeah, you're so cute when you're sedated, dear
I'm resting

Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight

You are the only person who's completely certain
There's nothing here to be into
That is all that you can do
You are a past sinner, the last winner
And everything we've come to
Makes you you

But you cannot safely say
While I will be away but you will not consider sadly
How you helped me to stray
You will not reach me I am, resenting a position
That is past resentment and now I can consider
And now there is this distance so

Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you
can
Sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight

Something to say
Something to do
Nothing to say
When there's nothing to do