

Sleepwalking Through My Life

Kevin Devine

Some days stand up
Fixed at attention
Some days race by too fast to mention
Those days I wonder if I'll ever get it right
Sleepwalking through my life

Sometimes I'm sure
Most times less certain
If anything's behind the curtain
Sometimes I wonder
If it matters what it's called
God or nothing else at all

Sometimes I'm clean
Sing like a sparrow
Some days I'm nasty and I'm narrow
And I get spiteful, I get ugly, I get mean
Can't get back on the beam

Mmm-hmm
Mmm-hmm

Some days the world's prim as a show dog
Sometimes it's filthy as a boss hog
And those days the phone feels like a 3,000 pound weight
Can't lift it to my face

Some days it's clear
So I can see it:
What to be and how to be it
But some days I wonder
And some days I doubt it
Today I'm hopeful I can knock it off tonight
This sleepwalking through my life