

Sleepless in Seattle

Noah Gundersen

Sleepless in Seattle, I couldn't find a better name for this
If idle hands make devil's work, maybe we should build a church
just so we can burn it down
'Cause every bar in this city reminds me of somebody now
If I get drunk at 12th and Union whose street will I go wandering
down

So, I don't want to go home
I don't want to go home

Brian's on a barstool, talking to his tall can again
All that acid in the 90's, he said it made a man out of him
All his LA friends got married, a wife, a house, a couple kids
He's just trying to keep the dream alive and if it dies then he
and I
Just might die right along with it

So, I don't want to go home
I don't want to go home

Where it's just half finished skyscrapers begging the question
Does anyone care anymore?
This city was built on the back of a spirit that I can't feel anymore
Maybe there's a new anger or a new seed for some younger farmer
to sow
But right now it feels like last call on New Year's Eve
And the bar tender is telling me to go
But I don't want to go home
I don't want to go home