

Eight Hours Sleep

Paul Kelly

All I want is eight hours sleep
What I'd give for eight hours sleep
On my feet again
At the windowpane
Watching the cold moon riding on the deep

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care
Help for hurt minds, sore labour's repair
Every day's sweet death
Every night's dear breath
Deep balm for worries and despair

Oh, I have money enough, food on the table
Books on the shelf and a body still able
All that I love and my dear ones to hold and to keep
But they can't give me eight hours sleep

Oh, the dark holds things
It blooms and sings
And it's travelled by dark feet and dark wings

Now here comes the light, the dawn's on its way
I just don't know how I'm gonna get through today
Night after night, I'm counting every second as they creep

You can teach me the spells of Merlin in Avalon
Show me the hanging gardens of Babylon
Bring me sunken treasure from the bottom of the ocean deep
But can you give me eight hours sleep?