

# Sleepwalk

Peter Frampton

8:15 alarm clock  
Can't move, I can't talk  
Can't remember, I can't walk  
Gotta get offa my back and onto the rack

Gotta job, I'm going to it  
Don't know why I always do it  
Life is a wringer, I'm going through it  
Pressure, pressure building up  
Starting to crack

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Won't someone wake me up

In the club, I check it out  
Fall in love, I crawl out  
Had some stuff, it ran out  
Where's my Colombian friend  
Right to the end

Start talking, I can't stop  
I drive home, I'm wired up  
I go to bed, I'm staring up  
I wish I could go to sleep  
Start over again

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