

Waking Up Dead

Phish

Woke up on the wrong side
Atrophied throughout
Dreamt with open eyes
I was vacuuming about

In a straight line
A very straight line

Each new morning I wake
With clouds around my head
Lift up the walls and pipes
And vacuum out my head

In a straight line
A very straight line

Ooooh, vac-you-you-me
Waking up dead
Ooooh, vac-you-you-me
Waking up dead

In addition stands a man
In a backlit halo glow
Wears a darkened smile
Is there something I should know?

Something all consuming
All consuming

Ooooh, vac-you-you-me
Waking up dead
From above
vac-you-you-me
Waking up dead

I feel the suction rev
As I waltz the vacuum arm
End to end it sucks itself
And pulls me with its charm

Morning in a vortex
And when I squint my eyes
You peek inside my empty shell
A memory in disguise

Tree outside is upside down
Head hangs off the bed
They say I'm just a pair of lungs
Connected by a thread

I'm presuming
The end is looming

In trouble when I put my foot down
Try to have a voice
In trouble when I climb back down
Let you have your choice

My soul got sucked out in the ether
Just about half past nine
My cars went out drinking in closing time [?]

Vac-you you me
Vac-you-you me
Ooooh Vac-you-you me
Waking up dead
Vac-you-you me
Waking up dead
Waking up dead
Ooooh Vac-you-you me
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