Woke up this morning at 11:11
Wasn't in Portland and I wasn't in Heaven
Could have been either by the way I was feeling
But I was alive, I was alive

Woke up this morning at 11:11
John was half-naked and Lulu was crying
Over a baby that will never go crazy
But I was alive

And kicking through this cruel world Holding a notion of you at 11:11 Tell me what else can I do? What else can I do?

Woke up this morning and something was burning Realized that everything really does happen in Manhattan Thoughts were of characters and afternoons lying And you, you were alive

Oh the hours we are separate 11:11 is just precious time we've wasted So patch up your bleeding hearts And put away your poses

I'm gonna have a drink
Before we bring around the roses with you
Oh the hours we are separate
Oh the hours we are separate
In Heaven, in Heaven