

# No Sleep

Sam Roberts

No sleep  
I haven't slept for a week  
And I'm cold  
Yeah, I'm so cold

She's right  
I should do something with my life  
But I'm old, I'm old  
I'm getting old

Those eyes  
She said they don't recognize me  
Those lips  
They're never calling my name, my name, my name

It feels so heavy  
It feels so heavy, heavy  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
And I'm too young to be old

Une fille jolie  
Passait tout pres de moi  
Elle arretait le temps  
Au coin de St. Catherine et St. Laurent

It feels so heavy  
It feels so heavy, heavy  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
And I'm too young to be old

Elle me regardait  
Et elle souriait  
Elle m'a fait penser a rien en ce moment  
Mais comme le vent elle s'en allait  
Et moi j'suis reveiller  
Ouai moi j'suis reveiller

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It feels so heavy, heavy  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
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It feels so heavy, heavy  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
I'm waiting for a Saturday  
And I'm too young to be old