

While you sleep, the kitty-corner neighbor is
Burning up her lot
How do you stay so quietly wrapped up
When she's screaming "I'll do whatever the fuck I want!"
All of my bad dreams run like errands now
Rang too high a shift tab up and got called out

Or I fly to the wrong city, while you wait on another continent

Minor years occasionally with night terrors
Hypervigilance
Kept me up for drag races at 3 o'clock
Over the potholes and the trolley tracks
Wouldn't wanna sacrifice my hours like that
But wishing you a sweet dream makes me desperate

And I'm known for latching on till the sour end reveals its forwarding address

I'm top ten, so don't go off my grid again
Waiting around till the sour end gives out for good
That's life, I guess