

Rock me to sleep
In your bed of conversation
My eyes won't keep
Their focus on your sleight of hand
Your magic lucky numbers
Your deafening lullabies
Your message is your madness
Perfecting your lies

Though I grow weary
Yeah, I won't stumble
This soul will reap the brighter day

Stitch my eyes open wide to the sun
Who am I to blame?
Who am I to shame?

Rock me to sleep
Like some scarecrow in the movies
In poppy fields
In a battleground of flowers
You'll keep my thoughts arrested
And stray from the truth
Dark shadows fly come morning
Longing the truth

Though I grow weary
Yeah, I won't stumble
This soul will reap the brighter day

Stitch my eyes open wide to the sun
Who am I to blame?
Who am I to shame?

Who am I to change?