

Sleepless

The Decemberists

As you lie before me now, like a shadow
On a pea green sea
Never thought that I could find you so hollow
Laying into me

This cup of wine, all salt and brines
Make me sleepy and sorrow shows
A field of tears that will never yield a single penny
But I don't know, I've got nothing to hold on to

Wished for gold so I could buy you a palace
By the riverside, you'd come in
And I would fill your diamond chalice
You were still alive

But this cup of wine, all salt and brines
Make me sleepy and sorrow shows
A field of tears that will never yield a single penny
But I don't know, I've got nothing to hold on to
I've got nothing to hold on to

Were you sleepless, tearing at the air?
Was the water everywhere?
Were you fretful to wade into the room?
I'd been wanting to hear from you, oh no

Hand it over, hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over, hand it over
So now your hopes are all laid
But you hand it all away

Did his eyelids fix on empty chairs
You had traveled to lay beside?
A gentle torture to watch it all recede
And all the while your mother slept beside him, oh no

Hand it over, hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over, hand it over
So now your hopes are all laid
But you hand it all away

Were you sleepless, tearing at the air?
Was the water everywhere?
Were you fearful and long to run away
From the cold clasp of Illinois?
Oh no, oh no

Oh, hand it over, hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over, hand it over
So now your hopes are all laid
But you hand it all away, no

But you hand it all away