

Though you saw it coming it was not your fault
Oh, in the morning gave you what you want
No, you couldn't hold in your lowered head

Oh, you shoulda told me this was limitless
There's a certain kind of lonely
Where you sleep in your jeans
And I know that kind
You can tell me that you know me
When you know what that means
And that you don't mind
Special kind of dreaming
When you sleep with the television on
And with the lights on
And with your clothes on
And with your shoes on
Though you saw it coming it was not your fault
Oh, in the morning gave you want you want
No, you couldn't hold it in your lowered head
Oh, you shoulda told me this was limitless
Ooh

There's a certain sort of lonely
Where you sleep in your jeans
And I know that sort
You can tell me that you know me
When you know what that means
And it's what you want
Special sort of dreaming
When you sleep with the television on
And with the lights on
And with your clothes on
And with your shoes on
Will you please remember to mention me
To the ones who loved you
Do you feel the sinking, sinking feeling
When I'm thinking of you
Though you saw it coming it was not your fault
Oh, in the morning gave you what you want
Oh, it was as if I'd been a gift to you
Oh, it was as if because I wanted to
Though you saw it coming it was not your fault
Oh, in the morning gave you what you want
Oh, I didn't mean to fall into this mess
Oh, you shoulda told me this was limitless
Won't you please remember to mention me
To the ones who loved you
Do you feel the sinking, sinking feeling
When I'm thinking of you
Won't you please remember to mention me
To the ones who loved you
Do you feel a sinking, sinking feeling
When I'm thinking of you
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh