

## Lost Ideas

## While She Sleeps

It's like raking dead leaves in the wind  
It's like saints living lives without sin  
It's like raking dead leaves in the wind  
It's like saints living lives without sin

All my thoughts are useless  
They keep me from seeing the bright light  
Falling down this well now  
They keep me feeling breathless

Where is your heart?  
Can we beat this if...  
(Oh shit, I'll have to do it a bit slower there)  
Where is your heart?  
Can we beat this if we all  
Tear the borders break the walls  
Together as one

Where is your heart?  
Can we beat this if we all  
Tear the borders break the walls  
Together as one

Takes the blame for the pain inside  
Swore to Jesus I can't get it out alive  
No signs, no better days  
Never act the same

If there was a plan to fail I would've found another way  
To start over again and reset  
I realised that if they told us to change  
Then we would always stay the same  
You can steal the sun  
It wouldn't be enough

Working man  
Working man

(Just try and hold it on for like a millisecond longer, just so you can hear  
it properly, only like a fraction)

Working man  
Working man  
Working man  
Working man

So when the saints go marching in  
So when the saints go marching in  
So when the saints go marching in  
So when the saints go marching in

It's all gone right to my head  
Wondering why we're not all dead  
It's safe to say I'm not alone in this  
Something deep within we miss

Are we all alone?

The grass isn't greener on the other side  
So find peace living life at the edge of your eyes

The grass isn't greener on the other side  
So find peace living life at the edge of your eyes

...can give  
And you'd do better on your own  
The longer I live, I learn that we don't belong  
We've taken more than we can give  
And you'd do better on your own  
Mother Earth will keep on turning, turning  
Mother Earth will keep on turning, turning  
Mother Earth will keep on turning, turning  
Mother Earth will keep on turning