

Sleeper

Widowspeak

I could get dressed up and tell you at your worst
Someone better suited will only get there first
You used to know how to turn salt into honey
Sure, I'll let you tell it, go on and make your money

So I'll turn off the highway at my exit
And I'm still singing Yellow Rose of Texas
And my street still looks the same
In six months, I won't hear your name

Once I was a curled snake, a sleeper, asleep
Belly in the dust, never playing to keep
And in the end, you weren't so dead wrong
And anyway, it made for a good song

How can I help you?
What do you need?
How can I help you?
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How can I help you?
What do you need?