

Sleepyhead

Passion Pit

And everything is going to the beat
And everything is going to the beat
And everything is going Instrumental
And you said
It was like fire around the brim
Burning solid
Burning thin the burning rim Like stars burning holes right through the dark
Flicking fire like saltwater into my eyes
You were one inch from the edge of this bed
I drag you back a sleepyhead, sleepyhead
They couldn't think of something to say the day you burst
With all their lions and all their might and all their thirst
They crowd your bedroom like some thoughts wearing thin
Against the walls against your rules against your skin
My beard grew down to the floor and out through the doors
And Of your eyes, begonia skies like a sleepyhead, sleepyhead
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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