

## Unwound

### "SIDE EFFECTS OF BEING TIRED"

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When I hold my breath, your lungs collapse  
In a dream perhaps on one of those days  
When I hold my tongue it all comes back in a hated way  
If I said the words, I could sleep now, are these the  
words?  
Her magistrate will concentrate in attempts to show no  
signs of hate  
When I hold my breath, your lungs collapse  
In a dream perhaps on one of those days  
When I hold my tongue it all comes back in a hated way  
If I said the words, could I sleep now, didn't I say the  
words?  
Her magistrate will concentrate in attempts to show no  
signs of hate

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