

## Blueline Medic

### "Sleepyhead"

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Six thirty comes, like a call to arms.  
Five alarms have sounded.  
The covers are confused.  
Heaped, the sheets are all at one end.  
Wake up sleepyhead. Wake up, wake up.  
It's a lucky land in which you live.  
The complexes are expansive.  
The low rises of high marketing inventive.  
Are you building debt?  
Are you feeling bled? Wake up, sleepyhead.  
A mean road they're laying out there.  
The research is extensive.  
We can prove it's all genetic.  
Now don't be scared.  
We've got just the thing for your few and phlegmatic.  
The young and free are fast and automatic.  
And they always have been.  
Four o'clock arrives.  
The exasperated sigh.  
Still in line, still confounded.  
The newspapers keep amused  
While the avenues have all become dead ends.  
Are you being led to where the commerce is intensive  
And the councils are all cold and retentive?  
Wake up sleepyhead. Wake up, wake up.

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