

## **Bourgeois Tagg** **"Coma"**

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All my life I've wanted to sleep, I couldnt stand to stand  
too much  
Now and then I check for vital signs  
Though I never really knew just where theyd be  
I live upstairs but not too steep, I try to keep things  
pretty quiet  
With a minimum movement horizontally  
But I didn't mean to come to coma

A journey to the final gate, a journey past a sunken  
stupor  
Face down he sank into the sofa, but he didn't mean to  
come to coma

I stayed in my room through a hail of bullets  
I wasn't about to abandon ship  
I heard the whispers from the other room  
What's everybody up to I don't know?  
Hey and what's all this stuff about moderation?  
If the spaceships there I'm gonna fly it  
I'll travel far beyond the dotted line  
With an invitation to come to coma

A journey to the final gate, a journey past a sunken  
stupor  
They said it fizzed like a gin and soda  
But he didn't mean to come to coma  
A journey to the final gate, a journey past a sunken  
stupor  
He said he swore he knew the aroma  
But he didn't mean to come to coma

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