

Boycott Bravado

"2:06 AM"

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Phonelines hide our eye,
I miss your hand inside of mine.
This frosted sigh won't meet your ear,
But this song just might.
On the phone, and on my mind,
I can't stop thinking of you.

Can't you hear in my voice,
That you're the sweet melody,
That I sing.

'Sing me to sleep,
Cause tonight my head's filled with your lullabies.'
She can hardly speak.
I know tonight this song will close your tired eyes.

Red sea,
Memory,
The waves are broken by the beach,
And glowing sand,
Carved by my hand,
Spells out our names in green.
Recalling scenes held in between,
My helpless hands are holding all I have of you with
me.

Can't you hear in my voice,
That you're the sweet melody,
That I sing.
And each note it needs,
To find the girl,
Who softly pleads,
Can you hear her plead:

'Sing me to sleep,
Cause tonight my head's filled with your lullabies.'
She can hardly speak.
I know tonight this song will close your tired eyes.

And I am with you even though you cannot see me.
I will sing to you until you fall asleep.
(Sing me to sleep,

Cause tonight my head's filled with your lullaby.)

On the phone, and on my mind,
I can't stop thinking of you.
So I'm sending you this song tonight.

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