

## **Ben Lee**

# **"Trying To Sneeze"**

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R.J. Johnson/B. Lee  
Copping the sound, the sound cops me  
I've got nothing to lose  
My hair's in the breeze  
I don't hate you, just your jealousy  
So if you're ready to procrastinate  
I'll be your friend, you'll eat me up  
We boast the widest range in town  
I'll be your friend, you'll show me how  
Alarm clock is off, I'm trying to sleep  
Smelling of Bondi beach  
And the street, filthy as it may be  
Is still my street, so don't challenge me

Some things don't change, for instance me  
I'll sail your third defeat today  
In every way, you'll lose again  
But I don't care, I don't care  
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze  
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm waiting to sneeze  
The hair's in my breeze  
Well I don't care, I don't care  
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze  
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm trying to sneeze  
The hair's in my breeze

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