

## Bryan White

### "Blankety Blank"

Visit "[Blankety Blank](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Richard Bryant

I sleep like a baby in a treetop when I'm high  
When I'm low I sleep six feet underground  
I wrap myself in sheetrock, lay my head upon an anvil  
So my bad dreams never dare to get me down  
I fall down like roadkill every time you never call  
But I rise again when I hear you speak my name  
Why should I wipe my glasses? I see you with my eyes  
closed  
Though it hurts to think you might not see it the same  
So I'm hittin' the hay with a blankety-blank  
I'm waiting for my mind to go blankety-blank  
I wish you were here  
I sleep with one eye open and the other closed up tight  
The better to see you try to figure this one out  
I hear you knock the front door. I spot you on the  
ceiling.  
I watch you hang back in a long winedark shadow of  
doubt  
I'm hittin' the hay with a blankety-blank  
I'm waiting for my mind to go blankety-blank  
I wish you were here

Visit [Bryan White](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.