

Letters To Cleo "I Could Sleep"

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It's okay that you forget
It's alright that you don't wanna remember
In your hands you've got a martyr's head
In your mind, I know that's what you wish you were

Turn the blue sky black
You're such a hard luck baby, yeah
That's what's the matter with you
But I could sleep through this

I ain't as mystified as I am in it
If that's your ride
Well then you oughta get it

It's just as if I wasn't dreaming
It's all the same
'Cause I still wake up screaming

Turn my blue sky black
You're such a hard luck baby, yeah
That's what's the matter with you
But I could sleep through this

You're a pilgrim in the boxcar
You can never look back too far
You can't even look back

You turn my blue sky black
You're such a hard luck baby, yeah
That's what's the matter with you
But I could sleep through anything

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