

Lyle Lovett "Sleepwalking"

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(W. A. Ramsey)

Last night you know I couldn't sleep,
I was tossing, turning, and counting sheep,
To tell the truth,
The next thing I knew
I woke up on the outside,
In the middle of the avenue.
A policeman spied me in traffic there,
In my t-shirt and my underwear,
He said "Son, Son
It sure don't look good,
The way you've been calling for your baby,
All over the neighborhood."
It seems I was sleepwalking,
Again last night,
The way I was sweet talking,
It must have caused a terrible fight,
Last night when I was sleepwalking.
Someone saw me at a doughnut shop,
I was sitting, crying on a tabletop,
It was not a pretty sight.
I was out of control,

The way that I was carrying on,
About my sweet jelly roll.
I said, "officer please,
My baby's got me down on my knees,
Lying in bed,
Late at night,
Sometimes I just go out of my head,
At night,
And I go out sleepwalking."
Later on down at the jail cell
I was hoping things would turn out well,
Because I don't recall
That masquerade ball,
And I sure don't remember nothin' y'all
About that blown up rubber doll.
So lately I've stopped going anywhere,
And I've taken to sleeping with a teddy bear,
It's a very full and rich
Imaginary life,

And it's sure enough better than dreaming y'all,
About any imaginary wife.

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