

## Cree Summer "Mean Sleep"

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What can we scrape together with just the flesh as  
evidence  
Handfuls of hate and the bittersweet ambivalence  
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into  
myself  
Who will find me under this mean sleep

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might  
rain  
How could the need deceive us into thinking things  
might change  
I had a mean sleep over you  
And it hurts coming back to life

You could burn a thousand days and I would need no  
other light  
You could die a thousand ways and I'd still love you  
back to life  
But my needs rising angry and my loneliness like  
quicksand  
Who will find me under this mean sleep

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might  
rain  
How could the need deceive us into thinking things  
might change  
I had a mean sleep over you  
And it hurts coming back to life

I had a mean sleep over you  
And it hurts coming back to life

I am lost to the longing, I am moulded by the memory  
Had shut down half my mind just to steal the space you  
left behind  
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into  
myself  
Who will find me under this mean sleep

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might  
rain?  
How could the need deceive us into thinking things

might change?  
I had a mean sleep over you  
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