

Our Lady Peace "Sleeping In"

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Souls, although where we meet. This
Hose a lazy Morphine.
But I, Iâ€™m stretching to see over
Your shoulders and past your priest
And paper cups and paper shoes
Give backs to me, but I see right
through
And I know why you overslept
So gray, gray, slow rain.

Iâ€™m happier than you.
And Iâ€™m too high to follow through
Home, like the bedpan he needs.
And the hose, thatâ€™s not supposed to be
But I, Iâ€™m stretching to see over your
Flowers and Time magazines
Now I believe in what you do
The pain will cease
Well I know why you overslept
To be home, to be

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