

Fair

"Walking In My Sleep"

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You used to talk about how you wanted to believe
Sometimes you let it out, sometimes you kept it all from
me
I never meant to get in the way

Every time I breathe I tow a fine line
What's become of me? A sorry forced rhyme.
I always wanted to show you how
I only troubled you with my doubt

I don't stand to face the sun
The leaves are in the gutter and the clouds are rolling
in
I won't lean on anyone
I never learned to fake it so I never could fool you with
the honest truth

Every time I breathe I tow a fine line
What's become of me? A sorry forced rhyme.
I always wanted to show you how
I only troubled you with my doubt
All The tragedy that could have been worse
walking in my sleep until my feet hurt
I always wanted to show you how
I only troubled you with my doubt

I guess the means is always hard when
the end is something that you'll never get
this book could end a little different but it'll end with
me

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