

Richard Bryant

"Blankety Blank"

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Richard Bryant

I sleep like a baby in a treetop when I'm high
When I'm low I sleep six feet underground
I wrap myself in sheetrock, lay my head upon an anvil
So my bad dreams never dare to get me down
I fall down like roadkill every time you never call
But I rise again when I hear you speak my name
Why should I wipe my glasses? I see you with my eyes
closed
Though it hurts to think you might not see it the same
So I'm hittin' the hay with a blankety-blank
I'm waiting for my mind to go blankety-blank
I wish you were here
I sleep with one eye open and the other closed up tight
The better to see you try to figure this one out
I hear you knock the front door. I spot you on the
ceiling.
I watch you hang back in a long winedark shadow of
doubt
I'm hittin' the hay with a blankety-blank
I'm waiting for my mind to go blankety-blank
I wish you were here

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