

## **Field Trip**

# **"You Make Me Sleepy"**

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Teleport me away from the colourless baby,

I don't think that I belong among these soldiers  
baby

Let me paint this town,

I'm sick of sitting down

Let me draw you my imagination,

Then you can spray me with congratulations

Your tone is making me feel sleepy,

And your style doesn't really interest me

I'd rather have conversations with the sun then stay  
here,

But you make it your profession to lock up my  
ambitions dear

Don't even try to hold me back,

I'd like to tear apart your contract

You ask me what will I be doing now,

Reclining on my cloud,

I'm sure that's what I'll do

And maybe ride a caterpillar,

As if it were a rollercoaster,

Then devote myself to a brew

Don't you dare stop me plotting all my dreams,

Or I'll sucker-punch your esteem

Then they'll sprinkle me with congratulations,

Exit the door, carry on our conversation

I can't wait to meet you there,

Saying goodbye and I don't even care

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