

Passion Pit "Sleepyhead"

Visit "[Sleepyhead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And everything is going to the beat
And everything is going to the beat
And everything is going

And you said, it was like fire around the brim
Burning solid, burning thin the burning rim
Like stars burning holes right through the dark
Flicking fire like saltwater into my eyes
You were one inch from the edge of this bed
I dragged you back a sleepyhead, sleepyhead

They couldn't think of something to say the day you
burst
With all their lions, with all their might and all their
thirst
They crowd your bedroom like some thoughts wearing
thin
Against the walls, against your rules, against your skin
My beard grew down to the floor and out through the
doors
Of your eyes, begonia skies like a sleepyhead,
sleepyhead

Visit [Passion Pit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.