

Bedhead

"The Rest Of The Day"

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I had to wake up my head first
My body had a few more minutes
And my throat was dying of thirst
Of course I should have known the morning would be
this way
But there was no use ignoring
The rest of the day

Since people are dying in almost every possible place
I'd rather not leave the bed here with you
Since there's a dead black cat scattered on my street

I'd rather stay here
Under the sheets

There was a parade outside the window with no cars
Just dead cats being pulled
By horses with blinds over their eyes
I'm sure we could see ourselves rolling in the cats
When the carts moved back and forth
Hitting the holes in the street

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