

## **Poison The Well "Are You Anywhere?"**

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Go to sleep, go to sleep  
I'm hardly what I make myself out to be  
I know what happens when I'm alone

Go to sleep, go to sleep  
The cowering and whimpering of a weak willed son  
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child

I'm tired of dying  
I'll be prepared when it comes  
I'm tired of dying  
This isn't fun anymore

Go to sleep, go to sleep  
The constant confrontation that I protect  
Protect myself from every night

Go to sleep, go to sleep  
No preparation avails me for what's to come  
I've died in every one of my dreams since I was a child

I'm tired of dying  
I'll be prepared when it comes  
I'm tired of dying  
This isn't fun anymore

Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny  
anymore  
Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny  
anymore  
Now will it be rainbows or knives? This isn't funny  
anymore

And in the morning the only way to feel accomplished  
Is to be visited by every horrible thought in my mind

I'm tired of dying  
This isn't fun anymore  
I'm tired of dying  
I'll be prepared when it comes

