

# The Sleeping "Friday Night"

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All of our heads in the clouds  
And I remember staying up all night  
In a haze to the sweetest sounds  
When I said,  
Delicate to the sights  
And I can never feel the calm  
I felt witnessing headlights drive into our eyes  
When I said,  
"we're not ready to go back home"

Breathe in baby  
I can't touch the ground  
Keep it crazy  
Let the open road bring us back down

All of the smoke in our lungs  
And I remember burning up daylight  
Passing the head of the summer's final sun  
When I said,  
"we're not ready to go back home.  
We're not ready to go back"

Breathe in baby  
I can't touch the ground  
Keep it crazy  
Let the open road bring us back down

Keep on passing the trucks  
Keep on passing the drugs

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