

Decemberists, The

"Sleepless"

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(Part 1)

As you lie before me now, like a shadow
On a pea-green sea
Never thought that I would find you so hollow
Laying into me

This cup of wine
All salt and brine's made me sleepy
Sorrow sows
A field of tears, that will never yield a single penny
That I don't owe
Got nothing to hold on to

Wished for gold so I could buy you a palace
By the riverside
You'd come in and I would fill your diamond chalice
You were still alive

This cup of wine
Of salt and brine's made me sleepy
Sorrow sows
A field of tears, that will never yield a single penny
That I don't owe
Got nothing to hold on to
I've got nothing to hold on to

(Part 2)

Were you sleepless, tearing at the air?
Was the water everywhere?
Were you fretful to wade into the room
I'd been wanting to hear from you
Oh, no

Hand it over
Hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over
Hand it over

So now your hopes are all allayed
Would you hand it all away?

Did his eyelids affix on empty chairs?
You had traveled to lay beside
A gentle torture to watch it all recede
And all the while, your mother slept beside him
Oh, no

Hand it over
Hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over
Hand it over
So now your hopes are all allayed
Would you hand it all away?

Were you sleepless, tearing at the air?
Was the water everywhere?
Were you fearful and long to run away
From the cold clasp of Illinois?
Oh, no
Oh, no
Oh

Hand it over
Hand it over
You're weary, lay him down
You did your time, so thank you very much
Hand it over
Hand it over
So now your hopes are all allayed
Would you hand it all away?
No
Would you hand it all away?
Oh...

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