

Angela McCluskey "Sleep On It"

Visit "[Sleep On It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now I know that nothing's get me high
Scorched the land to find a man
Even lost the will to lie
Plucked out every artery
Left my heart to die

I made my bed
So I can lie on it
So I can cry on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?

Camera's hidden in my ceiling fan
Excuse me but where was you, God
That long hot afternoon?
Drag my head across the floor
Now I'm living dead

And I made my bed
So I can sleep on it
So I can weep on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?

And the cold dew's stinging, there's vultures singing
I caught a vision of my death
But there's one sweet poison I'm immune to
Don't wake me 'cause my dreaming's seeming true

I made my bed
So I can lie on it
So I can cry on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?

So I can sleep on it
So I can weep on it
Now I'm wondering why
I made this bed?

