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Angela McCluskey "Sleep On It"

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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?

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