

## Falcon, The

# "I'm So Happy I Could Just Cry Myself To Sleep or T"

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Tonight, tonight, the captain's dreams are bad  
Searching for the tear and distant shore  
Amidst the sluts, the drifters and the thieves  
He doesn't dream of landing any more

Drowning in these tumblers  
Tumbles through these doors  
Swinging out to cold cement  
From sticky, hard tiled floors  
This is the route we wander, girl  
Every god-damned day  
So, swallow hard and wipe them dreams away  
(Dreams away)  
Swallow hard and wipe them dreams away

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life  
again  
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life  
again

Woah!

The stove and the cold killed the men and the dogs  
The last glimpse of sun then all winter is gone  
Chained at the ankles, bound at the wrists  
Stuffed into mail-sacks and tossed into drifts

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life  
again  
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life  
again

Woah!

The lunar eye is burning, boring through me, digging  
deep  
Into my chest, into my head, into my days, into my  
sleep  
These dreams, these days, don't give me no peace  
These dreams, these days, don't give me no peace

Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life,  
come to life woah!  
(These dreams, these days)  
Come to life, come to life, come to life, come to life,  
come to life woah!  
(These dreams, these days)

Woah!  
Woah!  
Woah!  
Woah!  
Oh!

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