

The Faint

"I'm So Happy I Could Just Cry Myself To Sleep -or- The Routes We Wander"

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Tonight, tonight, the captain's dreams are bad
Searching for the tear and the 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.

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

The stove and the cold killed the men and the dogs
The last glimpse of sun then all the 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... again.
Come to life, come to life, come to life... again.

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

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