

## The Fatima Mansions

### "Sleep of the Just"

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Lift up your head, lift up your head  
Your room in this decade of earthquake and bile  
awaits you like a stewardess's mortuary smile

You'll miss all the fun, you'll miss all the fun  
A rich man turned pauper, his death marked [a sham]  
I can't get back to see it, 'til you lift up your head

Me and mine are fools, me and mine are fools  
say our elders who despise us, though we're no longer  
young  
They're tired of our sneering, and we've blocked out  
their main street's sun

They're sleeping as we rise, one punch is drunk with  
pride  
resides in [brutal face], sick from petrol smoke and  
[steak]  
The few bohemians, with their too-white shopping  
wrists  
confide in some crimson [page]  
and pray to look cute in their squalor-dyed hair  
Old age

Rolled out of here, is sun bright and clear  
and we hold the fortune, in our cumulous  
There's nothing else on earth that I will be part of  
Why waste a lifetime on soil which won't bear fruit?  
and why argue with gangsters who only smile and act  
mute?  
If he pulls that trigger, as he says he must,  
then to them, goes the last word [and then]  
The sleep of the just, the sleep of the just, the sleep of  
the just

But that's never enough  
But that's never, never enough

