

Van Hunt

"Mean Sleep"

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What can be scraped together, from our long worn
emotions?
Handfuls of hate and a bittersweet devotion...
Cuz i am pushing cobwebs, and I'm folding into myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep?

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might
rain?
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change?
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life

You could burn a thousand days and I would need no
other light
You could die a thousand ways and I'd still love you
back to life
Without a lover to wake me,
And my loneliness like quicksand,
Who will find me under this mean sleep?

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might
rain?
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change?
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life

I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life

I am lost to the longing
I am molded by the memory
Had to shut down half my mind just to fill the space you
left behind
Cuz i am moving cobwebs, and I'm folding into myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep?

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might
rain?
How could the need deceive us into thinking things

might change?
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life

I had a mean sleep over you
Oh it hurts, coming back to life

How could the clouds tease us into thinking it might
rain?
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change?
I had a mean sleep over you
And it hurts coming back to life

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