

Sleepless

Soul Coughing

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.

So much time is cashed.
So much smoke is wasted.
Sudden disappearance
In the air is thick and cool.
I can't approach myself
Skidding over this perdition
And now I'm out on the verandah
When I should have gone to school.

Well I call for sleep,
But sleep it won't come to me.
Shuffling in the hallway,
I can hear him on the stairs.
I hear his lighter flicking.
I hear the soft sigh of his inhale.
And the whole width of my intentions
He exhales into the air.

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.

Skeedunt, stunt the runt,
Smoking buddha blunt.

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.