

# Sleeping Pills

A Silent Film

I am running from my government  
Wanted for the crimes I commit  
I left behind all the things that I love  
Took a train to the eastern border  
Told my daughter I will be back for her  
Bought a ticket with no destination.

I see faces everywhere I go  
Forced smiles and furrowed brow  
Is that a gun or a violin?  
I am under the impression that  
There is something underneath that hat  
Tiny bomb or sleeping pills.

Are you on the wrong side  
Are you on the wrong side  
Of what is right? And  
Are you on the wrong road  
Are you on the wrong road  
From where you want to be?

Maybe I could turn and face my demons  
Tell the suits that I had my reasons  
I could take whatever's coming to me  
Be a father behind a locked door  
Keep your letters in an empty drawer  
Whatever happens it's the green mile for me.