

## Sleep On It

Angela McCluskey

Now I know that nothing's get me high  
Scorched the land to find a man  
Even lost the will to lie  
Pluck out every artery  
Left my heart to die

I made my bed  
So I can lie on it  
So I can cry on it  
Now i'm wondering why  
I made this bed

Cameras hidden in my ceiling fan  
Excuse me but where was you, god  
That long hot afternoon  
Drag my head across the floor  
Now i'm living dead

And I made my bed  
So I can sleep on it  
So I can weep on it  
Now I'm wondering why  
I made this bed

And the cold dew's stinging  
There's vultures singing  
I caught a vision of my death  
But there is  
One sweet poison i'm immune to  
Don't wake me  
'Cause my dreaming's seeming true

I made my bed  
So I can lie on it  
So I can cry on it  
Now i'm wondering why

I made this bed  
So I can sleep on it  
So I can weep on it  
Now I'm wondering why  
I made this bed