

Sleep Paralysis

Bad Suns

Oh, carve your name in a tree
Or just run your fingers through wet concrete, yeah
Leave a mark, a mark worth leaving
What's self with, the moment's fleeting
Oh, carve your name in a tree
Or just run your fingers through wet concrete, yeah
Leave a mark, a mark worth leaving
What's self with, the moment's fleeting

The sand runs through your fingers
It's gone but the feeling lingers

Oh, I've been out in a street
Mixed with sleep paralysis I can't scream, no
But I can't watch, can't watch them leaving
I wake up and wind up leaving

Who knows where these dreams come from
I know what I can't become

Hold my hand wherever you are, oh oh
Take me there, no matter how far out we'll go