

Sleep That Burns

Be Bop Deluxe

A brass band is playing
Rehearsing its thrills
All half-moon and cloudy,
All golden and shrill

I've got a sleep that burns
A sleep that burns
Got a sleep that burns all night

I'm locked in your dark world
Where hearts hold the keys,
Half-opened, enchanted, half-truth

and

Half Dreams...

I'm sitting at a cafe in Paradise...
Naked as a razor, I'm loaded as a dice...
The waitresses all ask me for my price
I laugh and say I'm leaving
And this is only dreaming
So hold me while I'm screaming...
Now...! Is the moment of truth...
Your youth is a mask but it's not made to last
For we all have a past to out run
When the mask comes undone
And we race on and on
Through the fiery portals of hell...!

Go and tell all your friends
That you've witnessed the end

Of the World in a Dream...

The night winds are howling...
Seducing the trees,
I wake in a cold sweat
With the sheets round my knees

I lay in the darkness
With visionless eyes...
Exhausted and reeling...
All heartbeats and sighs...

But the sleep still burns,
Got a sleep that burns all night

(sleep is coming, don't you worry)