

Sleeping in the Middle of the Bed

Chicago

Caught in a love storm
Howlin' like a newborn
Trying hard to stay warm
My cover-up is torn up and tattered

Addiction to Apocalypse
Looking for the big hit
Tending to take trips
The ship of love is beat up and battered

Time after time I blow me away
Sign on the streets now
Brother let me pray now
Winter's here, I believe it's here to stay

I read somewhere that religion is for people
Who want to stay out of hell
I was praying for a sign or a vision or a message
Till you been there, you won't get well

I was sitting in a room I'd never recognize it
With a picture before my eyes
I've been sleeping in the middle of the bed again
I'm not sure this qualifies

Lost in a crosswalk
Battle only half fought
Crawling 'cause I can't talk
Childhood finally caught up with me

Flashing like a neon
Noisy as an A-bomb
Looking to the beyond
Staring into the half-life of eternity

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Who swear they need to be saved
I've been sleeping in the middle of the bed again
You can trust me I will be brave

New York, New York, The Big Apple
New York, New York

New York, New York
16 million feet stepping on each other
New York is a state of mind

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