

I'd Rather Be Sleeping

D.R.I.

From sun-up to sun-down
Decisions make my head spin round
Make me drunk, sick and tired
Keep me up 'till I retire
And while I could be out bar hopping
Meat market, rocker-chick shopping
Out there, chasing my dick
In it's never-ending search for chicks
But, I'd rather be sleeping
In my bed, crashed out
A slice of death, wrapped up
All in wool, passed out

Drunk, you stupid fool
No more waking hassles
Weary of the daily battles
So on my bed, I lay curled
A "could be" man of the world
But, I'd rather be sleeping
In my bed, crashed out
A slice of death, wrapped up
All in wool, passed out
Drunk, you stupid fool