

Insomnia

Feeder

Reading magazines and counting sheep to pass the time away
Hoping that tomorrow's gonna bring a smile back home again
Images of palm tree's swaying in the wind on South beach
Takes me back to better days, summer days the everglades in June

My brain, my poor brain
My brain, my poor brain

I'm drinking myself to sleep again, Nightnurse pills to keep me
sane
Drinking myself to sleep again, insomnia

Flying high in golden skies, I'm flicking channels in my mind
Finding my utopia a different chapter in a book
Thinking back to younger days as I escape in Cooper's Break
It takes me back to '84 the future's knocking at my door

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Turning off a switch inside me, leaving all the stress behind me
Flying over streams and houses, passing over the Wye Valley
It takes me back to '84 the future's knocking at my door

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