

Yours is the only version of my desertion  
That I could ever subscribe to  
That is all that I can do  
You are a past sinner the last winner  
I'm raping all around me  
Until the last drop is behind you

But you're so cute when you're frustrated, dear  
Yeah, you're so cute when you're sedated, dear  
I'm resting

Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tight, dream right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight

You are the only person who's completely certain  
There's nothing here to be into  
That is all that you can do  
You are a past sinner, the last winner  
And everything we've come to  
Makes you you

But you cannot safely say  
While I will be away but you will not consider sadly  
How you helped me to stray  
You will not reach me I am, resenting a position  
That is past resentment and now I can consider  
And now there is this distance so

Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tight, grim right, we have two hundred couches where you  
can  
Sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight, sleep tonight

Something to say  
Something to do  
Nothing to say  
When there's nothing to do