

Sleeping Soul

Jon Allen

It's the end of an evening
The bar's propping me up
A pair of empty pockets
Is the only thing I've got

The sounds I make are hollow
The words don't come out right
The clock turns into tomorrow
But it feels just like tonight

Tears I didn't show
Where did they go
Into my dreaming sleeping soul

They file out in slow motion
Lines wounded soldiers make
They're happy in oblivion
But I am wide awake

And all the drink inside me
Don't still my shaking hands
I see everything around me
But I still don't understand

Tears I didn't show
How could I know
Into my dreaming sleeping soul

Well you know I'll come around
You can't keep a fool heart
And I'll smile and shake it off
When you're had enough

Tears I didn't show
Couldn't let go
Inside my dreaming sleeping soul
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul