

Endless Sleep

Nick Lowe

When you're walking in the street
Spoiling for a fight,
Hoping for a miracle
And there's no miracle in sight
Registerin zero
'cause you're bombed out on the blues,
You feel like some bad story
In yesterdays news.

It make you want to make lay face down
On the grass so brown,
Where the sun beats down
On the bakin ground.
To find sweet release
In endless sleep.
Endless sleep.

When you're hanging by a thread,
Clutchin at a straw,
Ain't got nothing left
And the world keeps shoutin more, more.
You haven't got an earthly
'cause your heart bust up inside.
Nobody you can turn to this time
No place you can hide.

Makes you want to lay face down
On the grass so brown
Where the sun beats down
On the bakin ground.
To find sweet release
In endless sleep.
Endless sleep.
Endless sleep.