

# 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.