

## Sleepyhead

Passion Pit

And everything is going to the beat  
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And everything is going

And you said  
It was like fire around the brim  
Burning solid  
Burning thin the burning rim  
Like stars burning holes right through the dark  
Flicking fire like saltwater into my eyes  
You were one inch from the edge of this bed  
I drag you back a sleepyhead, sleepyhead

They couldn't think of something to say the day you burst  
With all their lions and all their might and all their thirst  
They crowd your bedroom like some thoughts wearing thin  
Against the walls against your rules against your skin  
My beard grew down to the floor and out through the doors  
Of your eyes but go in disguise like a sleepyhead, sleepyhead

Go ahead