

Wasteside

Regina Spektor

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow
But its better than sleeping by the wasteside of today
All the barbershops and funeral-homes were open
And the customers were coming and the business was doing great

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow
Just dreaming dreams and drooling on my bed
All the people in my town would be born
Then they'd get themselves a little hair cut
And then promptly after they'd be dead

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow
When a drunk girl awoke me on the train
But I did not see her stumbling and I did not hear her mumbling

As I dubbed myself a passenger
And kindly stepped away

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow I was sleeping
I was sleeping I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow
I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow of tomorrow
Ladies and gentlemen
I was just sleeeeee-ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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