

No Sleep

Sam Roberts

No sleep
I haven't slept for a week
And I'm cold
Yeah, I'm so cold

She's right
I should do something with my life
But I'm old, I'm old
I'm getting old

Those eyes
She said they don't recognize me
Those lips
They're never calling my name, my name, my name

It feels so heavy
It feels so heavy, heavy
I'm waiting for a Saturday
I'm waiting for a Saturday
And I'm too young to be old

Une fille jolie
Passait tout pres de moi
Elle arretait le temps
Au coin de St. Catherine et St. Laurent

It feels so heavy
It feels so heavy, heavy
I'm waiting for a Saturday
I'm waiting for a Saturday
And I'm too young to be old

Elle me regardait
Et elle souriait
Elle m'a fait penser a rien en ce moment
Mais comme le vent elle s'en allait
Et moi j'suis reveiller
Ouai moi j'suis reveiller

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And I'm too young to be old