

Sleeping

Simple Minds

Thought I should come past your door.
Tried to get trusted, initiate more.
Thought I could listen this thing with reasoning.

Some thieves can rob back their time.

But I'm sleeping,
Sleeping.
I escape some more.

Sometime I'm listening,
I can't hear a thing.
Sometime I melt on a cloud,
I'm only wishing I can't do nothing.
Reasons to stay underground.

Sleeping.
Sleeping.

So much more.

I try to stay back this time,
Iris pro-fist to be incremental words.
Tired admiration is fine,
But it'll take much more.

Sometimes I reach out,
At the wrong kind of things.
Sometimes I'm ripped on the floor,
My own indignation means I can't do a thing,
My sins to stay underground.

Sleeping.
Sleeping.
Sleeping.
But it'll take much more.
Cause when I'm conscious I can't hear a sound.

Sleeping.
Sleeping.
Sleeping.