

# Sleepless

## Soul Coughing

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.

So much time is cashed.  
So much smoke is wasted.  
Sudden disappearance  
In the air is thick and cool.  
I can't approach myself  
Skidding over this perdition  
And now I'm out on the verandah  
When I should have gone to school.

Well I call for sleep,  
But sleep it won't come to me.  
Shuffling in the hallway,  
I can hear him on the stairs.  
I hear his lighter flicking.  
I hear the soft sigh of his inhale.  
And the whole width of my intentions  
He exhales into the air.

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.

Skeedunt, stunt the runt,  
Smoking buddha blunt.

I got the will to drive myself sleepless.