

# I'm Hibernating

The Antlers

Whether you're aware of your limbs or of your hair  
you're the spitting image of you in glass  
you've got scratches on your arms  
and you sleep through car alarms  
who is stealing all the cars as you sleep

the knives can cut the locks  
we can set back all the clocks  
just to lose another hour away  
we'll live twice in every day  
that we keep the sleep away  
i'll be good and keep my mouth shut  
i know i can breathe  
but that's not enough

i feel like i'm sleeping  
and i can't wake up  
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