

# The Sleeper

The Leisure Society

Someday we all shall cease to exist  
Someday our towers will fall  
Roots will reclaim the bricks that we lay  
Worms will reclaim the soil

You get alone, you get stoned  
Sometimes you need someone  
You get alone, you get cold  
Sometimes you need someone

Salt in the ocean raises the words  
Prised from a foreign tongue  
We are but mayflies caught on the breeze  
Led by a fading sun

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Sometimes you need someone  
You get alone, you get cold  
Sometimes you need someone

You need someone

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You need someone

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