

## Lay On The Tracks

### The Pineapple Thief

Words go to sleep,  
You're flying around my head until I' mad,  
I cannot keep,  
Your words, they simply slide away.

This is too late, I cannot write a word  
Pain is in my head...in my head.

This is a love song about nothing,  
Because there's nothing in my head,  
Another love song made for nothing,  
So can I close my eyes instead.

This is too late, I cannot write a word,  
Pain's my head,  
Keeps telling me to go,  
Go back to sleep,  
I cannot face the world,  
Go back to sleep...to sleep...to sleep.

This is too late, I cannot write a word,  
Pain's my head,  
Keeps telling me to go,  
Go back to sleep,  
I cannot face the world,  
Go back to sleep...to sleep...to sleep.