

Behind The Wall Of Sleep

The Smithereens

She had hair like Jeannie Shipton back in 1965
She had legs that never ended
I was halfway paralyzed.
She was tall and cool and pretty and she dressed as black as coal
If she asked me to I'd murder, I would gladly lose my soul.

Now I lie in bed and think of her
Sometimes I even weep,
Then I dream of her behind the wall of sleep.

Well she held a bass guitar and she was playing in a band
And she stood just like Bill Wyman
Now I am her biggest fan.
Now I know I'm one of many who would like to be your friend
And I've got to find a way to to let you know I'm not like them
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Now I lie in bed and think of her
Sometimes I even weep,
Then I dream of her behind the wall of sleep.

Got your number from a friend of mine who lives in your home town.
Called you up to have a drink,
Your roommate said you weren't around.
Now I know I'm one of many who would like to be your friend
And I've just got to find a way to to let you know I'm not like them.

Now I lie in bed and think of her
Sometimes I even weep,
Then I dream of her behind the wall of sleep.
Behind the wall of sleep.
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