

I'm getting tired of being told to live in the moment,
when all I want is my bed and the sounds of the ocean.
With hoods pulled tight and our sleeves covering our hands.
It's getting harder to sleep and we never seem to dream.
It's getting harder to sleep, we're always tossing and turning.

And I'm getting tired of being told that you're only one person
to the world,
when to one person you could be the world.
With hoods pulled tight and our sleeves covering out hands.
It's getting harder to sleep and we never seem to dream.
It's getting harder to sleep, we're always tossing and turning.

There's nothing in the dark that wasn't there in the light.
But there's an innocence in everyone that this world can't take
away.
As hard as it tries!

I always seem to relate to strays,
waiting for someone to come along and take them away.
We're always waiting for someone,
waiting for someone.

I always seem to relate to strays,
waiting for someone to come along and take me away
to give me all the attention, the attention that we all crave.