

Sleeping Soul

It's the end of an evening
The bars propping me up
A pair of empty pockets
Is the only thing I've got
The sounds I make are hollow
The words don't come out right
The clock turns into tomorrow
But it feels just like tonight

Tears I didn't show
Where did they go
Into my dreaming sleeping soul

They file out on slow motion
Lines wounded soldiers make
They're happy in oblivion
But I am wide-awake
And all the drink inside me
Don't still my shaking hands
I see everything around me
But I still don't understand

Tears I didn't show
How could I know
Inside my dreaming sleeping soul

Well you know I'll come around
You can't keep a full heart down
And I'll smile and shake it off
When you've had enough

It's three am on hope street
I'm throwing up the wall
The strain is on my shoulders
Just to keep it in at all

Tears I didn't show
Couldn't let go
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul
Caught in my dreaming sleeping soul