

# Ed Kuepper, Sleepy Head

So please wake up, you sweet sleepy head  
With night time coming, there're things to be said  
No happy endings, serene machine  
If you don't act soon,  
You'll see what I mean

If you scratch your world to pieces  
You'll see the stains and all the creases  
That are hidden away  
With your sweet life at an all time low  
No sweet-talkers with gems for eyes  
To show the way

Well, your story could be ending  
Without ever happy ending  
To help pull it all through  
And your mind could run so wild  
In, oh ten thousand endless miles  
Along a one way street

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Like your two cent friends  
With their pretend faith  
Who've ruled your world since distant time  
And then stole it away  
Well, I know you're always right  
But still prepared to say you're wrong  
Who could ask for more?

But your story could be ending  
Without ever happy ending  
To help pull it all through  
And your mind would run so wild  
In, oh ten thousand endless miles  
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