

Grant Lee Phillips, Sleepless Lake

Dare ya draw me closer still
And let me be the wild witness to the kill
See how the stars abide
Showing no resistance late into the night

Bluer than the winter wind that howls
On a sleepless lake
Ooh ooh

Me I'm under no duress
Offering my throat before a hungry lioness
Hear how the jungle whines
And beats a violent drum along with these blues of mine

Bluer than the winter wind that howls
On a sleepless lake
Ooh ooh

Da da da

Where the light and shadows bend
I walk your silent haunts along the Michigan
Grief banished by the glow
Electric dying autumn has a color all of it's own

Bluer than the winter wind that howls
On a sleepless lake