

## 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