

# Sleepyhead

## Passion Pit

And everything is going to the beat  
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And everything is going Instrumental  
And you said  
It was like fire around the brim  
Burning solid  
Burning thin the burning rim Like stars burning holes right through the dark  
Flicking fire like saltwater into my eyes  
You were one inch from the edge of this bed  
I drag you back a sleepyhead, sleepyhead  
They couldn't think of something to say the day you burst  
With all their lions and all their might and all their thirst  
They crowd your bedroom like some thoughts wearing thin  
Against the walls against your rules against your skin  
My beard grew down to the floor and out through the doors  
And Of your eyes, begonia skies like a sleepyhead, sleepyhead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>