

# Count Sheep

## Enon

She's got to love herself  
too bad the lens got in her way  
time changing off her head  
so cut off your ears and issues  
this conversation's done  
we've covered heads she's covered tails  
she's cut off her conscience son  
deep in your head and your still crying but you don't have the right  
you take sides and spill it at the sink from the spite?  
from the role of the honor and the gluttonous heap  
you would use the whole barn up and you love to count sheep  
so count sheep

this diamond's not for sale  
a big advertisement in our heads  
one lie won't tip the scale  
for rich little beggars making big bets  
they're out to mark the score  
fat cat's away dead mice decay  
recouching on the course  
awake in the bed and lay there crying but you don't have the right

go on open your finger for another big bite  
you run all kinds of red lights except the ones on the street  
when you run out of exits you can always count sheep  
so count sheep

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