

# Luna, Slide

a sleepin' pill  
has made you ill  
and caused you to regress  
you're losin' touch  
with simple pleasures  
your life is gettin' dull  
your telephone neurosis  
it's killin' all us  
your friends are gettin' famous  
but that's not who have to call  
you're havin' trouble wakin' up  
you want things to be perfect  
you're always at the window  
you think it's safer there