

Mustard Plug, Insomnia

Close my eyes but I can't shake my head.
Still not over those words you said,
tossin' and turnin' rolling in the night.
She's tying knots, seems that nothing is right.
Sweat on my brow, my adrenaline's flowing,
eyes burning red, my anxiety's growing.
As soon as I'm asleep, it will be tomorrow,
and that just fills my head full of sorrow.

Insomnia's got the best of me,
I've got no choice but to stare at the ceiling.
Insomnia has a hold on me,
you don't even know the stress I'm feeling.

Clock on the wall's moving faster and faster,
your voice in my mind like a broken record.
Tossing and turning, rolling in the night.
She's tying knots, seems that nothing is right.
Feeling my heart, pounding like a drum,
reminding me again that my day was too long.
Drank all my wine that my cupboard is bare,
still no escape from this waking nightmare.