

# The Postal Service, Sleeping In

Last week I had the strangest dream  
Where everything was exactly how it seemed  
Where there was never any mystery  
Of who shot John F. Kennedy.  
It was just a man with something to prove,  
Slightly bored and severely confused.  
He steadied his rifle with his target in the center  
And became famous on that day in November.

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in

Again last night I had that strange dream  
Where everything was exactly how it seemed  
No concerns about the world getting warmer  
People thought that they were just being rewarded  
For treating others as they'd like to be treated  
For obeying stop signs and curing diseases  
For mailing letters with the address of the sender.  
Now we can swim any day in November.

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping  
(now we can swim any day in November)  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in

Don't wake me I plan on sleeping in  
Don't wake me I plan on sleeping  
Oooh, oooh