

# The Sleeping, Friday Night

all of our heads in the clouds  
and i remember staying up all night  
in a haze to the sweetest sounds  
when i said,  
delicate to the sights  
and i can never feel the calm  
i felt witnessing headlights drive into our eyes  
when i said,  
"we're not ready to go back home"  
breathe in baby  
i can't touch the ground  
keep it crazy  
let the open road bring us back down  
all of the smoke in our lungs  
and i remember burning up daylight  
passing the head of the summer's final sun  
when i said,  
"we're not ready to go back home.  
we're not ready to go back"  
breathe in baby  
i can't touch the ground  
keep it crazy  
let the open road bring us back down  
keep on passing the trucks  
keep on passing the drugs