

# THE MORNING

i lye unconscious in the morning  
i mourn the new day dawning  
sunlight floods the window  
i'm lost beneath its shadow  
warp of time  
i'm trapped inside my mind

wake up but i can't get myself dressed  
i got a dizzy feeling in my head  
get up, get out and get set  
a little voice inside me said  
you'll never make it to work on time  
if you sleep until half past nine  
lucky i'm unemployed

rolling around  
in a cloud on the ground  
snoozing and losing the day  
what's the time, have i lost my mind ?  
struggling to stay awake

get up but i can't get myself dressed  
i live alone in a messy nest  
scribble, scramble and brainstorm  
until it's time to take a rest  
and i feel like i'm losing hold  
of the things that i've always known

and i watch them slip away  
as i lose track of the day  
and the sunlight fades again

it's dark and it's the end of the day  
i've eaten nothing at all  
and i'm wasting away  
i know that i'll stay awake  
until too late  
tomorrow morning happened yesterday  
and i've already seen the shape the story will take  
i'll be bored off my face  
repeating the same routine  
again, again and again  
unless i make it to work on time  
if i don't sleep until half past nine  
i fucking hate the morning