If I Don’t Go To Sleep

By John T. Wurzer

If I don’t go to sleep tomorrow still gonna come

If I do its gonna come too soon

If I can’t find a race, baby I’m still gonna run

And I’ll run until they finally lower the boom

You can dance on my thoughts with your hard wooden shoes

Still my eyes will attach to a smile

You can torture my dreams with your mistreated blues

My dreams have all gone out of style

The mountains of hope and the depths of regret

On this landscape all dark and forlorn

It’s a long row to hoe when you’re trying to cope

And the weeds keep on strangling the corn

If I don’t go to sleep then I’ll never wake up

If I do then there’s no guarantee

That when I awake all these pieces of pie

Will ever make any sense to me

Put your head on a pillow before the moon hits your eyes

When it does you will not ever doze

Tell me dear should I love you or claw out your eyes

Or should I pass out here in these clothes.