

Young Young Sleep

These are not sad people.

These are products of their youth and they live for the Dance.

They sing their song when they dance their dance

and they live their lives while you cry into your shoebox.

Emotion runs high and emotion runs low

and they run from their family

they run to the coast.

They know nothing of struggles

of pain or of misery.

And they tear off their clothes

when life is no longer a great mystery.

The love, the life, the dreams

for dreams do exist.

The A side matches the B

and they've all moved up north for the summer

to plant trees and grow memories

and wait to grow old and burn up any noose they can find to cook marshmallows

among dear friends.

The forest is their friend and the moon is their lover.

Why should they ever choose to live a life where they'll suffer?

They've thrown away their education

and headed to Union Station

where the last train leaves at quarter to three.

Gaze into her eyes as she sleeps.

Innocence.

The dreamer is still asleep.

The sleepwalker swims in the sleepwalker's ocean.

The dreamer dreams sweet puppy dreams

and there is a full army of them.

They plan no uprising and they wait for nothing at all.

They dream of sleep and their blankets are so warm.

They throw the Roman gods of Misery into the campfire

and burn effigies to themselves

and worry not of selfishness or pride or lust

but of how the next day could be better than dreams

and how the next night could dream new dreams.

They say that kings never sleep

but if you look at them now

curled up with their eyes closed

you will see that they truly are the kings

of whatever they choose to be.

Innocence.