

BEHIND THE WALL OF SLEEP

She had hair like Jeannie Shipton back
in 1965, She had
legs the never ended, I was
halfway paralyzed

She was tall and cool and pretty and she
dressed as black as coal, If she'd
ask me to I'd murder, I would
gladly lose my soul

Now i lie in bed and think of her
sometimes i even weep, then I
dream of her,
behind the wall of sleep

Well she held a bass guitar and she was
playing in a band and she
stood just like Bill Wyman, now I
am her biggest fan

Now I know I'm one of many who would
like to be your friend and I've
got to find a way to let you
know I'm not like them

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Got your number from a friend of mine
who lives in your hometown, called you
up to have a drink, your roommate
said you weren't around

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