

INSOMNIAC'S LAMENT

I sit beside my curtain and I watch the darkened sky,
And now and then the coloured lights of aeroplanes going by.
And I think of the people on them, and maybe where they're bound
As they look down on the myriad sleeping lights here on the ground:
And I can't sleep; I just can't sleep.
Maybe I'm scared of dreaming, or it could be just the full moon
But it's only half-past-two and I'm hoping that it will be morning soon.

Then I try to count the places and the people that I've seen,
And then I think of all the loves there were, or might have been,
And of every chance occasion that's led somehow to today
And I think of all the chances that have chanced the other way:
And I can't sleep; I just can't sleep.
I may have had too much coffee, or it could be just the full moon
But it's only half-past-three and I'm hoping that it will be morning soon.

And my mind's tied up with problems and they just won't turn me loose
As the winged thoughts you cast out in the day come home to roost;
And I think of words I've spoken and regretted in my mind
And of all the things I would have said, had it hit me at the time:
And I can't sleep; I just can't sleep.
Maybe I'm going crazy, or it could be just the full moon
But it's only half-past-four and I'm hoping that it will be morning soon.

Then I think about tomorrow and the road that lies ahead
And hopes and fears and promises are whirling round my bed
And I start to count my blessings, till they come in twos and threes
And they merge into the blackness with the dreams and memories
And I can't wake up – I can't wake up:
And the birds are singing and I don't want to hear, and the alarm clock's
ringing right into my ear
And there's a new day beginning and it's already here and I just can't get
my brain in gear:
And I can't wake up; I can't wake up.....