

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow  
But its better than sleeping by the wasteside of today  
All the barbershops and funeral-homes were open  
And the customers were coming and the business was doing great

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow  
Just dreaming dreams and drooling on my bed  
All the people in my town would be born  
Then they'd get themselves a little hair cut  
And then promptly after they'd be dead

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow  
When a drunk girl awoke me on the train  
But I did not see her stumbling and I did not hear her mumbling

As I dubbed myself a passenger  
And kindly stepped away

I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow I was sleeping  
I was sleeping I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow  
I was sleeping by the wasteside of tomorrow of tomorrow  
Ladies and gentlemen  
I was just sleeeeee-ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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