

**Sleeping In
The Postal Service**

Toda a música é assim

Bb Gm Eb F

Last week I had the strangest dream where
Everything was exactly how it seemed
Where there was never any mystery of who shot John **Eb.** Kennedy
It was just a man with something to prove
Slightly bored and severely confused
He steadied his rifle with his target in the center
And became famous on that day in november

Don t wake me I plan on sleeping in

Again last night I had that strange dream
Where everything was exactly how it seemed
No concerns about the world getting warmer
People thought that they were just being rewarded
For treating others as they d like to be treated
For obeying stop signs and curing diseases
For mailing letters with the address of the sender
Now we can swim any day in november

Don t wake me I plan on sleeping in