

# THE PAPER MOTHERS

## INSOMNIVORE

lullabies for insomniacs



A NOTE FROM THE LABEL

## The Little Light's Been On

---

Three in the morning is the most honest address on earth. Everyone who lives there is telling the truth, mostly to the ceiling. I have lived there. So have you — or you wouldn't be reading a lyric booklet at, let me guess, some unreasonable hour.

We named the record after the thing we were afraid of. An insomniore is whatever eats your sleep: the worry, the wonder, the hum your mother got wrong that you have kept, loyally, wrong. The Mothers' argument — and it took me eight songs to believe them — is that the creature was never hunting you. It simply gets hungry at the same hour you get honest, and it hates to eat alone.

So no, these lullabies will not put you to sleep. That was never the assignment. They will sit up with you, which is different, and rarer, and — the Mothers have asked me to say this plainly — enough. You've done enough. The window's going grey. Good morning.

— *Simon Oré*

HEAD OF ONE HAND CLAPPING RECORDS

# Doors At Midnight

---

*(come in, come in)*

Leave your shoes by the cold,  
leave the day in the hall.  
there's a coat for your coat  
and a hook for it all.  
*(you're not the only one)*  
*(you're not the only one)*

The little light's been on  
in a house with no power.  
we don't ask how. we sing.  
it's the smallest hour.

Doors at midnight, love —  
bring the blue thing you keep.  
we don't take it to clean it.  
we take it so you'll sleep.  
*(or don't. or don't. we're up too.)*

check the blanket, not the clock —  
the clock's on our side of the wall.  
time in here runs like honey:  
slow, gold, and not at all.

*(come in, come in)*  
*(the dark's got a bulb in it)*

## Wear A Path

---

Heel to the window,  
toe to the door.  
I have walked to Tokyo  
across this floor.

wear a path, wear a path  
the boards know the way.  
I don't go anywhere.  
I just don't stay.

Three thousand steps  
back and forth on the rug.  
turn at the lamp  
like a moth, like a drug.

wear a path, wear a path  
the boards know the way.

*(sway / sway / it's how I pray)*  
*(sway / sway / I'll pace till grey)*

the boards know the way.  
*(and I pace and I pace)*

the boards know the way.  
*(and I pace and I pace)*

the boards know the way.

# The Hum You Got Wrong

---

she hummed it wrong on purpose,  
or she hummed it wrong by heart  
either way I kept it,  
the broken little part.

Four bars that don't resolve,  
a door that doesn't close.  
I have hummed it wrong for thirty years  
It's the only way I knows.

and the tune it comes out crooked  
and the dark, it come on deep  
and the only thing she left me  
is the thing I got to keep.

*(...you have it wrong.)*  
*(...you have it wrong.)*  
*(that's not the way, to sing this song)*

so I won't learn the real one.  
let the right notes all stay lost.  
I'd rather hum her wrong  
than hum her gone.

and the tune it comes out crooked  
and the dark, it come on deep  
and the only thing she left me  
is the thing I got to keep.

*(...you have it wrong.)*  
*(...you have it wrong.)*  
*(that's not the way, to sing this song)*  
*(the broken little part...)*  
*(the broken little part...)*

# I Should Probably Go to Sleep Soon

---

new notebook, new tab,  
 new reason to stay.  
 I'll fix the whole world  
 by the end of the —  
 (hey.)

*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*

the good ideas only come  
 when the good people don't.  
 two a.m. is honest.  
 sleep says it'll call. it won't.

*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*

— but I won't, but I won't —  
*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*  
 it's the truest thing I don't.

there's a version of me  
 who turned in at ten.  
 I have never met him.  
 I don't trust him. amen.

the work is a wall  
 and the wall is a friend  
 and the friend keeps the quiet  
 from the quiet's own end.

*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*

— but I won't, but I won't —  
*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*  
 — but I won't, but I won't —  
*(I should probably go to sleep)*

The pillow is calling  
 I shouldn't go on  
 But my brain is still going  
 And it's already dawn

*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*

— but I won't, but I won't —  
*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*  
 — but I won't, but I won't —  
*(I should probably go to sleep)*

*(I should probably go to sleep soon)*  
 (...soon. ...soon.)

## The Other Side of the Pillow

---

flip it over, there it is  
the cool side, the kept side,  
where the good dreams lie face-down  
and the cold keeps them alive.

the other side of the pillow  
holds the night you didn't have.  
it whispers what you'd dream  
if you ever lay that long.

*(...lay down. I'll tell you the rest.)*

*(...lay down. I'll tell you the rest.)*

but I flip it and I rise,  
flip it and I pace  
chasing the cool with my hand  
and never with my face.

the other side of the pillow...

every dream I own  
is kept in a thing I won't use right.  
cool as a coin, cool as a key  
the door I stay on my own side of.

*(...lay down. I'll tell you the rest.)*

*(not yet. not yet.)*

## Four A.M. Carousel

---

the walls have started breathing,  
the lamp's a little drunk.  
the floor is going sideways  
and I've thoughted all I can thunk.

four a.m. carousel  
round and round we go,  
the horses all asleep  
and the music won't let go.

I'm so tired I'm electric,  
I'm so gone that I'm clear.  
everything is funny.  
nothing's wrong in here.

*(up / up / the painted horse)*  
*(up / up / of course, of course)*  
laugh till it's a hymn,  
spin till it's a prayer.

four a.m. carousel...

the music won't let go.  
*(round / round / round...)*  
*(round / round / round...)*

and the music won't let go.  
*(round / round / round...)*

## The Window's Going Grey

---

the window's going grey  
like it do most every morn.  
the streetlight gives its shift up.  
somebody honks a horn.

and the dark it didn't take you.  
and the dark it never do.  
it just leaves you with its quiet  
and a lullaby or two

you worked the whole night through it,  
you paced and you swayed,  
you held the quiet open  
till the quiet went all grey.

**You've done enough.**

*(the window's going grey)  
(rest your hands. not your eyes — your hands.)*

**You've done enough.**

## Good Morning

---

take the blanket off the hook now.  
it kept fine. they always do.  
the night has held you heavy.  
the morning's come for you.

good morning, yes, good morning  
what you made is what you keep.  
you were never meant to lose it.  
you were never meant to sleep.

you don't need sleep. that's all right.  
you were busy being brave.  
you danced the dark down gently  
you know sleep is for the grave

they called you an insomniore  
the one who eats the night.  
but look: the night's all gone now,  
but not your appetite.

so good morning..  
*(it's morning..)*  
good morning

L I N E R   N O T E S

# THE PAPER MOTHERS

*lullabies for adults who remember*

---

*Nobody wrote them and nobody joined them. They are what was left in the rooms after enough bedtimes — three figures, three kinds of comfort, each with its cost. The label found them already singing and has, sensibly, never asked a second question about the first one.*

## M O T H E R   F O O L S C A P

*The Paper One — glassy music-box soprano; the bright-sharp songs. Love that cuts, and means it kindly.*

## M O T H E R   M A I N S P R I N G

*The Wind-Up One — warm alto; the center that holds the room. Love that runs down; the ritardando is hers.*

## M O T H E R   M U M

*The Apron One — the whisper at the turn; face never fully shown. One full line per album, and not one more.*

M A T I N É E S   A T   M I D N I G H T   ·   T H E   C O A T   C H E C K   T A K E S   B L A N K E T S

INSOMNIVORE

# Eight Lullabies for Insomniacs

---

- 01 Doors At Midnight
- 02 Wear A Path
- 03 The Hum You Got Wrong
- 04 I Should Probably Go to Sleep Soon
- 05 The Other Side of the Pillow
- 06 Four A.M. Carousel
- 07 The Window's Going Grey
- 08 Good Morning

*All songs performed by The Paper Mothers*

*Mother Foolscap — the bright-sharp songs · Mother Mainspring — the warm center  
Mother Mum — the whisper at the turn*

NIGHTLIGHT : ON

PRODUCED BY SIMON ORE

*(P) & © 2026 One Hand Clapping  
released June 29, 2026*

FROM THE MOTHERS

## Before You Go

---

The record is finished, they tell us, the way a night is finished — which is to say it isn't, quite, it only turns grey and lets you go. We have checked the blanket. We have left the little light on.

If a bright song cut you, that was Foolscap. She means it kindly; it cuts anyway; both are true and she will not choose between them. If a song came in slower than it went out, that was Mainspring, giving what she had left. Do not correct her. Nothing that loves you ends at the tempo it began.

And if, once, at the turn of a verse, the air in the room changed — that was the third of us. She smoothed your collar. You were nearly under. You will remember it slightly wrong, which is the only way she has ever agreed to be kept.

So. You worked the whole night through it. You paced, and you swayed, and you held the quiet open. You've done enough. The window's going grey. The doors are at midnight — bring the blue thing.

— *The Paper Mothers*

*(...we're up either way, love. come in, come in.)*

