

# The Living

**Natalie Merchant**

What's it like there outside  
With the living, with the living  
Here I [Incomprehensible] place I can hide  
From the living, from the living  
'Cause I don't care to stay with the living  
Oh, the bottle has been to me  
My closest friend, my worst enemy  
Oh afraid that I walked a fine line  
Squandered it all and wasted my time  
And I don't stand a chance among the living

For the lovers I've gambled and lost  
Count my mistakes whatever the cost  
I'll go off, I'll make myself scarce  
Oh, come tomorrow you won't find me here  
'Cause I don't care to stay with the living  
I don't think I'll remain with the living  
And I don't care to stay with the living  
No, I don't care to stay

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