Room with a View

Tina Dickow

First thing he does when he climbs out of bed
He searches out a place to drink his daily bread
He wraps himself up tight in alcohol
It keeps him warm at night, like grandmas shawl
When he was a child, with everything planned
And his body was clean
Now he sits all alone
In a room with a view of the brick wall he's run into
Life has a way of leaving people like him stained
First thing she does when she goes out at night
She sells a smile to get what fills her inside
She brings plenty home and slowly gets stoned in a room by herself
She sits all alone in a room with a view of the brick wall she's run into
Life has a way of leaving people like us stained

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