

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
You, 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

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