Empty Bed

The Good Life

Out a little late aren't you?
What's out there I don't give you?
Don't I drink and sleep with you?
What you want you'll never get-
what you want is infinite.
You'll never get your fill of it.So again you drink
and you grind your teeth.
Gnashing at the bit
of this emptiness
you can't swallow down.
It echoes in your
mouththe words keep bounding outUp a little late aren't you?
You let an empty bed scare you.
Still I drink and sleep with you.

Standing up to stay awake,
you start to blink you start to sway.
Blacking out another day.

So again you sleep
and you grind your teeth.
On the kitchen floor
you can't feel a thing -
that's what you perfer - yeah,
you found a cure for it.
Uh-oh.
Uh-oh.
And again you wake
from a drunken sleep.
make some promises
you know you'll never keep -
but at least you try.
Or at least you try to
try.
Uh-oh.
Uh-oh.

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