

# 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  
mouth the words keep bounding out Up 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 prefer - 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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