Bedsitter ('91 Version The Grid Remix)

Soft Cell

Sunday morning going slow
I'm talking to the radio
Clothes and records on the floor
Memories of the night before
Out in club-land having fun
And now I'm hiding from the sun
Waiting for a visitor
Though no-one knows I'm here for sure[Chorus]
Dancing laughing
Drinking loving
And now I'm all alone
In bedsit land
My only homeI think it's time to cook a meal
To fill the emptiness I feel
Spent my money going out
I've nothing I'm left without
Clean my teeth and comb my hair
Look for something new to wear
Start the nightlife over again
Kid myself I'm having fun[Chorus]Look out from my window view
I've really nothing else to do
Read a book and write a letter
Mother, things are getting better
Watch the mirror count the lines
The battle scars of all the good times
Look around and I can see
A thousand people just like me[Chorus: x2]I'm waiting for something
I'm only passing time

Songwriters
ALMOND, MARC/BALL, DAVID JAMESPublished by
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