

Life Is Bad

Shelby Lynne

Waste away to nothin' in a dark, dusty tomb
Lookin' for the traces of what used to be a room
Wipe away the blood from a tormented brow
Solve the wicked problem, never asking how Rock the sinking vessel till it rests on the bottom
Count the waves of water, don't remember, forgot them
Taste the stench of livin' on thin dimes and a dream
Opening an ear to a painful silent scream Oh, life is bad
Oh no, worst I ever had Ache and writhe in agony like a vise on aging bones
Tar and acid drip from an ice cream cone
Holding onto a wind that chases the hell
Fallin' in the darkness of an inner descending well Caress transparent night as a demon with a sword
Speak with an eloquence, never saying a word
Look into the clarity, then erase it with the muck
Lying in a pool of consciousness, no such thing as luck To being a beginner, to inventing the end
To livin' with a strangler, never a friend
Saddle, slobbering beast, trouble is abound
Ride the devil's bronco, never hit the ground

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