

Without Her

Curt Boettcher

I spend the night in a chair
Thinkin' she'll be there but she never comes
And then I wake up and wiped the sleep from my eyes
And I rise to face another day without her
It's just no good anymore
When you walk through the door of an empty room
And then you go inside and sat at the table for one
It's no fun when you spend the day without her
We burst the pretty balloon it took us to the Moon
Such a beautiful thing bit it's ended now
And it sounds like a lie if I say I'd rather die
Than live without her
I spend the night in a chair
Thinkin' she'll be there but she never comes
And then I wake up and wiped the sleep from my eyes
And I rise to face another day without her

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