

# Bedsitter

## Ping Pong Bitches

Sunday morning going slow, I'm talking to the radio  
Clothes and records on the floor, the memories of the night before  
Out in Clubland having fun and now I'm hiding from the sun  
Waiting for a visitor though no-one knows I'm here for sure  
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land

My only home I think it's time to cook a meal to fill the emptiness I feel  
Spent my money going out, I've nothing in I'm left without  
Clean my teeth and comb my hair and look for something new to wear  
And start the nightlife over again and kid myself I'm having fun  
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land

My only home I look out from my window view that really nothing else to do  
Read a book maybe 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  
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land

My only home Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land  
My only home  
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving

Lyrics provided by  
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