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 sureDancing, 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 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 funDancing, laughing, drinking, loving
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land
My only homeI 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 meDancing, laughing, drinking, loving
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land
My only homeDancing, laughing, drinking, loving
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land
My only home
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving

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