

I Get Lonesome

Beck

Well, there ain't nobody left to impress
And everyone's kissing their own hands
This 666 on the kitchen floor
Ain't no fire in the pan?
I get lonesome So glad to be a slab
Stiff as a stick on a board
I get thoughts and dirty socks
Piled in the corner
I get lonesome Getting fat on your own fear
Bring that beer over here
I stomp on the floor
Just to make a sound

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