The Bed

Walter Jackson

On his side of the bed
He's sleeping like a baby dreams are dancing in his head
Lying with his lady, its a peaceful night
And everythings just fine, on his side of the bedBut on her side of the bed
Those big brown eyes are crying from the things he never says
And deep inside she's dying as she turns to face the wall
There's no love at all, on her side of the bedIf he'd just reach out she'd forget about
All the times that he let her down
Oh, but in his mind everythings all right
When the lights go outNow on his side of the bed
He never even noticed her neglege of red, the very same one that
She wore the night that they were wed
But he never turned his head, to her side of the bedIf he'd just reach out she'd forget about
All the times that he let her down
Oh, but in his mind everythings all right
When the lights go outNow on his side of the bed
He wakes up and turns to say "I love you"
But instead all he finds are pages full of words, she never said
And thats all she left on her side of the bed

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