

# Room With a View

## Warrant

First thing he does when he climbs out of bed  
He searches out a place to drink his daily bread  
He wraps himself up tight in alcohol  
It keeps him warm at night, like grandmas shawl  
When he was a child, with everything planned  
And his body was clean  
Now he sits all alone  
In a room with a view of the brick wall he's run into  
Life has a way of leaving people like him stained  
First thing she does when she goes out at night  
She sells a smile to get what fills her inside  
She brings plenty home and slowly gets stoned in a room by herself  
She sits all alone in a room with a view of the brick wall she's run into  
Life has a way of leaving people like us stained

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