

# Bed Sores

## Fireworks

I'm glad that you still came by  
But it wasn't really icy outside  
I was just in one of my moods  
Now we're laughing on the sheets in my room  
My mother she slept on the couch  
While deer hooves made holes in the ground  
Maybe my brothers blood  
Dripped on me from the top bunk  
I keep telling myself  
Everybody's hell's better than my own  
And my hell's my own  
The neighbors were young back then  
And their homes were new to them  
Now they can't sleep at night  
Cause their husbands are dying inside  
Their husbands are dying inside  
I keep telling myself  
Everybody's hell's better than my own  
And my hell's my own  
These houses are headstones  
These basements they are graves  
After getting out, I  
I never thought I, would want back in  
I want back in  
I keep telling myself  
Everybody's hell's better than my own  
And my hell's my own  
(Everybody's hell's better than my own)  
And my hell's my own

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