

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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