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 roomMy mother she slept on the couch
While deer hooves made holes in the ground
Maybe my brothers blood
Dripped on me from the top bunkI keep telling myself
Everybody's hell's better than my own
And my hell's my ownThe 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 insideI keep telling myself
Everybody's hell's better than my own
And my hell's my ownThese houses are headstones
These basements they are graves
After getting out, I
I never thought I, would want back in
I want back inI 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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