

Dance Hall Crashers, Truly Comfortable

i woke up early on a friday night
my head was spinning from the neon lights
took pills and whiskey just to ease my pain
my tears were falling down like acid raindrops
ain't got no one that i can call my own
i do my talking on the telephone
i get my comfort any way i can
don't get no love from any girl or man

ain't got no one that i can call my own
i do my talking on the telephone
truly comfortable, truly comfortable
i've never been so, i've never been so
i've never been so, i've never been so

i hear the music on the radio
i watch the people as they come and go
another day goes by i stay at home
i've got your picture but i'm all alone
look in the mirror and i see myself
the perfect picture of my fading health
no one there who wants to look me up
go to the kitchen and i drink a cup

ain't got no one that i can call my own
i do my talking on the telephone
truly comfortable, truly comfortable
i've never been so, i've never been so
i've never been so, i've never been so.....

go to the window on a friday night
this time around i'll take a different flight
i took my chances any way i could
i've tried my hardest but it's just no good
look at the pictures thrown accross the floor
i don't believe that i can take much more
i pull the covers way above my head
the ceiling crumbles all around my bed

ain't got no one that i can call my own
i do my talking on the telephone
truly comfortable, truly comfortable
i've never been so, i've never been so
i've never been so, i've never been so

i've never been so, i've never been so
i've never been so, i've never been so...