

# Murray McLauchlan, Met You At The Bottom

I watched your lightnin' matches at you table  
The white haze fired up your brain  
And you laughed like hell at somethin' nobody else could see  
And you weren't home to explain  
You weren't home to explain

Everybody loves a loser  
They want to see him pay his dues  
Everybody loves a loser  
But they don't want him to stand in his shoes  
They don't want him to stand in his shoes

I watched you heart subsiding  
The angels in you couldn't stand the pace  
Stone statues with dark faces now stood in their place  
Now stood in their place

Everybody loves a loser  
They want to see him pay his dues  
Everybody loves a loser  
But they don't want him to stand in his shoes  
They don't want him to stand in his shoes

They found you on the ground one morning  
Dead soldier laying by your side  
And wondered who it was they tried to kid  
When they said you almost died  
When they said you almost died