

Natalie Merchant, The Living

What's it like there outside
With the living, with the living
Here I've found a place I can hide
>From the living, from the living
Because I don't care to stay with the living

Oh, the bottle has been to me
My closest friend, my worst enemy
Full of flavor I walked a fine line
Squandered it all and wasted my time
And I don't stand a chance among the living

For the lovers I've gambled and lost
Count my mistakes whatever the cost
I'll go off, I'll make myself scarce
Oh, come tomorrow
You won't find me here

Because I don't care to stay with the living
I don't think I'll remain with the living

And I don't care to stay with the living
No, I don't care to stay