

Bell X1, Bad Skin Day

When I wake in the morning
Of a bad skin day
And I can't face my lover
On a bad skin day
Am I this alone?
Volcano has erupted
And the ash sails down
And I'm a poor soul of Pompeii
Oh Christ I'm such a drama queen
On a bad skin day

And you're far from me
You're all far from me
Right where I want you to be
Far from me

I could've got a job
I could've been a contender, when I never
But the streak is only so long
They're all different shades
Of the same song
There's a wind in these sails, feels like I'm always waiting
For the gold in them there hills, feels like I'm never
Them there hills

And they're far from me
Someday we'll all wear a crown
Far from me
Someday we'll be the fairest of them all
So far from me
Someday we'll have an
Open top bus parade
For from me
Someday we'll do the
Sorry sorry charade

It feels like we're always waiting
It feels like we're never leading