

Bishop Allen, The News From Your Bed

You were saving the date
But you woke up too late
Pulled the covers down over your head
You haven't left your front door
For a week maybe more
Tell me, hey, what's the news from your bed
You know your face is all covered with your birthday cake
That you're eating in the kitchen at home
Another banner year, a splendid day
Another inch or two that you've grown
But it's hard to celebrate on your own

There's a mouse in cupboard that nibbles your crumbs
And you talk to him every night
You say, "Hey, Mr. Whiskers, I'm bored and I'm numb
You can stay if you just treat me right."
Just last year you were fortunate baby
And your friends circled around you in droves
Are they thinking of you? Maybe just maybe
But not a one has bothered to phone
Tell me where oh where did they go

Called a car an hour ago
You're gonna take yourself out
Despite the cold and snow
Did they forget about you
Are they in on it too?
You're sitting looking in the mirror
At your dancing shoes

When your family calls you make nice to them all
And assure them you're fine and you're great
Then you cry in the bath, cry so hard that you laugh
Then you watch television til late
Who do you need? Nobody.
You're lucky nobody's around
I can pour my own drinks
No thanks, Mister. Go on, and get out of town
And you're gorgeous in your evening gown.