

Coma, A Better Man

Lying on the pavement in front of the desk clock
Bleeding from a broken nose
I?m missing a tooth, I have no hope of
Smiling at the filthy door

Stuffy hotel in a rainy season
I?m smoking near the window
Stranger and rats she?s calling me mister
I?m thinking of my baby now

It comes across as if this?
You and me
It comes across as if this?
There on their side

I was told
That these pictures
Comes to reality and secret dreams is at bay
Is that nightmare really man?

Now I?m going to hang around again
I?m going to fight with demons
There won?t be mercy until I fall down
But I?m going to be a better man

It comes across as if this?
You and me
It comes across as if this?
There on their side

It comes across as if this picture
Is now a fantasy
But is that me? Is that me?
Is that me?

It comes across as if this?
You and me
It comes across as if this?
There on their side

It comes across as if this picture
Is now a fantasy
It?s not me, it?s not me