

David Gray, Living Room

My good friends speak
Like they did last year
Last nights just a blur
Through a head full of beer
My good friends speak
Like they did last year
And last year's just a blur
Through a head of full beer

Where's your wisdom
Put that broken bottle down
Let the wind in your sails
Take you out of this town so sad

I think I'm dying
And if life's just a living room
Then I'm in the hall and I'm glad
If life's just a living room
I'm in the hall and I'm glad
Oh I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad

Now the dawn it has broke
Still the night don't clear
Memories falling in the mornin' rain
I'm up too close, to see it clear
And last year's just a blur
Through a head of full beer