

Lagwagon, Unfurnished

The TV's broke
Her cheeks are soaked
The drink is empty
And now he is everything she hates
Her lowest day
It's all the same It's all the same
This house is drowning in inevitable silence

And it's always been on
In another born sick love
Never made her question right or wrong
In a sea of failure he's numb

Upstairs discussed
Small words cut through what once was their trust
And then he gets everything he wants
Silent treatment
She's out of breath
There's no one left around
He will have regret when there is nothing left to say

And it's always been on
In another born sick love
Never made him question right or wrong
In a sea of failure he's numb

It's already killed me
That's already killed me
It's already been there
That's nothing new
I overdosed I dug an hole
I buried them and died with you
In a sea of failure and I am numb