

# Leo Sayer, Bedsitterland

I'm thinking of taking the easy way out  
open the window I'll fall to the ground  
I could do it -- wouldn't be  
I gotta little place here in the city  
it's kind of small and dirty, it's a bedsitter  
and there's a lot of us living  
and when the night comes 'round  
I can see a lot of lonely lights  
there are people in there breathing  
and there's a man below me on the balcony  
crying to be heard  
screaming to be heard  
I'm haunted by  
I've slept in the gutter on a summer's day  
oh I've bummed cigarettes in the night cafes  
I've joined the  
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there are people in there breathing