

Living Colour, Living In A Box

The morning is dead and the day, is, too.
The step is up here to meet me but the velvet fool.
All my loveliness I have felt today.
It's a little more than enough to make a man throw himself away.
And I continue to burn the midnight lamp alone.
Now the smiling portrait of you is still hanging on my frowning wall
It really doesn't really doesn't bother me to watch at all
It's just the ah ever fallinglove dust that makes it so hard for me to see
that forgotten earring clear on the floor facing coolly the one at the door
And I continue to burn the midnight lamp alone.
Yeah yeah.
Lonely lonely lonely.
Ah. Oh. Loneliness is such a drag.
So here I sit to face that same old fire place
getting' ready for the same old explosion goin' through my mind.
Yes, soon enough time will tell about the circus in the wishing well
and someone who will buy and sell for me, someone who will tow my bail
And I continue to burn the same old lamp alone
Yeah midnight lamp,
Can you hear me callin' you?
So lonely. Gotta blow my mine
Yeah, yeah. Lonely lonely.