

Marc Almond, Bedsitter

Sunday morning going slow
I'm talking to the radio
Clothes and records on the floor
Memories of the night before
Out in clubland having fun
Now I'm hiding from the sun
Waiting for a visitor
But no one knows I'm here for sure.

Dancing
Laughing
Drinking
Loving
And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land,
My only home

I think it's time to cook a meal
To fill the emptiness I feel
Spend my money going out
I've nothing left, I'm left without
Clean my teeth and comb my hair
Look for something new to wear
And start the nightlife over again
And kid myself I'm having fun

Dancing
Laughing
Drinking
Loving
And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land,
My only home

I look out of my window view
There's really nothing else to do
Read a book maybe write a letter
'Mother, things are getting better'
Watch the mirror, count the lines
The battle scars of all the good times
Look around and I can see
A thousand people just like me.

Dancing
Laughing
Drinking
Loving
And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land,
My only home

Dancing
Laughing
Drinking
Loving
And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land,
My only home

I'm waiting for something...
I'm only passing time...
And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land
My only home

Dancing
Laughing

Drinking
Loving