

Space, There's No You

This room is getting smaller
The walls are closing in
And I'm so bored with my own conversation
The stairs to our bedroom
Seem so much higher than ever
Especially when you're sleeping alone

But I still have that painting
We bought in Rome
The one I hated and you adored
Now I own

There's no you
What's the point without you
There's no you
What's the point without you

My friends think I'm wasting
My whole life away
But I'm not the type to cry in my liquor
I'll do my crying in private
And cry myself to sleep
At least I won't cry in public places

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Some folks say it's all about survival
And wiping the floor with all your rivals
But you were too bright and oh so full of culture
And I prayed on you like a big old fat vulture
Just circling high above your halo

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What' the point without you