

William Fitzsimmons, Body For My Bed

This is my last chance to ever make it right
before they turn out every single light
and figure out that this is not my home
my mother warned me of people that would take advantage of my money and my grace
but she forgot to tell me i'm the same
and i'm the one to blame

and i was born to lay it on your back
cause i have chosen the sadness that you lack
but you won't let me back into your heart

oh god my bed is empty
oh god my bed is empty

and jesus told me that you would be okay if i began to go out on some dates
and find myself a body for my bed
and all your stories filled with cavious caveats
about the past you told me you forgot
but hold on tightly when no one is around
i'm terrified for the time you were gone
and how we both(?) intend to linger on
to keep me company at least just for a while

oh god my bed is empty
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