

Cell Soft

"Bedsitter"

Visit "[Bedsitter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

And now I'm hiding from the sun

Waiting for a visitor

Though no-one knows I'm here for sure

Chorus:

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

Spent my money going out

I've nothing I'm left without

Clean my teeth and comb my hair

Look for something new to wear

Start the nightlife over again

Kid myself I'm having fun

Chorus

Look out from my window view

I've really nothing else to do

Read a book and 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

Chorus 2*

I'm waiting for something

I'm only passing time

Visit [Cell Soft](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.