

Bishop Allen

"The News From Your Bed"

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You were savin the day
but you woke up too late
pulled the covers down over your head
you haven't left your front door
for a week maybe more
but tell me, hey, what's the news from your bed?

You know your face is all covered with your birthday
cake
that you're eatin in the kitchen at home
another banner year, a splendid day,
another inch or two that you've grown
but it's hard to celebrate on your own

there's a mouse in your cubby that nibbles your crumbs
and you talk to him every night
you say, "hey mr. whiskers I'm bored and I'm numb
you can stay if you just treat me right."

just last year you were fortunate baby
and your friends stuck round you in droves
are they thinking of you? maybe just maybe
but not a one is bothered to phone
tell me where oh where did they go?

called a car
about an hour ago
you're gonna take yourself out
despite the cold and snow
did they forget about you?
are they in on it too?
you sit lookin in the mirror
at your dancin shoes

when your family calls
you make nice to them all
and assure them you're fine and your great
then you cry in the bath
cry so hard that you laugh
and you watch television till late

who do you need? nobody

You're lucky nobody's around
I could pour my own drinks
no thanks mister
go on, get out of town
and you're gorgeous in your evening gown

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