

## **Bugs In Amber "Bedroom Furniture"**

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Bitterness your holding not quite deep enough  
underneath your skin  
Somehow seeps through it's here keeps surfacing  
Not again.  
Ugliness I've finally grown enough to see. This doesn't  
go away  
Infectious circle whirlwind holiday.  
And we're free.

Everytime we seem to climb from the ruts and bury  
alibis  
We still somehow sweep our lives under rugs and  
bedroom furniture.  
Be it difficult to see, a shear light and sudden change  
in me.  
This time i don't want to fight, let you know that i've  
moved forward.

You

If i advise you on your way good fortune you reject  
The simple maturity to wish me on my way well too  
Run out of my. Run out of my. Run out of my patience  
with you  
Run out of my run out of my run out of my patience with  
you.

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