

Chesney, Kenny

"Square Room"

Visit "[Square Room](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Vic Chesnutt)
Sitting in a square room
My voice is freezing
And the beams that are bouncing off the moon
Are hanging from my window like icicles
Just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic
Shivering and homesick
Staring at a wooden floor
Staring at a wooden floor
Last night I nearly killed myself
Chasing rum with rum
There were crows flying all around my head
And I sure caught and ate me some
It's funny how I alienated
Those who I was trying just so
So hard to impress
Now half those fuckers hate me
And I'm just a fool to all the rest
Why do I insist on drinking myself to the grave
Why do I dream about cozy coffin
I had all these plans of great things to accomplish
But I end up purely pathetic more than often

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