

Clem Snide

"Loneliness Finds Her Own Way"

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Loneliness finds her own way
'Cause her skin is so soft
I'm cutting my teeth on her shoulders
And cracking my knuckles while holding her hand

Loneliness finds her own way
When the bridges are out
Under construction forever
Changing her form she fits like my clothes
And trying to kiss her I bloody my nose

Loneliness finds her own way
Through parking lot
Cities with a coal miner's sense
And I know her love is not worth it
As the thing to try to impress
As the thing to try to undress

Loneliness finds her own way
For her I won't be afraid
I'm holding on to her picture
'Cause her good looks have
Faded from all those parades
'Cause her good looks have
Faded from all those parades

Good looks have faded
From all those parades
Good looks have faded
Good looks have faded
From all those parades

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