

Beth Hart

"Happiness.. Any Day Now"

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Happiness is leaning on my shoulder
like a cigarette, burning me all over
It is killing me, slipping through the cracks of my
sweet misery, Sunday morning stories of you
is always all about you.

Happiness is crying in the kitchen drinking
like a friend and all my ugly wishes, it is
listening while I'm chocking on my pride and all the
songs I scream, Sunday morning stories of you
is always all about..

[chorus]

Happiness is laughing at me like a clown.

Watching my Nervana crashing to the ground.
In the middle of the perfect nervous breakdown.
Happiness, any day now.

Loneliness is hiding with the lonely falling
gratefullness while polishing his trophy she was
beautiful but beautiful don't matter after
wonderful sunday morning stories like these
are always all about..

[chorus]

Running, always running, always falling
on my, falling on my face!

[chorus]

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