

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
It's 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 choking on my pride
and all the songs I scream

Sunday morning stories of you
It's always all about you

Happiness is laughing at me like a clown
Watching my Nirvana crash into the ground
In the middle of the perfect nervous breakdown
Happiness any day now
Any day now

Loneliness
is hiding with the lonely thinking
greatfulness while polishing its trophy
she was beautiful, but beautiful don't matter
after wonderful

Sunday morning stories like these
Are always all about you

Happiness is laughing at me like a clown
Watching my Nirvana crash into the ground
In the middle of the perfect nervous breakdown
Happiness any day now
Any day now
Any day now
Any day now

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

Happiness is laughing at me like a clown
Watching my Nirvana crash into the ground
In the middle of the perfect nervous breakdown
Happiness any day now
Any day now
Any day, any day now

Happiness any day now
Happiness any day now
Happiness any day now

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