

Dave McPherson**"The Bed"**

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This is the place,
Where she laid her head,
When she went to bed at night,
And this is the place,
Our children where conceived,
Candles lit the room at night,
and this is the place,
Where she took a razor,
And cut her wrists that faithful night,

And i said oho oho oho what a feeling,
And i said oho oho oho what a feeling,

This is the place,
Where we used to live,
I payed for it with love and blood,
These are the boxes,
Kept on the shelf,
Filled with her poetry and stuff,
And this is the place,
Where she cut her wrists on that faithful night,

And i said oho oho oho what a feeling,
And i said oho oho oho what a feeling,

I never would have started if i known it would end this
way,
But funny thing im not even sad that,
It stopped this way,

This is the place,
Where she laid her head,
When she went to bed at night,
And this is the place,
Our children where concieved,
Candles lit the room that night,
And this is the place,
Where she took a razors,
And cut her wrists that faithful night,

And i said oho oho oho what a feeling,

And i said oho oho oho what a feeling.

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