

Ira Losco

"Bedsitter"

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Sunday morning going slow
I'm talking to the radio
Clothes and records on the floor
The memories of the night before
Out in club land having fun
And now I'm hiding from the sun
Waiting for a visitor
Though no-one knows I'm here for sure

Dancing laughing
Drinking loving
And now I'm all alone
In bedsit land
My only home

I think it's time to cook a meal
To fill the emptiness I feel
Spend my money going out
I've nothing in I'm left without
Clean my teeth and comb my hair
And look for something new to wear
And start the night life over again
Kid myself I'm having fun

I look out from my window view
There's really nothing else to do
Read a book maybe write a letter
Mother, things are getting better
Watch the mirror count the lines
The battle scars of all the good times
Look around and I can see
A thousand people just like me

Dancing laughing
Drinking loving
And now I'm all alone
In bedsit land
My only home
(x2)

