

Jesse Malin "Basement Home"

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Didn't go to work at all
Couldn't even make the call
Skipped payments on my truck
Grabbed my last hundred bucks
Bought you a pretty dress
But still you weren't impressed
I'm sinking down on your love
Where is the god above
Sinking down on your dreams
And it's harder than it seems
Took her to the county fair
And she didn't even care
Like my first wife I couldn't keep
She left me for the big sleep
We share a bottle on Labour Day
When I'd walk you'd dun away
I'm sinking down on your love
Where is the god above
Sinking down on your dreams
And it's harder than it seems
Trying to get to you ever since I made parole
Trying to get out some heaven in this basement home
Talk of going back to school
Show them all you're not a fool
Talk of going back to bed
And we watch TV instead
And sometimes I feel like this
I need more than a kiss
She is only 12 years old
She don't believe in God

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