

John Ralston

"When I Was A Bandage"

Visit "[When I Was A Bandage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I can't count
And I can't think straight
I lost you this afternoon
Now it's raining, so I think I'll sleep in late
I can't think of anything to do

And I could say I'm not afraid
But you'll find out anyway

Little bits of cloud, go on and bite your lip
I was just a bandage when you lost your tourniquet
Just a singing boy whose songs were worn like zippered
scars
Waiting to be born
(Waiting to be born)
(Waiting to be)

All the doctors and all the medicine
Insurance men keep you alive
All the times I should have been there
Keeping hope above your bed at night

So when I tell you I'm not alone
I'm just pretending someone else is home

Little bits of cloud, go on and bite your lip
I was just a bandage when you lost your tourniquet
Just a singing boy whose songs were worn like zippered
scars
Waiting to be born

Waiting to be born
Waiting to be born
Waiting to be born
Waiting to be born

Sorry vampire

Visit [John Ralston](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

