

## Leo Sayer "Bedsitterland"

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Writers: Leo Sayer & Frank Farrell

I'm thinking of taking  
The easy way out  
Open the window  
I'll fall to the ground  
I could do it -- wouldn't be much too it

I gotta little place here in the city  
It's kind of small and dirty, it's a bedsitter  
And there's a lot of us living here  
Wall to wall in one big house

And when the night comes 'round  
I can see a lot of lonely lights  
There are people in there breathing  
But it don't seem right  
In the streets way down below me  
I'm listening for just a sound  
But nobody comes around  
In bedsitterland

And there's a man below me on the balcony  
Crying to be heard  
Screaming to be heard  
I'm haunted by his words  
And the people in the street just shrug their shoulders  
Saying he's disturbed  
He's in another world  
Screaming at the birds  
Crying to be heard  
I hear his every word

I've slept in the gutter on a summer's day  
Oh I've bummed cigarettes in the night cafes  
I've joined the breadline  
Believe I got a deadline

I gotta little place here in the city  
It's kind of small and dirty, it's a bedsitter  
And there's a lot of us living here  
Wall to wall in one big house

And when the night comes 'round  
I can see a lot of lonely lights  
There are people in there breathing  
But it don't seem right  
In the streets way down below me  
I'm listening for just a sound  
But nobody comes around  
The lights are going down  
Nobody comes around  
In bedsitterland

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