

Matthew Ryan

"Comfort"

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I was sitting in hell's kitchen
Contemplating murder
Contemplating murder
Contemplating the great escape
When you walked in looking like crap
But satisfied
I swear that you looked satisfied
And I hated you for that
Well someone once said
If you never look back
Then you'll never regret, nothing
Oh but nothing has got a way
Of sneakin' up
Well I know you did not ask
But I've got some comfort to offer
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts
Well the bum that slipped underneath the fridge
Like a phantom card,
We call him happiness
Oh that happiness
Is a miserable son of a bitch
Now the kitchen's getting crowded
And the band is really loud
And there's a fat man
Saying he's my friend
Well hey man if you're my friend
Will you spot me a drink?
And the couple in the corner
They're the reason why I hate
Rock and roll
Cause rock and roll,
Is dead it's dead
Well I know you did not ask
But I've got some comfort to offer
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts

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