

## Afterhours "The Bed"

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This is the place where she lay her head  
When she went to bed at night  
And this is the place our children were conceived  
Candles lit the room brightly at night

And this is the place where she cut her wrists  
That odd and fateful night  
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling  
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

This is the place where we used to live  
I paid for it with love and blood  
And these are the boxes that she kept on the shelf  
Filled with her poetry and stuff

And this is the room where she took the razor  
And cut her wrists that strange and fateful night  
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling  
And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

I never would have started if Iâ€™d known  
That itâ€™s end this way  
But funny thing, Iâ€™m not sad at all (vers.orig. "I'm not  
at all sad")  
That it ended this way (vers.orig. "That it stopped this  
way ")

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And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling.

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