

Ste McCabe **"Bedsitter"**

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Sunday morning going slow I'm talking to the radio
Clothes and records on the floor
The memories of the night before
Out in club land having fun
And now I'm hiding from the sun
Waiting for a visitor
But no-one know's I'm here for sure
I think it's time to cook a meal
To fill the emptiness I feel
Spend my money going out
I've nothing in I'm left without
Clean my teeth and comb my hair
And look for something new to wear
Start the nightlife over again
And kid myself I'm having fun
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving
And now I'm all alone
In bedsit land my only home
I look out from my window view
There's really nothing else to do
Read a book maybe write a letter
Mother, things are getting better
Watch the mirror
Count the lines
The battle scars of all the good times
I look around and I can see
A thousand people just like me.

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