

Melissa McClelland**"Solitary Life"**

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Better keep the heat off 'till the snow falls
I'll fill up on whiskey, rye and reruns
Scrambled Perry Como
Keep the volume down low
Or wake her fragile sleep

Oh, how there's longevity in silence
Maybe I'll just sing myself a tune
Or when January comes
I'll find myself a gun
And do away with all these quiet sounds

Solitary Life
Come and get me, Jesus Christ
I'm the last one you expected
But you never resurrected
Could not wait another second for you to rise

Quietly the visitors escape
And I am left alone to recuperate
From a dire expedition
And a fiery rendition
Of a humble life

Brooding just beneath the varnished pine
The wicked smell of death and turpentine
Well, I'd offer up a flower
But, my intentions have grown sour
And my tears have dried

Solitary Life
Come and get me, Jesus Christ
I'm the last one you expected
But you never resurrected
Could not wait another second for you to rise

I traded in the winter for a soft bed
Pastel Gladiolus, fist of ashes
Above your lovers feast
Below the hungry streets
I'll be laughing

It's the permanence that makes you tear your shirt
Or claw with desperate hands at frozen dirt
But you cannot change the wind
Or the pallor of my skin
Oh my sweetest earthling
Oh my sweetest love

Solitary Life

Come and get me, Jesus Christ
I'm the last one you expected
But you never resurrected
Could not wait another second for you to rise

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