

Woods Of Ypres

"Distractions Of Living Alone"

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When I come home at the end of the day, everything is
just where I left it...

No one has called, nothing has changed, everything is
just how I left it...

I haven't spoken a word in days, except for cursing the
noise in the hall...

I haven't spoken a word in days, to anyone else at all...

And so, as I go, I'll leave my body for you...

And so, as I go, don't feel sorry for me

For life is the sacrifice, before you die

And so as I go, I'll leave my body for you...to...see...

A bed all alone in the bedroom

A vacant space where a table should be

Some posters on the walls

The bathroom mirror covered in spit

I have made such desperate attempts to make this a
nice place to live...

And I have failed, for I have tried to fill this dead empty
space with a life!

All this time on my hands,

And I have no where to go,

Haunted by the distractions of living alone

I hope you'd be the first one to find me

After I'd concluded the past behind me

So hold your hands, over your mouth

And run to tell the others...

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