Jeff Bridges "Woke Up In A Strange Place"

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The ghost comes to visit
With my keys in his pocket
Kisses in my mouth with his
Eyes hanging out of his sockets
My memorie's crumbling
Under still resistance
I was torn out like pages
From the book of existence

I woke up in a strange place
Music so loud that I spit up my beer
I made a call for my blackened cab
Some destination was moving on in
I remember the words that you told me
Now they come down so hard, so plain
Fate is going to find you love in a glass of champagne

Love came calling
As a counterfiet mistress
Stealing from the pockets
Of a Sado-masochist
Mouthing for us to praise
Like a tongue on christmas
Cigarets smelling
like the fear inside my chest

Yes, and I lied to my host that I told him
That I knew how far I could go
But I emptied my guts out
On his brand new stereo
Well he paid me to go upstairs
And spend a night with his friend
I never want to see
My face in the mirror again

I woke up in a strange place
My mind a blur and some redon my chin
I met a ride in a blackened cab
Some destination was all that he had
Easy now, this car is speeding up
For my last chance, crash in to freedom

Fate is going to find your love in your glass of champagne

Sweat pours down
You're in the back seat sleeping
And she waits by the window
On an empty bed, weeping
The ghost guns the motor
To the home that he promised you
I guess this is the time when my
Best intentions become accidents

This is my story for the dislocated
Who want to love but who turn to be hated
Because the lies of the spirit possessed you
Because the eyes of your lover resist you
Listen now, you keep your aim steady
As your temple turns to kiss the pistol
Fate is going to find your love in a glass of champagne

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