

Flaming June "Parka"

Visit "[Parka](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A troubled drunk
Fell in her bed
To get to know the best friend he ever had, truly

And he dreams of her
And he waits for the word
Like a dog for his owner, loyal

(To a) dead-end job in debt to credit cards
If you don't know where to go, it could be a while or
never
(To an) empty home haunted by the ghosts
Which once made him whole, miss the company of
someone

And he wrote it down in a letter, bye-bye-bye
Then he threw it out in the trash, a day later

A wounded girl, by her choices
Would end up losing the best friend she ever had, truly
And she dreams of him
And she stares in the mirror
There's no inner peace at all

Visit [Flaming June](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.