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Bell Fable "Bad Skin Day"

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When I wake in the morning
Of a bad skin day
And I can't face my lover
On a bad skin day
Am I this alone?
Volcano has erupted
And the ash sails down
And I'm a poor soul of Pompeii
Oh Christ I'm such a drama queen
On a bad skin day

And you're far from me You're all far from me Right where I want you to be Far from me

I could've got a job
I could've been a contender, when I never…
But the streak is only so long
They're all different shades
Of the same song
There's a wind in these sails, feels like I'm always
waiting…
For the gold in them there hills, feels like I'm never…
Them there hills

And they're far from me
Someday we'll all wear a crown
Far from me
Someday we'll be the fairest of them all
So far from me
Someday we'll have an
Open top bus parade
For from me
Someday we'll do the
Sorry sorry charade

It feels like we're always waiting

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