

New Multitudes "Talking Empty Bed Blues"

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My neighbors all see me stumblin home
They can see there's somethin perty bad wrong
They hear me singin the wrong kind of song
Just cause my bed's been empty too long

My birds sing loud cause I told them all
To get on the beam, to get on the ball
And to bring you here, so I can lay my head
And to warm up my old empty bed

Just too empty! That empty bed of mine

This empty bed of mine is my worst curse
It hurts you little, it hurts me worse
It hurts the vine that climbs my post
But my empty bed hurts me the most

I'm prayin and a-prayin, pretty soon your head
Will come and put an end to my empty old bed
If ya don't come soon, I'm apt to be dead
Or just God's dead. My empty old bed.

Just too empty! That empty bed of mine

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