

## **Timber Timbre**

### **"Bad Ritual"**

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There's a hair on the bed  
The clock has stopped ticking  
And nothing remotely romantic has been said  
Let's not pass on the steps, let's take the season very  
easy  
Let's take pills, salt water - let's keep looking ahead

Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual  
Oh, but it calms me down  
Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual  
Oh, but it calms me down

There is a history in pictures  
There is evidence in boxes  
There is proof of your love for him, long after it's dead  
And every creak, a trigger, I will think of you with others  
I could not smother out dead fire in my head  
And saw your levitating chair  
I found your long blond hairs  
I felt your poltergeist presence in the frame of the bed  
Every creak is a trigger, I will think of you with others  
I found depravity convinced me I may no longer care

Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual  
Oh, but it calms me down  
Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual  
Oh, but it calms me down

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