

## **Antennas To Heaven "A Good Boy"**

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I can remember the door closing. That very first feeling of being alone. Of not understanding where you'd gone. Or if you would be back tonight. Or in the morning or ever. I can remember you going. But the rest is a blur. I remember trying to stay awake as the light faded. The darkness closing in and not being able to reach a light switch. You had left me one. A single bulb. In the bathroom. With it's hard floors that caught on my feet. I remember the light. I remember sitting on the bathroom floor to wait. But the rest is a blur. I remember trying to sleep. Giving in to the darkness and allowing the shadows to grow on my eyes. But it didn't come. I was tired but afraid. Afraid of the movement in the windows. The coloured blurs through the glass. So I paced. I remembered pacing. The sound of my feet on the carpet. But the rest is a blur. I studied the floor until I found it. Some piece of paper. A piece of paper that smelled of you. But I couldn't read it, and before I could regret I destroyed it. Torn into a million pieces with my teeth. But the rest is a blur. I remember finding places. Places you had hidden from me. Behind things, unopened cupboards and under cabinets. I walked them. I made them my own. And then I left shit in the corner. But the rest is a blur. And I remember it was then that it happened. It was then that there was a touch and a crash. And I hid from the noise. The aroma that burned my nose. But after time. After it had settled and you still weren't here, I ventured out. I became brave. And holding my breath I began to touch the damp carpet with my tongue. I began to fill my stomach with the alien fumes. And that's what I remember. I remember the world beginning to sway and the rest begin to blur.

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