

## **Beneath The Sheets "X's On My Calendar"**

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I never figured when we met  
Your history of petty theft, would lead to a homicide  
I should have run a background check  
Before I asked you to be my, lawfully wedded wife  
Blood covered pistol placed in my hand  
Honey what's going on?  
Blue lights and sirens, it all makes sense  
I gotta take the fall

There's no more banging my head up against the  
prison wall  
Waiting for every call  
There's no more X's on my calendar  
Baby I'll be coming home  
To the empty city we once knew as Rome

I've spent five years stuck in this hole  
I feel like I have lost my soul, only god knows I'm  
innocent  
Yeah you've been out there on your own  
Waiting to hear your voice is how all of my days are  
spent  
Meet with the warden cause it's my time  
Honey I'm coming home  
Tells me, "sit down son your wife has died"  
I got nowhere to go

All of the things I've seen  
They just don't mean a thing  
All of the things I know  
They just don't matter...

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