

Ryan Matthew**"Comfort"**

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I was sitting in hell's kitchen
contemplating murder
Contemplating murder
Contemplating the great escape
When you walked in looking like crap
But satisfied
I swear that you looked satisfied
and I hated you for that
Well someone once said
if you never look back
Then you'll never regret, nothing
Oh but nothing has got a way
of sneakin' up
Well I know you did not ask
But I've got some comfort to offer
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts
Well the bum that slipped underneath the fridge
Like a phantom card,
we call him happiness
Oh that happiness
Is a miserable son of a bitch

Now the kitchen's getting crowded

And the band is really loud

And there's a fat man

saying he's my friend

Well hey man if you're my friend

Will you spot me a drink?

And the couple in the corner

Tehy're the reason why I hate

rock and roll

Cause rock and roll,

is dead it's dead

Well I know you did not ask

But I've got some comfort ot offer

Nothing very good or bad ever lasts

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