

Saybia

"Bedsitterland"

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Leo Sayer & Frank Farrell
I'm thinking of taking
The easy way out
Open the window
I'll fall to the ground
I could do it -- wouldn't be much too it
I gotta little place here in the city
It's kind of small and dirty, it's a bedsitter
And there's a lot of us living here
Wall to wall in one big house
And when the night comes 'round
I can see a lot of lonely lights
There are people in there breathing
But it don't seem right
In the streets way down below me
I'm listening for just a sound
But nobody comes around
In bedsitterland
And there's a man below me on the balcony
Crying to be heard
Screaming to be heard
I'm haunted by his words
And the people in the street just shrug their shoulders
Saying he's disturbed
He's in another world
Screaming at the birds
Crying to be heard
I hear his every word
I've slept in the gutter on a summer's day
Oh I've bummed cigarettes in the night cafes
I've joined the breadline
Believe I got a deadline
I gotta little place here in the city
It's kind of small and dirty, it's a bedsitter
And there's a lot of us living here
Wall to wall in one big house
And when the night comes 'round
I can see a lot of lonely lights
There are people in there breathing
But it don't seem right
In the streets way down below me

I'm listening for just a sound
But nobody comes around
The lights are going down
Nobody comes around
In bedsitterland

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