

## Soft Cell "Bedsitter"

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Sunday morning going slow, I'm talking to the radio  
Clothes and records on the floor, the memories of the  
night before  
Out in Clubland having fun and now I'm hiding from the  
sun  
Waiting for a visitor though no-one knows I'm here for  
sure

Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land  
My only home

I think it's time to cook a meal to fill the emptiness I feel  
Spent my money going out, I've nothing in I'm left  
without  
Clean my teeth and comb my hair and look for  
something new to wear  
And start the nightlife over again and kid myself I'm  
having fun

Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land  
My only home

I look out from my window view that really nothing else  
to do  
Read a book maybe write a letter, mother, things are  
getting better  
Watch the mirror count the lines, the battle scars of all  
the good times  
Look around and I can see a thousand people just like  
me

Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land  
My only home

Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving  
And now I'm all alone in bedsit land  
My only home  
Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving

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