

## Bedroom in Hell

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Hell's not hot  
It's so cold that it burns  
So I'm watching the pot  
Until the fire returns

The voices of those familiar  
Whisper "I'm sorry my son"  
If the devil ain't already killed you  
Thy kingdom may never come  
Yeah

So what do you think  
Of my bedroom in Hell?  
Always drips in the sink  
Never a drop in the well

One by one the guilty trudge  
All in single file  
One by one they leap from the ledge  
One by one they land in the pile

And they wait for the fireworks to start  
They wait in the darkness alone  
If the devil had half of a heart  
Oh, then he might just come back home

So what do you think  
Of my bedroom in Hell?  
Always drips in the sink  
Never a drop in the well

Well I hope you don't think me ungrateful  
But I can't think of what could be worse  
Than to sit all alone on a bed made of stone  
Watching the shadows rehearse

See...Hell ain't no place where they melt you down, no  
In fact it's so cold that you learn  
To sit with your sins 'til a new day begins  
And the devil returns

So what do you think  
Of my bedroom in Hell?  
Always drips in the sink  
Never a drop in the well

So what do you think  
Of my bedroom in Hell?  
Always drips in the sink  
Oh, never a drop in the well

Never a drop in the well  
Oh there's never a drop in the well  
Well there's never a drop in the well  
Never a drop in the well  
Never a drop in the well