I Get Lonesome

Well there ain't nobody left to impress And everyone's kissing their own hands This 666 on the kitchen floor Ain't no fire in the pan? I get lonesome...

So glad to be a slab Stiff as a stick on a board I get thoughts and dirty socks Piled in the corner I get lonesome...

Getting fat on your own fear Bring that beer over here I stomp on the floor Just to make a sound I get lonesome... Beck