

The Day I Lost My Voice (The Suitcase Song)

Copeland

As sure as the floor 'neath my toes,
And somehow not surprised
That I was superimposed
Somehow in this life
And if my friends and my foes
Would just drop me a line
That'd be nice

You see love is a drink
That goes straight to my head
And time is a lover
And I'm caught in her stead
And the sentiment there follows me
Straight to my bed through the night

I've got my life in a suitcase
And ready to run run run away
I've got no time
'cause I'm always trying to run run run away
'cause everyday it feels like it's only a game
I've got my life in a suitcase, a suitcase, a suitcase

What could be an anchor here
With a storm on the rise
When you're never meant to see so clear
When smoke gets in your eyes
And the man in the moon
Never makes his replies understood?

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I've got no time
'cause I'm always trying to run run run away
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I've got my life in a suitcase, a suitcase, a suitcase

For a moment I was warm and the world made sense
For a moment here this storm had no consequence

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I've got my life in a suitcase, a suitcase, a suitcase