

## Square Room

Cowboy Junkies

Sitting in a square room  
My voice is freezing  
And the beams that are bouncing off the moon  
Are hanging from my window like icicles

Just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic  
Shivering and homesick  
Staring at a wooden floor  
Staring at a wooden floor

Last night I nearly killed myself  
Chasing rum with rum  
There were crows flying all around my head  
And I sure caught and ate me some

Funny how I alienated  
Those who I was trying just so, so hard to impress  
Now half those fuckers hate me  
And I'm just a fool to all the rest

Why do I insist on drinking myself to the grave?  
Why do I dream about cozy coffin?  
I had all these plans of great things to accomplish  
But I end up purely pathetic more than often

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