

# Basement Apartment

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Well, you live out where the street ends  
In a basement apartment with one of your friends  
And the tap drips all night  
Water torture in the sink  
The furnace is burning  
But it's still cold, I think

And I can smell the bleach  
That they use in the hall  
But it can't clean the dirt off of me  
It's seeping under the door  
In across the floor  
It's starting to hurt

Every time I breathe  
Every time I try to leave  
Every time I breathe

Now the toaster sticks  
And the empties are piled  
I haven't been up the stairs in a while  
I gotta wash the sheets on my bed  
I gotta watch those things that go unsaid  
God, I wish we'd leave it at this

Every time I breathe  
Every time I try to leave  
Every time I breathe

And every evening, you open the door  
You come down  
There's nothing like watching TV all night underground  
And no one is watching me slide  
Below street level, barely alive

Well, now we live out where the street ends  
In a basement apartment just like our friends  
We always said that we were different  
But we know now that we weren't  
'Cause there's holes in all the bottles  
And my lungs hurt

Every time I breathe  
Every time I try to leave  
Every time I breathe