

Curse The Bed

Laura Bell Bundy

I moved the mattress to the middle of the floor
I can't sleep a wink where love was made before
Took a hammer to the frame as it broke down, I did the same
All the memories, all the blame, in the middle of the room and
in my way

I curse the bed
Pour on some gasoline
I curse the bed
Throw a match on all our dreams
Burn it to the ground, where you laid me down
I could curse the moon, curse your love, curse your name
But instead I curse the bed

I took a shower, put on a long white dress
Danced for hours, around the flames, around the mess
Poured some champagne, made a toast, said goodbye to all my ghosts
But all that metal, all that steel, are like your words that I
still feel

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