

I'd Rather

Liz Lawrence

All my days are getting longer
The shadows at my feet, they getting taller
All my nights are getting shorter
There's trouble with my sleeping heart
There's trouble with my sleeping heart

I'm drinking for two
I don't know what to do with my days
Get out of bed a thousand ways
And the queen wears her jeans as she's watching TV
She yells at that screen, you don't know what you mean
I know we're all confused, oh I swear that wasn't me
That wasn't the person my mother brought me up to be

All my days are getting longer,
The shadows at my feet are getting taller
All my nights, they getting shorter
There's trouble with my sleeping heart
There's trouble with my sleeping mind

Mind is the face of every mistake that you made
And no you cannot start again
And you're thinking of thoughts that I know are not yours
So open that door, cause my head is oh so sore

Soul shouts for more
Soul screams for more
And my head is sore
As my soul, soul shouts for more
Soul screams for more
And my head is sore
As my my soul, soul shouts for me
Soul screams for more
And my head is sore

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