

The Living

Natalie Merchant

What's it like there outside
With the living?
From this broken down place
Where I hide
From the living
From the living

Cause I don't care to stay
With the living

O, the bottle has been to me
My closest friend and
My worst enemy
Afraid that I've walked a fine line
Squandered it all
And wasted my time

And I don't stand a chance
Among the living

All the lovers I've gambled and lost
Count my mistakes
Whatever the cost
I'll go off, I'll make myself scarce
Come tomorrow
You won't find me here

Cause I don't care to stay
Among the living

No, I don't think I'll remain