In this two bedroom tomb

She might as well be dancing on my grave

I'm sitting all alone with the television static and refrigerat or drone $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right)$

I'm waiting for those blessed arms that seem to wrap around me Six or seven times praying for the to come home I could cut myself to pass the time Haven't felt anything in days
A six year old girl dances on my ceiling