

# Back to Bed

Ron Pope

You are my addiction  
The needle and the spoon  
There were parts of me that loved you  
But they ran away too soon

I am sorry if I hurt you  
That wasn't my intent  
I will pack my bags and leave this place  
So why don't you go back to bed

I remember what she said to me  
On the day she finally left  
It was October 17th  
We had not yet made the bed  
I sat there in the living room  
Drinking coffee all alone  
As she paced the hallway silently  
Til I asked her what was wrong

And she said

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Oh oh  
Back to bed  
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When I first regained my consciousness  
And awoke to all the noise  
I was staring out a window  
Minutes outside of Detroit

I bet she's still in Michigan  
Somewhere far away from me  
But her voice rings in my nightmares  
When she comes to me and screams

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This afternoon I thought about  
The last mistakes I made  
I am not sure what I did to her  
Or how I pushed her away

And with the winter closing in on me  
I am falling far behind  
Like when I first lost my innocence  
And then I lost my mind

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