

## Pour

Save Face

A half-full full-size bed in a home that you wish you'd forget  
Could've been there when you woke up in the morning  
But I woke up in my car instead  
Would you ruin me like you used to?

My remains will become the rain that will pour on your grave  
On the day that your mother can't contain it no more  
While she begs on her knees saying  
"Why can't you tell me what I did to deserve this?  
Oh God, just send me to Hell"  
But she's no sinner, no matter how bitter, how poor

Will you ever get used to the fact that I won't be there  
When you wake up in the morning now?  
Just a half-full full-size bed  
No home, just a house