

## Glued To The Bed

The Royston Club

This night has grown around me  
But I don't recognise the black  
That I used to ache to see  
This bird has flown without me  
But I don't scrape away the plaque  
That scourge upon our sheen

This sunken room surrounds me  
But I don't push against the walls  
On the blu tack stains above my draws  
Left hanging over me  
A constellation endlessly reminding me that  
I'm no better off  
Oh, she's still hanging over me

She left me with a shrill  
Banging noise that I can't kill  
I hope that next time love won't leave me  
Glued to the bed

Fate is only maybe dressed up in expensive furs  
Love is just an accent you put on for pretty girls  
But how I loved that title she hung loose around my neck  
Last week I was her lover now she's stitching up my chest

She left me with a shrill  
Banging noise that I can't kill  
I hope that next time love won't leave me  
Glued to the bed  
I numb the constant ill  
With anything that won't stay still  
I hope that next time love won't leave me  
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Oh, I've been walking bent over so the wind can't dry my tears  
The pain is all that's left of her, won't let that disappear  
Oh, Ben, she's boxed up and thrown you, completely broke you  
But I'm still thinking of her, when I'm not thinking at all

(I keep digging up these bones)  
When I'm not thinking at all  
(I keep digging up these bones)  
When I'm not thinking at all  
(I keep digging up these bones)  
When I'm not thinking at all  
(I keep digging up these bones)  
When I'm not thinking at all