

# Buried Alive

Tim Booth

My civil unions relocated  
From the bedroom to the kitchen  
3 children  
Domesticated  
How did this come to be?

Love my children  
Even my husband  
He commutes  
Repetition in the city  
Pays for perfection  
Few indiscretions  
None he'd own

Buried alive  
I don't believe in hereafter  
Buried alive  
Don't close the lid I survived  
Buried alive  
More of this but just darker  
Whatever happened, happened to me  
Gone gone gone.

My life was fluid  
Now I'm bitter and sharp  
Like this cold coffee  
That I sip in the dark  
The dregs of regret  
Better get used to it

Let's face it  
Life is for the young  
When you're full of hope  
And the future looks strong  
Now every photograph I see  
Well it looks wrong wrong wrong

Don't say downturn  
I'm in depression  
Mortgage and pensions  
Where's the resurrection  
From the high life  
To a housewife  
Wrong wrong wrong

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Buried alive  
More of this but just darker  
Whatever happened, happened to me  
Gone gone gone

No self pity  
Whatever happened  
Happened to me  
No self pity  
Whatever happened  
Happened to me