

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~~ld~~ 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~~ll~~ be 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~~ll~~ be full of hope
And the future looks strong
Now every photograph I see
Well it looks wrong wrong wrong

Don~~t~~ say downturn
I~~ll~~ be in depression
Mortgage and pensions
Where~~ll~~ be the resurrection
From the high life
To a housewife
Wrong wrong wrong

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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

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