

Reckoning

Whiskey Myers

This house is cold and lonely
This place is just a tomb
It's an old cruel reminder of the past
That's what's left of me and you
I can't sleep in our bed no more
Misery shakes me to the bone
Even when I try to get some rest
I cannot sleep alone

So I hide from the reckoning
I hide from the truth
And I hide from the reckoning
Till I'm lying next to you
Till I'm lying next to you

These prescription pills get me by
At the bottom of a bottle every night is where I hide
I hide from the fact that you're gone
And after all these years I'm all alone
At the end of my road now
On my way to ease the pain
When I get there I put that cold steel to my head
I squeeze the trigger beside your grave

Hide from the reckoning
Hide from the truth
Yea, I hide from the reckoning
Till I'm lying next to you
Till I'm lying next to you
Till I'm lying next to you

Yea I hide from the reckoning
I hide from the truth
Yea I hide from the reckoning
Till I'm lying next to you