

## Comfort

Matthew Ryan

I was sitting in hell's kitchen  
Contemplating murder  
Contemplating murder  
Contemplating the great escape

When you walked in  
Looking like crap but satisfied  
I swear that you looked satisfied  
And I hated you for that

Well, someone once said  
If you never look back  
Then you'll never regret, nothing  
Oh, but nothing  
Has got a way of sneakin' up

Well, I know you did not ask  
But I've got some comfort to offer  
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts

Well, the bum that slipped underneath the fridge  
Like a phantom card, we call him happiness  
And all that happiness is a miserable son of a bitch

Now the kitchen's getting crowded  
And the band is really loud  
And there's a fat man saying he's my friend  
Well, hey, man, if you're my friend  
Will you spot me a drink?

And the couple in the corner  
They're the reason why I hate rock and roll  
'Cause rock and roll is dead, is dead, is dead

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But I've got some comfort to offer  
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts