

Bed I Made

Allen Stone

I took a plane over the stars,
It didn't get me very far,
'Cause all my problems, they follow me,
I flew to the moon, but it wasn't far enough away from you,
'Cause all our problems, they follow me, yeah, hey, yeah,

And every night, I close my eyes,
And all my troubles fade,
and every morning when I rise,
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made, yeah,

One million times inside of my mind, oh
I have justified, baby
But all my problems still follow me,
And I discovered a way to cleverly avoid the blame,
But all my problems still follow me,

And every night, I close my eyes,
all my troubles fade,
But every morning when I rise,
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made,

I can't outrun the pain, oh,
Should have faced these demons as they came, yeah,
And what I wouldn't trade,
To make some room in this bed I made,

'Cause every night, I close my eyes,
And all my troubles fade,
But every morning when I rise,
I'm just sleeping in this bed,
I'm just sleeping in this bed,
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made.