

# Loneliness Finds Her Own Way

Clem Snide

Loneliness finds her own way  
Cause her skin is so soft  
I'm cutting my teeth on her shoulders  
And cracking my knuckles while holding her hand

Loneliness finds her own way  
When the bridges are out  
Under construction forever  
Changing her form she fits like my clothes  
And trying to kiss her I bloody my nose

Loneliness finds her own way  
Through parking lot cities with a coal miner's sense  
And I know her love is not worth it  
As the thing to try to impress  
As the thing to try to undress

Loneliness finds her own way  
For her I won't be afraid  
I'm holding on to her picture  
Cause her good looks have faded from all those parades  
Cause her good looks have faded from all those parades  
Good looks have faded from all those parades  
Good looks have faded  
Good looks have faded from all those parades