

# The Day I Lost My Voice (The Suitcase Song)

Copeland

As sure as the floor 'neath my toes,  
And somehow not surprised  
That I was superimposed  
Somehow in this life  
And if my friends and my foes  
Would just drop me a line  
That'd be nice

You see love is a drink  
That goes straight to my head  
And time is a lover  
And I'm caught in her stead  
And the sentiment there follows me  
Straight to my bed through the night

I've got my life in a suitcase  
And ready to run run run away  
I've got no time  
'cause I'm always trying to run run run away  
'cause everyday it feels like it's only a game  
I've got my life in a suitcase, a suitcase, a suitcase

What could be an anchor here  
With a storm on the rise  
When you're never meant to see so clear  
When smoke gets in your eyes  
And the man in the moon  
Never makes his replies understood?

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For a moment I was warm and the world made sense  
For a moment here this storm had no consequence

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