

My Own Sweet Bed Tonight

Eleanor McEvoy

While I'd like a glass of whiskey,
It will not change my mind.
So if it's offered for that reason,
Or if you're just being kind.

I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
I won't try to explain.
I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
It's much too hard, to explain.

So take some comfort in that whiskey,
It's often been my friend,
And if it warms a lonely body,
Well who's to say it's bad.

I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
I won't try to explain.
I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
It's much too hard, to explain.

If kindness takes a little longer
It's worth the extra time,
Some have lives so long in darkness,
They don't even recognise the light.
Understand, there's a child in everyone,
We should watch what we say.
Everyone has their battles and their pain,
Hidden somewhere away.

I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
I won't try to explain.
I will go to my own sweet bed tonight,
It's much too hard, to explain.