

I Reach For Her Hand

J Church

Saturday night, and it starts with a fight,
A fifth of gin and a bag of ice,
I know she is angry; she has every right,
"You fucking motherfucker" a thousand times,
"Did you fuck her in this room?"
But I'm out of words; I am empty,
I reach for her hand but it's no good,
This is awful. It's sickening

I lie on the mattress staring at the ceiling,
I can't stand to think that this is our last feeling

So hopeless, so hopeless,
So hopeless, so hopeless

We raged a drunk all last night,
We slept away all the daylight,
I have no use for the sun anymore,
It only reminds me that I'm still alive,
Do you know about loss?
A loss gone deep inside,
Oh God how I have lost the love for my life

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I can't stand to think that this is our last feeling

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