

## 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

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