

Basement Home

Jesse Malin

Didn't go to work at all
Couldn't even make the call
Skipped payments on my truck
Grabbed my last hundred bucks
And bought you a pretty dress
But still you're not impressed

I'm sinking down on your love
Where is the God above?
I'm sinking down on your dreams
And it's harder than it seems

Took her to the county fair
And she didn't even care
Like my first wife I couldn't keep
She left me for the big sleep
You shared my bottle on Labor Day
When I woke you'd run away

I'm sinking down on your love
Where is the God above?
I'm sinking down on your dreams
And it's harder than it seems

Trying to get to you ever since I made parole
Trying to put some heaven in this basement home

Talk of going back to school
Show them all you're not a fool
Talk of going back to bed
And we watch TV instead
And sometimes I feel like this
I need more than a kiss

I'm sinking down on your love
And there ain't no God above
I'm sinking down on your dreams
And it's harder than it seems
And she is only twelve years old
She don't believe in God