

## Sweet Illness Of Mine

Lifelover

The whiskey bottle's almost empty  
As well as the pack of smokes  
Been awake for several days now,  
Haunted by the memories

My heart has become colder than this room,  
Long time since I felt joy or happiness  
All of the roses you planted have lost  
Their touch and faded away

Thinking back on the good times we had,  
When we would laugh  
The wind blew in your hair as we  
Drove across the country

Not even all of the world's whores  
Can satisfy me anymore  
I've lost the spark and light,  
Nothing to hold close to my heart

I keep staring at the chromed.45,  
Lying on the living room table  
A moment of silence...