

Comfort

Matthew Ryan

I was sitting in hell's kitchen
Contemplating murder
Contemplating murder
Contemplating the great escape

When you walked in
Looking like crap but satisfied
I swear that you looked satisfied
And I hated you for that

Well, someone once said
If you never look back
Then you'll never regret, nothing
Oh, but nothing
Has got a way of sneakin' up

Well, I know you did not ask
But I've got some comfort to offer
Nothing very good or bad ever lasts

Well, the bum that slipped underneath the fridge
Like a phantom card, we call him happiness
And all that happiness is a miserable son of a bitch

Now the kitchen's getting crowded
And the band is really loud
And there's a fat man saying he's my friend
Well, hey, man, if you're my friend
Will you spot me a drink?

And the couple in the corner
They're the reason why I hate rock and roll
'Cause rock and roll is dead, is dead, is dead

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But I've got some comfort to offer
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