

# The Living

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What's it like there outside  
With the living?  
From this broken down place  
Where I hide  
From the living  
From the living

Cause I don't care to stay  
With the living

O, the bottle has been to me  
My closest friend and  
My worst enemy  
Afraid that I've walked a fine line  
Squandered it all  
And wasted my time

And I don't stand a chance  
Among the living

All the lovers I've gambled and lost  
Count my mistakes  
Whatever the cost  
I'll go off, I'll make myself scarce  
Come tomorrow  
You won't find me here

Cause I don't care to stay  
Among the living

No, I don't think I'll remain