

Dead

Samiam

In that busted ranch house in the hills
With shit backed up into the sinks
The basement crypt so dark & thick
With smoke from endless cigarettes
Everyone came to expect a weekend that could last all
week
You do what you want, you do your best
To be the worst that you could be

There was a time and a place for anything
Where no one sleeps and no one leaves
To keep out the outside and the inside in
We hung carpets over the windows
We stoked the fire with broken chairs to keep ourselves
from freezing
The neighbors never seemed to care
Even though we gave them all so many reasons

It was the time and the place for anything
And that's just the kind of space that I'm needing
But it's all over now, dead

When you shot the bottle out of my hand you got lucky at
20 paces
A broken mirror is worth seven years I say and now you're
gonna pay
The best things happen when you least expect them
Oh I miss those days