

## 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