

## There's No You

Space

This room is getting smaller  
The walls are closing in  
And I'm so bored with my own conversation  
The stairs to our bedroom  
Seem so much higher than ever  
Especially when you're sleeping alone

But I still have that painting  
We bought in Rome  
The one I hated and you adored  
Now I own

There's no you  
What's the point without you  
There's no you  
What's the point without you

My friends think I'm wasting  
My whole life away  
But I'm not the type to cry in my liquor  
I'll do my crying in private  
And cry myself to sleep  
At least I won't cry in public places

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Some folks say it's all about survival  
And wiping the floor with all your rivals  
But you were too bright and oh so full of culture  
And I prayed on you like a big old fat vulture  
Just circling high above your halo

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