

Stuck On Amber

The Boo Radleys

Dead in the water, nothing left
Except the stench of what has gone before
Make some coffee, drink it down
And fix upon the pattern on the wall

I stare at my face,
I know every trace

And I make it hard to get along with me

Bills and heartburn, pills and soaps
And flickin thru' the books you've read before
Tears come easy, words come hard
But there really isn't much to say no more

I stare at my face,
I know every trace

And I make it hard to get along with me