

No Bed Of Broken Glass

This Time Next Year

From here the earth is glowing
Embers of crimson and gold
Like veins, the stream of lights
on highways ebb and flow in the cold
I'll be home soon
Same destination again
For now I'm losing sleep
On floors against the cold
I dream, I dream I never do
All I have to show is fleeting
Instead of falling up
I'm falling down
My senses are torrential
From distances in the sky
The roar of jets is faint
The smell before it rains gets me by
I'll be home soon
Same destination again
For now I'm losing sleep
On floors against the cold
(I'm falling down)
I'm sorry that I'm not shorry
All I wanted was a window with a view
So send your letters marked return to sender
I'm not afraid of life I only fear the end
But I want say, no, I won't say I'm sorry
I'm not sorry, I'm not