

The Bed

Tom Jones

I wake from trouble sleep
In the middle of the night
Reaching for the soft hand
That once held mine so tight
My fingers touch the pillow
Where you once layed your head
And I run my hand down
The cold cold sheets
on your side of the bed

My head spins from the perfume
That lingers every place
And I kiss the trace of lipstick
Left on your pillow case
And here in this nightmare of darkness
I remember the day we wed
And I clutch and tear
At the tear stained sheets
On my side of the bed

My arms long to hold you
My lips hunger for your kiss
And I just couldn't
Stand to go through
Another lonely night like this

These hands that once coressed you
Take a bottle from the drawer
It says take one for sleeping
But I'm taking many more
What good is there
In living if the dreams
We shed are dead
So now at last
I lay me down to sleep
On you side of the bed