

# Reckoning

Whiskey Myers

This house is cold and lonely  
This place is just a tomb  
It's an old cruel reminder of the past  
That's what's left of me and you  
I can't sleep in our bed no more  
Misery shakes me to the bone  
Even when I try to get some rest  
I cannot sleep alone

So I hide from the reckoning  
I hide from the truth  
And I hide from the reckoning  
Till I'm lying next to you  
Till I'm lying next to you

These prescription pills get me by  
At the bottom of a bottle every night is where I hide  
I hide from the fact that you're gone  
And after all these years I'm all alone  
At the end of my road now  
On my way to ease the pain  
When I get there I put that cold steel to my head  
I squeeze the trigger beside your grave

Hide from the reckoning  
Hide from the truth  
Yea, I hide from the reckoning  
Till I'm lying next to you  
Till I'm lying next to you  
Till I'm lying next to you

Yea I hide from the reckoning  
I hide from the truth  
Yea I hide from the reckoning  
Till I'm lying next to you