

One In The Same

William Beckett

Cold, every morning I confess
I kick the covers off the bed
With you at my side
The silence left unsaid
While the second hand unwinds
So I'll let you sleep instead

If you're tired of waiting out in the rain
Sneaking glances through the cracks in the window pane
And it's hard enough to shoulder the weight
Without hanging onto horrors of yesterday
Leave the storm outside
Let the doors open wide
If you're tired of waiting out in the rain
You and I, my dear, are one in the same

Home, I've had far too much drink
And that's my excuse for everything
Why is it so cold?
Dinner's getting cold
You haven't touched a thing
Looking lonely by the sink
Well it feels like I am sitting here
Soaking wet and fully dressed and barely comprehending

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