

# Bed I Made

Allen Stone

I took a plane over the stars,  
It didn't get me very far,  
'Cause all my problems, they follow me,  
I flew to the moon, but it wasn't far enough away from you,  
'Cause all our problems, they follow me, yeah, hey, yeah,

And every night, I close my eyes,  
And all my troubles fade,  
and every morning when I rise,  
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made, yeah,

One million times inside of my mind, oh  
I have justified, baby  
But all my problems still follow me,  
And I discovered a way to cleverly avoid the blame,  
But all my problems still follow me,

And every night, I close my eyes,  
all my troubles fade,  
But every morning when I rise,  
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made,

I can't outrun the pain, oh,  
Should have faced these demons as they came, yeah,  
And what I wouldn't trade,  
To make some room in this bed I made,

'Cause every night, I close my eyes,  
And all my troubles fade,  
But every morning when I rise,  
I'm just sleeping in this bed,  
I'm just sleeping in this bed,  
I'm just sleeping in this bed I made.