

Square Room

Cowboy Junkies

Sitting in a square room
My voice is freezing
And the beams that are bouncing off the moon
Are hanging from my window like icicles

Just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic
Shivering and homesick
Staring at a wooden floor
Staring at a wooden floor

Last night I nearly killed myself
Chasing rum with rum
There were crows flying all around my head
And I sure caught and ate me some

Funny how I alienated
Those who I was trying just so, so hard to impress
Now half those fuckers hate me
And I'm just a fool to all the rest

Why do I insist on drinking myself to the grave?
Why do I dream about cozy coffin?
I had all these plans of great things to accomplish
But I end up purely pathetic more than often

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