

# Bedsitter Images

Marc Almond

Sunday morning going slow  
I'm talking to the radio  
Clothes and records on the floor  
Memories of the night before  
Out in clubland having fun  
Now I'm hiding from the sun  
Waiting for a visitor  
But no one knows I'm here for sure.

Dancing  
Laughing  
Drinking  
Loving  
And now I'm alll alone in Bedsit land,  
My only home

I think it's time to cook a meal  
To fill the emptiness I feel  
Spend my money going out  
I've nothing left, I'm left without  
Clean my teeth and comb my hair  
Look for something new to wear  
And start the nightlife over again  
And kid myself I'm having fun

Dancing  
Laughing  
Drinking  
Loving  
And now I'm alll alone in Bedsit land,  
My only home

I look out of my window view  
There's really nothing else to do  
Read a book maybe write a letter  
'Mother, things are getting better'  
Watch the mirror, count the lines  
The battle scars of all the good times  
Look around and I can see  
A thousand people just like me.

Dancing  
Laughing  
Drinking  
Loving  
And now I'm alll alone in Bedsit land,  
My only home

Dancing  
Laughing  
Drinking  
Loving  
And now I'm alll alone in Bedsit land,  
My only home

I'm waiting for something...  
I'm only passing time...

And now I'm all alone in Bedsit land  
My only home

Dancing  
Laughing  
Drinking  
Loving