

Room With a View

Warrant

First thing he does
when he climbs out of bed
He searches out a place to
drink his daily bread
He wraps himself up tight
in alcohol
It keeps him warm at night
like grandma's shawl
When he was a child
with everything planned
and his body was clean
Now he sits all alone in
a room with a view
with the brick wall he's run into
Life has a way of leaving
people like him stained

First thing she does
when she goes out at night
She sells a smile to get
what fills her up inside
She brings plenty home
and slowly gets stoned
in a room by herself
Alone in a room with a view
of the brick wall
she's run into
Life has a way of leaving
people like us stained