

# Joseph Arthur, Bed Of Nails

In the past I'm burning in the flame of hope  
Trouble come and turn me into solid smoke  
In your bar I drink until I can't stand up  
Your drowning heart in the bottom of my cup

You are hurting but you are learning  
I'm still burning while I'm living  
In my own world  
On a bed of nails

No one here I would even think to trust  
I would disappear but someone just stole my crutch  
You're not here but then again you're nowhere else  
In the spinning chair melting all around yourself

You are hurting but you are learning  
I'm still burning but you are living  
In your own world  
On a bed of nails  
In your own world  
On a bed of nails