

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