

## Comfort from the fridge

When she came home this evening,  
Left her shoes in the hall, she  
Heard a voice  
She heard a voice.  
The voice belonged to a man,  
She didn't know who he was  
He wasn't there  
He's on the air

Took off her coat and her pride and dropped it down on the floor  
And left it there  
She left it there  
And the fridge gave her comfort  
Bittersweet down her throat  
So bittersweet.  
Loneliness seemed to be  
Something to swallow  
But not to eat

Then she turned on the TV,  
Tried to watch an old movie  
Black and white  
Just black and white.  
And she zapped through the channels,  
Looking for satisfaction  
Couldn't find  
She couldn't find

Took off her pants and her shame and dropped it down on the floor  
And left it there  
She left it there  
And the beer gave her comfort  
Bittersweet down her throat  
So bittersweet  
Loneliness seemed to be  
Something to swallow  
But not to beat

Silence's gnawing on your bones  
Silence's gnawing on your bones

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