

# Coma, A Better Man

Lying on the pavement in front of the desk clock  
Bleeding from a broken nose  
I?m missing a tooth, I have no hope of  
Smiling at the filthy door

Stuffy hotel in a rainy season  
I?m smoking near the window  
Stranger and rats she?s calling me mister  
I?m thinking of my baby now

It comes across as if this?  
You and me  
It comes across as if this?  
There on their side

I was told  
That these pictures  
Comes to reality and secret dreams is at bay  
Is that nightmare really man?

Now I?m going to hang around again  
I?m going to fight with demons  
There won?t be mercy until I fall down  
But I?m going to be a better man

It comes across as if this?  
You and me  
It comes across as if this?  
There on their side

It comes across as if this picture  
Is now a fantasy  
But is that me? Is that me?  
Is that me?

It comes across as if this?  
You and me  
It comes across as if this?  
There on their side

It comes across as if this picture  
Is now a fantasy  
It?s not me, it?s not me