

Why Does My Heart Feel So Bad? by Moby

His heart felt like a ten ton weight in his chest and the neck of that bottle looked blessedly... grippable. Vimes turned the bottle of whiskey over a few times, looking at the liquid sloshing in the neck and trying not to think. It had been a long day. He had argued with the Patrician about taking on trainees and making the Watch more "diverse". He had offered to do it over his dead body. He had been reminded that he would be retiring soon anyway if he stayed the course with Sybil. And then there had been Sybil. He could stand her being angry. What he couldn't stand was her being disappointed. He simply couldn't take her being disappointed at him. She had tried not to be. She had smiled when he had shown up, slurring a little already, but there hadn't been any heart in it. Vimes put the bottle in the open drawer of the nightstand and shut it firmly.

Rev It Up & Go by The Stray Cats

Vimes shut his eyes. He was undoubtedly one of life's pedestrians, and he had accepted that long ago. He liked going at a proceeding pace, and if pushed, maybe a run. He had little truck with horses, even less with carriages and he didn't like going fast. "You're not even going to look at the scenery?" Sybil asked, flicking the reins again. "I think you're missing the point of a ride outside the city..."

Rain by Muggs

Sam leaned back and put his shoulders against the wall near the gate, ducking his head and pulling the cape around his shoulders, making himself as small as possible, letting the rain drip off his helmet and cape. He liked the rain. It kept people indoors, kept them out of trouble. It took away some of the smell and made things, if not clean and new, at least cleaner and newer. He had spent many a pleasant evening in the rain, alone. He heard footsteps and the gate squeaked. "Sorry, I didn't mean to keep you waiting in the rain so long. I had to lock up the Sanctuary," Sybil said. They fell into step without any further conversation for a while, heading in the direction of Scoone Avenue. Sam considered that he had a few pleasant evenings in the rain *not* alone the last few months, too.

Blue Eyed Blues by Rich Harper Blues Band

He felt robbed when the door slammed. Cheated. He hadn't even made it to the end of the drive, and Lady Ramkin had shut the door behind him. But why? He had just said no, hadn't he? All for the best, really. She certainly deserved better than him, and it wasn't as though it could ever possibly work, anyway. She had money and grace and style and... and common sense... and... personality... and... what had he got? Nothing but a badge and a load of bad habits marinated in alcohol. He noticed his feet had stopped moving. And just for an instant, he almost turned around. What had he got? *For a second there, you had a chance. And you just blew it*, the voice in his head snapped at him.

There Goes Lucy by The Rembrandts

He had a past. Not much of one, mind you, but Vimes was painfully conscious of the fact that he had rather thoroughly turned more than one woman against him completely. He was, of course, determined not to let that happen again, but it didn't help matters to see someone who had parted company with you by throwing everything you owned out her window when you were out with your new... er... well... whatever it was he and Sybil were. Vimes nodded stiffly at Lucy was-Peterson now-Tockley and tried to ignore the open curiosity on her face. At least it inspired him to do a bit better this time around.

When I Care by Satellite Heroes

Sybil kept her face carefully composed and didn't betray any hint that she felt slightly crushed. And not a little bit angry. Okay, maybe the angry was showing a little. She wanted to kick herself for saying the polite, cold, and above all right things, and frankly, she rather wanted to kick the Captain, too, for being such an idiot. She saw him to the front door and watched him until he was halfway down the drive, and shut the door in a hurry. Right now, "angry" was winning out slightly, but "hurt" was coming up behind fast.

Spend My Life by Poi Dog Pondering

Vimes stretched a little, very carefully. Not that there was any reason to be particularly careful. The bed alone was probably bigger than some of the poky little rooms he had rented over the years. He was still sore from that business with the gonne, and maybe from other things, too, but there was a... a rightness about him that there hadn't been in a while. In years, if he were honest. It wasn't the same feeling he got when he was working, when all the gears were clicking and you were being, unabashedly, a policeman, but it was similar. An odd little thrill of sorts. He wasn't some sappy romantic, not by a long shot. Still, he couldn't stop the corners of his mouth turning up slightly. "Say it again," Sam said, feeling faintly ridiculous even as he did it.

Sybil was nearly half asleep, but her eyelashes fluttered and she laughed a little under her breath. "I said... life sentence. You're stuck with me for the rest of your life."

Sam made a snorting noise. "Fair enough."

Tomorrow Never Comes by The Mavericks

"Look, I know I haven't been... well... it's just... I... I can't keep doing this," Sam stammered. He was making a regular dog's breakfast of this speech, and he had rehearsed it a hundred times already. Maybe a thousand.

"Oh." Sybil said blankly.

"It's just... I'm sorry. For all the crazy things I've said and done. It's just..." He fell back on the one rehearsed phrase he could remember. "I've been thinking about... tomorrow... a lot." Then he fumbled in his pocket and found the ring box.

I Am Weary (Let Me Rest) by The Cox Family

He had to have the gods-damned ague. Nothing would stay down, he couldn't half sleep, and there was some part of him that was pretty sure he was dying and maybe wanted to. His feet hurt. His head hurt. His back hurt. Even his hair and eyelashes hurt. He had drunk himself into some terrible funks, but none of them even came close to this one. The door clicked, and he didn't even have to open his eyes to know it was Sybil. No one else with any sense would be within a hundred yards of him right now. "I know you don't want it, but I brought some tea," Sybil said, laying a hand on his sweaty forehead for a few moments before pressing a kiss there. Maybe he wouldn't die, after all.

Finding Me by Vertical Horizon

Sybil fumed and then fumed a little harder at herself when a tear slipped from the corner of her eye. "Don't tell me how to feel," she said quietly. "And don't ask me what I need. It's your life. Do what you want with it. You're going to anyway."

Sam shuffled his feet uncertainly in the doorway. "I didn't mean it. I didn't mean to show up--"

"Drunk?" Sybil asked. She sighed. There wasn't much else to say. You couldn't make someone give it up. You couldn't reach out and make it happen. All you could do was be there.