

All These Things

The sun don't shine on your average looking liar
Couple of bridges that I maybe could have saved from the fire
We were high notes being missed by a mile by the untrained community choir
My breath upon your bare young neck in the harsh throws of desire

Seven years have gone since then
but someday I look back again

I've got a deck of cards and a friendship ring
And the hard luck charm that the devil brings
When he comes here and gives me advice about all these things
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The one I vote for's never elected
I've got a full post box cuz I never checked it
I'm scared of clowns, I'm scared of dolls
Scared of getting letters, scared of phonecalls
I'm scared of walking by you one more time

The month of March was deffened by a thunder storm
I was listening to a blanket while the music kept me warm

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And the hard luck charm that the devil brings
When he comes here and gives me advice about all these things
I get a wake up call when the angels sing
But her sweet voice breaks and it always brings
me back to where I have to think about all these things

There are people we have left marks on
There are diamonds worth less than what's gone
There's a million mouths that are miming along
To this dead town's last good heartbreak song

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