

Ben Harper, Yard Sale (feat. Jack Johnson)

She came to gather
All of her personal effects
It seemed a bit too late
For goodbye sex
Out the window an engine idled
Some guy leaning on the hood
I'm pretty sure she's gone for good

Love is a yard sale
Strangers wander up on your grass
To hold your future hostage
And bargain for your past
But all sales are final
No returns, not that you would
I'm pretty sure she's gone for good

Many days have passed now
I lose track of time
I hear your name mentioned
I wonder, do you hear mine?
It would be a great disservice
To claim that I understood
I'm pretty sure she's gone for good