

# Honeydogs, Those Things Are Hers

Here we are  
We're finally alone now  
It's just you and me  
And the memories of her  
Please don't go  
Though I know that you're angry  
Maybe we can kill these ghosts with another glass of wine

There's the glass  
That she pressed to her lips nightly  
If you look you can see a lipstick trace  
There's the dress  
That she wore so tightly  
If you look in the mirror  
You can see her standing there

Those things are hers:  
The ring and the glass and the bed that you lie on  
And I got nerve:  
It's mean dragging up the past like she wasn't gone  
And it's a curse-to live in the shadow of a memory  
That just keeps hanging on

There's the ring that once held us together  
She wants it back  
So I'm sending it next week  
There's the coat of brown and dirty leather  
She doesn't really need it  
'Cause it's warm there out east

Those things are hers:  
The ring and the glass and the bed that you lie on  
And I got nerve:  
It's mean dragging up the past like she wasn't gone  
And it's a curse-to live in the shadow of a memory  
That just keeps hanging on

There's the lamp that she turned off everynight  
When she came to bed  
And she held me in her arms  
There's the door that she walked through daily  
And the place that I last saw her  
When she walked out on me

Those things are hers:  
The ring and the glass and the bed that you lie on  
And I got nerve:  
It's mean dragging up the past like she wasn't gone  
And it's a curse-to live in the shadow of a memory  
That just keeps hanging on