

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