

Jackopierce, Be Your Man

"down the corridor is the residence of sorrow
i'm creepin on the hardwood floor
i walk quiet on from where she lay sleepin
in the shadow of the pale moon
i leave a last tap on the crescent of her hip
my promise breath in her ear on another night
as i slip away
i wanted to be her man
i wanted to be her man
i'm waitin to be her man
yeah
i sent dispatches
well i'm a good lieutenant that way hey
from lonely stations i make and break promises
the explanations they contain
and i deliver these disappointments
with a sorrow that grows deeper and deadlier every day
yeah and i wanted to be her man
i wanted to be her man
i'm waitin to be her man
and i try and i try
i try to make it happen
it's so hard pretending that it don't even matter
understand now
come back she's moving in different patterns
she's responding to the constant strain
of fact, fiction, and promises
and to the harsh truths that they contain
so i take care, make less noise when i'm here now
so she won't hear me on the hard wood
on the nights when i've gone away
yeah
i wanted to be her man
i wanted to be her man
i wanted to be her man
i'm tryin and tryin
and i gotta make it happen
it's no good pretending that it don't really matter
and good intending
let's try and send it
and i wanted to be her man
and i'm waiting to be her man
and i wanted to be her man
and i'm tryin, tryin, tryin"