

The Good Life, Album Of The Year

the first time that i met her
i was throwing up in a ladies room stall.
she asked me if i needed anything
i said i think i spilled my drink.
and that's how it started.
(or so i'd like to believe)

she took me to her mother's house outside of town
where the stars hang down.
she said she'd never seen someone so lost.
i said i'd never felt so found.
and then i kissed her on the cheek.
and so she kissed me on the mouth.
oh oh oh oh.

spring was popping daises
around rusted trucks and busted lawn chairs.
we moved into a studio in council bluffs
to save a couple of bucks.
where the mice came out at night.
neighbors were screaming all the time.
we'd make love in the afternoon
to chelsea girls and bachelor number 2.
i'd play for her some songs i wrote
she'd joke and say i'm shooting through the roof.
i'd say they're all for you dear.

i'll write the album of the year.
and i know she'd love me then.
i swear to god she did.
because the way she'd bite my lower lip
and push her hips against my hips.
and dig her nails so deep into my skin.

the first time that i met her
i was convinced that i had finally found the one.
she was convinced i was under the influence
of all those drunken romantics.
i was reading Fante at the time.
i had Bukowski on my mind.

she got a job at jacob's
serving cocktails to all the local drunks.
against her will i fit the bill
i perched down at the end of the bar.
she says space is not just a place for stars.
i give you an inch you want a house with a yard.

and i know she loved me once.
but now those days are gone.
she used to call me every day
from a payphone on her break for lunch
just to say she can't wait to come home.
to come home.
to come home.
yeah home.

the last time that i saw her
she was picking through which records were hers.
her clothes were packed in boxes
with some pots and pans and books and a toaster.
just then a mouse scurried across the floor.
so i laughed until it didn't hurt.
i laughed until it didn't hurt.

i laughed until it didn't hurt.
ah right.