

Aimee Mann, That's How I Knew This Story Would

I drew a picture of you
You and your anchor tattoo
And saw the face that I knew
Covered in shame
You drew a bird that was here
A kind of sweet chanticleer
But with a terrible fear
That the cage couldn't tame

That's how I knew this story would break my heart
When you wrote it
That's how I knew this story would break my heart

So, like a ghost in the snow
I'm getting ready to go
'Cause baby, that's all I know
How to open the door
And though the exit is crude
It saves me coming unglued
For when you're not in the mood
For the gloves and the canvas floor

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