

# Brandtson, Mexico

Records on the floor,  
I'm giving back what's yours,  
Remember us last weekend,  
Dancing to the psychedelic furs.

I tried to tell myself,  
That we could be alright,  
Now it's me and my,  
Cigarettes and alcohol tonight.

So screen all the phone calls,  
And put the chain on the front door,  
And if you see her,  
Tell her I don't live here anymore.

Driving neighbors crazy,  
With after hour fights,  
Everything makes more sense,  
Thank God that we broke it off that night.

Holding on to you,  
Is like playing with broken glass,  
I'm fighting off the memories,  
And all the living in the past.

The post cards in the drawer,  
The pictures on the wall,  
The sound of little footsteps,  
That echo through the hall.

The post cards in the drawer,  
The pictures on the wall,  
The sound of little footsteps,  
That echo through the hall.

Sound like a heart beat,  
It's like a heart beat,  
It's like a heart break beat,  
And it's beating out of me.

So screen all the phone calls,  
And put the chain on the front door,  
And if you see her,  
Tell her I don't live here anymore.

So pull all the shades down,  
And turn off the radio,  
And if you see her,  
Tell her I moved down to Mexico.