

Cake Bake Betty, Doves

And every time we have to Part
I sit and shoot the doves in my back yard
i dig a hole in search of kites
i lose my grip oh how that string it bites

and the dogs they dip my feet
they make me watch the girls the dancing queens
i am not the one to blame
i am not the horse in this here game

i found the broom
i found the crease
the water's warm
hot with disease an untimely demise
im still watching the world through your eyes
your insides were never my size

in the car
in the drive home

i wrote your letters
i knew your name
i wrote your letters
i knew your name
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i wrote your letters
i know your name