

Camden, I'll Never

Too many pictures are staring at me when I sleep
Photographs remind me that I'm just a jealous creep
But it's hard to loose a woman, when she is all you've got
Everyday I shower and try to wash memories away
But they're burned into my skin more and more each day
The mirror doesn't talk but I know he knows a lot
I'll never
I'll never
I'll never love to love again
Sometimes I see your kids, god, they have grown
Their father must be proud to call you his own
He's got a wedding ring, and all I've got is Playboy
Dear Santa, would it be just too much to ask
To stick on 'Mr Perfect's face a jealous looking mask
She'd leave 'cause I know how much she hates it