

Common Rotation, Burgandy

Well Ann she bought me a bottle of wine, it was a sultry 93 burgandy
She never minded to dine, on me
We stare across the sad cafes like we're waiting on an accident.
When what we think to say makes less sense
And I'm waiting on the drinks to bring me consent.
Cause lately this is just the way it has been, the way it shall be
Two tables down an old wise man shoots a grin,
You can tell he's happy, happy for me

Hang down your head just like Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you know you never once fooled me.
You put your trust in the thought that grace was on your side
It's such a beautiful day to die.

Well I guess it was thoughtful, after all it had just passed my birthday.
Bring us another round, one for me and the lady
Though she ain't my baby.
No more dessert coffee, I won't put up another drink.
Madam please show us the check but don't leave us here to think.
Cause nothing was to move me, at least nothing that was said.
But what was most delicately touching was that she recalled
That I preferred it red.

Hang down your head just like Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you know you never once fooled me.
You put your trust in the thought that grace was on your side
It's such a beautiful day to die.

So we hit the nearest exit, I saddled up the car
She leans through my window says I don't like you driving:
Oh come on baby you know that its not that far.
I drive home to the latest pretty face she's all curled up on the couch
The weary whisper How was it?' It was fine.'
But she'll never know what the truth is all about.
Lying next to the pretty ones, sometimes it's the only place to go
You fumble around for the old kitchen corkscrew and you break that seal,
Cause it's all you know.

Hang down your head just like Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you know you never once fooled me.
You put your trust in the thought that grace was on your side
It's such a beautiful day to die.

Poor boy, it's too late to run and hide.