

# Desaparecidos, Man And Wife, The Latter (Dama

I'm growing out my hair like it was when I was single  
It was longer than I'd known you, I had no money then  
I had no worries then at all  
But with such a high standard of living I just feel like I am dying  
I would start an argument but you can barely even talk  
But there is always good reason for your silence  
You have to take care of some business  
So I fix your plate and I stay out of the way  
And you will stay like that forever, right in front of your computer  
You'll look up one day but you won't recognize me  
So now you want to change  
You read a letter from a lawyer  
Want to take me out to dinner  
Want to bury me under a mound of shopping bags  
Like it would really make a difference or make up for your disinterest  
I'm a bill you pay, I'm a contract you can't break  
And it is like I'm under water or on an endless escalator  
I just go up and up but I don't ever reach the top  
And it reads just like the bible, twenty centuries of scandal  
I guess it all depends on how you interpret it  
The word is LOVE  
The word is LOSS  
The words are DAMAGED GOODS  
That is what I am  
A lifetime gets chalked-up to an experience, coincidence  
We are chained to the events  
That's it