

# Everything But The Girl, The Dustbowl

Spending time with him again  
Intending to put things back when they were alright  
Just when we reach dry land why must it all get out of hand  
Again tonight drinking till my tongue got loose  
And thinking that the way it used to be was wrong  
Staying till the evening's wrecked  
By saying things just for effect, went on too long

I used to think that you were all that kept me sane  
When all else failed  
Now I think you were  
Probably what drove me off the rails

Talking with our voices raised  
Walking home to silent days and tears  
I said would rather shout  
For after all what's love to cry about  
I used to think you would hold out best of us all  
Am I flattering myself  
Or was I the one who made you cynical?