

Girlyman, Genevieve

All last night it stormed
Woke me up at two, three, and four
I reached out for you
Genevieve it's true, I have no doubt
I've worked this one out

Flooded all the snails
Left them without shells
Naked on the road, nowhere left to go
I'd have no home if you left me alone

And I can't be good
I can't see far
I just watch the fog burn off the water

Canada in June
I can't help but sing this tune
Buoys out on the bay
It's my birthday
Boats pull in their traps
Anything they catch
Could be lobsters could be trash
Somehow I found you
Genevieve it's true, I have no doubt
I've worked this one out
I've worked this one out