

Girlyman, Invite Me In

You went to France and bought me a wallet
Now you won't absolve it, I'm indebted
Now what were you saying with that kid's book you laid on me
When I turned thirty, called People Get Mad

But in me, I can't be the high and mighty
Alone, unrested, no light to guide me
You loved me back then, but you will not invite me in again

We took a walk, seventy city blocks
Held hands, burned up the clock, felt like no time at all
You saw something in a window, stepped inside and I watched you go
But nothing's still nothing no matter how you divide

Now time is to batting like pain is to memory
My words all come back saying why did you send me
You heard me back then, but you will never hear me out again

Baby, I should know when I'm drinking
Everything that I'm thinking, everything that I am
The blistering wind takes the skin right off me
But it's just me and coffee in the morning again

Way deep inside me is a room full of butterflies
Frantically flying in an old wing of the museum
Deep blue and orange like the sunrise that morning
With you breathing beside me and the whine of the dogs

Sorry's a word without grace or vision
Pacing around like a crow or a pigeon
You threw more than crumbs, but you will not invite me in again