

Girlyman, Serve It Up

There's a place that you always invite me
And when I get there I feel like there's no hiding
So I pull the covers over my head
I tell you stories but they're best left unsaid

You write me letters even though we let it end
You say you want me back, you miss me as a friend
So every time I think there's something more to your excuses
You prove me wrong and suddenly I blow just like a fuse does

Dig into this meal that you've created
Eliminate the flavors of your past
The good taste accentuated
Serve it up at last

Stop asking me to help you find your way
I gave you all of my maps and let you stay
And now you tell me you're too tired to drive
You lean your head as I swerve out on 95

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You're so small you can't see what's on the other side
You act so tall but I'm the one who's pulling higher and higher

Stop repeating the things that I'm saying
Let me know when you have quieted your craving
I've had enough and I am tired of remaining silent
The wooden gate has finally splintered and the water's violent

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