

# Glen Phillips, Men Just Leave

She came from Austin, Texas  
She liked his custom van  
And his pitbull Francis  
Even when he took a chunk out of her hand  
They liked to dance in the desert and screw in the sand  
He said they'd always be together  
But when her belly got big she never saw him again

One and one ends up to be three  
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet  
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe  
The women get stuck, the men just leave

They were high school sweethearts from Portland, Maine  
He was a writers block poet  
And though she'd never read a line she still had faith  
They ended up in La Jolia, she sold Mary Kay  
He dreamed about getting published  
And when her belly got big he ran away

One and one ends up to be three  
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet  
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe  
The women get stuck and the men just leave

There's a place in the desert where the men all meet  
They park their vans in the shade  
Talk about Kerouac and the works of the Beats  
Let their dogs play together, drink beer and they sing  
They've all got a secret treasure  
Wallet picture in their pocket  
Of the kids they never see

One and one ends up to be three  
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet  
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe  
The women get stuck, the men just leave  
Men just leave, men just leave, leave