

# John Hiatt, Love's Not Where We Thought We Left It

In the forest of no gravity  
Where birds mock reality  
We laid out some bread crumbs  
Yeah but somebody ate 'em

Always thought we'd make it here  
But here keeps movin'  
How much blood  
How many tears  
It's never been proven

Love's not where we thought we left it  
Who took the last of love and kept it  
Caged love in tried to protect it  
Love's not where we thought we left it

The apostles were jealous  
of Mary Magdalene and Jesus  
Said why do you love her more than us  
Jesus turned back in disgust  
Said why do I love her more than you  
The answer is a question  
Just ask yourself what can I do  
To gain my lord's affection

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When men become more ladylike  
I'll see you in the candlelight  
When women come to be like men  
We'll be ashamed to fight again  
No jealous God's the only one  
Father, mother, ghost and son

Love's unorthodox  
Changes all of nature's clocks  
To time remaining  
Just twenty-four hours  
For lovers in training  
Bitter, salty, sweet and sour

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