

Lloyd Cole, Why I Love Country Music

jane is fine always fine
we're unhappy most of the time
we don't talk we don't fight
I'm just tired she's way past caring
but she says she is fine
she tells lies most of the time
what she needs i don't have
that's not in the hand that I'm holding
so we drink spanish wine
she plays country records until the morning
this is mine all of mine
she is not she is not mine
and i feel fine only when I'm sleeping
only with the t.v. on
she and i and empty wine and whisky bottles
and she write beneath crumpled sheets
she is everything i need
but she would rather be any place but here
jane is fine always fine
we're unhappy most of the time
we don't talk we don't fight I'm just tired
she's way past caring
so we drink spanish wine we tell lies
we're killing and we feel fine
well what's the crime?