

Melissa Etheridge, No Souvenirs

Hello, hello this is Romeo
Calling from a jackpot telephone
Shame, shame but I love your name
And the way you make the buffalo roam
Oh fly, fly I guess this is goodbye
Oh you packed up your heart
And you left no souvenirs

But if you want me you can call me
In the night you know where I'll be
Broken lover you can touch me
In the dark the innocent can't see
You lock it up now hide the key
It would mean surrender to let me see
Oh brave, brave soldier keep it under cover
You fell alone like no other lover
Burn the pictures break the records
Run far away to a northern town
Sell your fear and leave me standing here
With no souvenirs

Once, twice I thought it might be nice
To come into your kitchen and play
Cool, cool just a crazy fool
I never saw it any other way
Oh wait, wait I guess I'm just too late
Oh you made up your mind
Love shouldn't be so hard

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No shirts, no shoes
No jackets, no blues
You car's for sale
You forward your mail
You're growing your hair
You don't want to know where
I'm calling you from
Or how come

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