

# Michael Penn, Drained

"Here's the car you will be driving. Radio works.  
Take the 10 out. On arriving, detour other road.  
Where every sign's a carved design.  
stick feather on with glue  
and run amok upon the lawn"  
The sun comes up and it just dawned on me:  
one thing's clear  
the times come when all of your love is drained

I've seen this scene  
I'll dream this dream and have now and then  
I lose my concentration to some twister again  
and I point mute in shrunken suit like all your  
weathermen  
now feeling wet and most alone  
into this shelter I am thrown and found dumb?  
at least I got this one thing clear:  
the times come when all of your love is drained  
☐☐  
☐Crash on the east Grapevine  
☐and now that the blacktop's dried up  
☐you'll be tied up and I'll be fine...

Now that I've got your attention,  
a toast to the host.  
If that's a rope and wood invention  
then tie me to its post.  
There's a subject to consider  
since we both know each other too well.  
Forget the plumber, call a priest  
the convicts have all been released  
and I just screwed this up  
at least I think I have  
but you left me with this one thing clear:  
the times come when all of our love is drained.  
One thing's clear  
the time comes when all of your love is drained.