

Nields, This Is My Life

We could at least agree
that someday we'd have coffee.
There's a little place I know; OK--neutral territory.
How was I to know
that you'd go into video?
Or that you'd run off with your professor's wife?
And now I can't believe this is my life.

So who cut your hair?
And who changed your nose?
And who was it who discovered what you wear beneath your clothes?
Oh, baby! It sure wasn't me,
cause I never had time to see,
what with dealing with your every storm and strife,
and now I can't believe this is your life.

Now your race with me is over,
we can argue over who lost.
Still I miss your open spaces,
I just couldn't find the cost..."buried in the ground."

And now you're never alone, even in your head.
You never did recover from what your parents said.
My wish for better health
is for you not to see yourself
right before you go under the knife;
and now I can't believe this is your life;
I can't believe this is my life.