

Owen, She

You put on your raincoat
Cause it looks like it just might today
And you grab your keys
And you're out the door before you know where you're going
And if blame, as they say, is for God and little kids
Then you're deserving of praise or a slap on the wrist
Cause you can't help but blame yourself
For your long face
Not a day passes that you don't fold your hands
And ask St. Francis to find the lust for life
That you lost when she left with your tongue
And your last breath
Well, she's a thief with an eye for nice things
Not a day passes that you don't close your eyes
And ask St. Francis to find the love of your life
That you lost when she left
You dumb f**k, your life's a mess
Without her to tell you what to say
Or when to breathe
Or what you'll need where you're going