

Rain, Used Car

He may not be the one she wants, but he's the one she needs
The one who loves the flavor of the very brain he feeds
The sole reminder of a time when words outnumbered deeds
He's never one for having fun when he's got blood to bleed
And it's all a lie
There's no wonder why
So he sings the pain
That he can't contain
Until the well runs dry
He may not be the one she takes, but he's the one who gives
She's never known a single soul more generous than his
The gift of time preserved in rhyme, that's all his passion is
When will she see that plurally is how he wants to live?
And it's all a lie
There's no knot to tie
So he steals away
And ties it anyway
Until the well runs dry
He may not be the one she likes, but he's the one she loves
His memory tugs tenderly at her from up above
And in the end he knows he'll win, but what's he winner of?
Her sweet caress means so much less than all her gentle shoves
And it's all a lie
That I can't deny
So I sing the pain
That I can't contain
Until the well runs dry
Until the well runs dry