

Rickie Lee Jones, Love Junkyard

Dented bodies, broken souls
Wilted roses, hearts grow cold
Unhappy endings and shattered dreams
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Where's the candlelight, where's the smiles
Man this place goes on for miles
There's heaps and heaps of wedding rings
Equal space for tramps and kings

There's no doberman dogs or security guards at the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junkyard

Tanks of teardrops shed in vain
Mix in with the pouring rain
Promises go up in smoke
Freight cars full of abandoned hurt and hope

There's no doberman dogs or security guards at the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junkyard

Tiny trysts or grand affairs, there's no more need for teddy bears
The time for pretty words has past, so fly the flag of love half mast
At the love junkyard, yeah

There's no dobermans though or security guards at the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, bring your broken heart, to the love junkyard

To the love, to the love junkyard
Is that you, is that you, is that you baby, is that you...
Look what I've done for you ...