

# Rickie Lee Jones, Love Junkyard

Dented bodies, broken souls  
Wilted roses, hearts grow cold  
Unhappy endings and shattered dreams  
???

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 ...