

Seven Mary Three, Gone Away

It's not the clothes that she borrows
just call me out - you know I'll follow
Back thru the backdoor into June
Luck will sleep the October June

Sometimes in deep thought I'm 31
she's wanting kids
sounds like fun,
I'll teach them to sing along
sure beats the end of a smoking gun

And I know that god exists
because I feel him sometimes
when she takes up the sheets
or my telephone lines, but
when I'm home she says:
'Baby you're a lie...'
'You're not really here.'
'You've gone away...'