

The American Life, The Window

I breathe out this discontent
Into lungs you've never met
Don't pretend
Hands across her chest
Doing things I never meant
Trade the promise that I made
For a moment that will fade
All the clothes are on the floor
Is there ever any reason why
We hurt the ones we love
Convictions knocking at the door
Is there ever any reason why
We always hurt the only ones we love
I'm clutching at guilty sheets
With strange eyes looking back at me
Don't do this
In this mirror I can see
The honest truth I can't believe
Living life with one regret
A selfish man so desperate
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