

Wainwright Loudon, Synchronicity

Little did I know, though I probably should have guessed
By the way you walked and talked and spoke and smoked and dressed
You actually seemed to like me and so naturally I presumed
You were after that thing, it's the one thing, it's assumed

So I wine and dine you, hey, I love that kind of stuff
And we blabbed about our backgrounds, how family life is rough
We spoke of what we dreamed of, what we thought of, what we did
Midway through the second bottle I admitted I had kids

But nothing seemed to throw you though I know you better now
At the time my minor crime was figuring out how
To get you in my hotel room unclothed and in my bed
And proceed with the unspeakable, it's better left unsaid

We went to see a friend of your and watch me on TV
Sheer coincidence you said, synchronicity

A full moon on a Friday night, the thirteenth of July
A man and two women in a room and on the screen the guy

Your friend, she liked me on the show, yeah she was snowed for sure
Her body language got obscene, her demeanor less than pure
You started venting something wearing spleen upon your sleeve
You got sort of nervous, kind of anxious, had to leave

You told me on the freeway that you didn't sleep with men
I put two and two together and I asked about your friend
It turns out she and though she loved my show
She too preferred the fairer sex I absorbed the blow

It turns out that you did like men but didn't like their things
That hang down and all the hang-ups being with them always brings
My brother is so practical; this is what he said:
"You should have asked if it was cool to watch them both in bed"