

We're About 9, Another Love Song

Morning
Colder than anything he knew
He searches above him for some blue
From behind an endless gray sky

His eyes still
Heavenward turned
Catch a glimpse of
A beautiful girl in a cloud who
Resembles one he left behind

He's well aware of everything he's doing wrong
She doesn't care
She just wants another
Another love song

The rosewood
Neck on his trusty guitar
Is worn down to the shapes of his fingertips

The steel strings
Are rusted and cold from the win
The songs he
Once sang her quietly he sings now
For nickels and dimes while she stays home
Crying and forgiving him

He's well aware of everything he's doing wrong
She doesn't care
She just wants another
Another love song

All the preoccupation and pride
That once stole his love from his side
Have lost all their battles
To cold nights of concrete and wine

But he knows
As deep as love goes
It will never save a poor man from the cold
So he packs his guitar
And sets off wearing a smile

Morning
On a familiar doorstep he wakes to
The rustling of leaves and a kind blue sky
And a noise from inside

He breathes deep
And sings the first words he remembers
He hears footsteps coming
He looks up
To find the door opening wide

He's well aware of everything he's doing wrong
She doesn't care
She just wants another
Another love song
One that won't make her cry