

Wrens, Ex Girl Collection

4 Fourth floor room / each girl I've brought back home to bloom
All fold on close inspection
Each one leaves / a banner hanging from the eaves
Marking the eve of election.
Ex-girl collection, why?
Into why not
Into what else you got?
It's just how men mark time.
Ann slams in / another lightning round begins
This could get interesting
Where's Ann been? / Whe pours herself a don't-ask gin
No ice and light on the bitters / I'm done with quitters
'Why / Charles i found out / wipe that smile off your mouth
I think it's tell-me time...'
Britt hit hard / She found my box of Beth's best cards
Hand cut and signed with 'X's
Called at work / 'Happy anniversary, jerk'
And I just laughed at the timing

With you on line two still crying / 'Why
Play sex on the cuff / does Beth like it rough
And learn your dirty lines?
And keep her hair cropped / (the other shoe dropped)
Is this how men mark time in couples?'
She cursed, / (this sounds so rehearsed)
As Ann, hand on hip, accusing me to the rafters
The words turn and spit and scratch righth through to the plaster
I'm called ten kinds of a bastard / curses come faster / Why
Into why not
Into what else you got?
Into Charles gone to pot / in hotter water
Line up to lift up a toast / to the ones I hurt most
And how the well's gone lime
With Charles on the plow
I'm roger over and how.
Slower now men makr time
Fine. / Why? / what else you got?