

Love Junkyard

Rickie Lee Jones

Dented bodies, broken souls
Wilted roses, hearts grow cold
Unhappy endings and shattered dreams
There go all the nearly-real things

Where's the candlelight, where's the smiles?
Man, this place goes on for miles
There's heaps and heaps of wedding rings
Equal space for tramps and kings

There's no doberman dog or security guard at the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junk
yard

Tanks of teardrops shed in vain
Mix in with the pourin' rain
Promises go up in smoke
Freight cars full of hurt and hope

There's no doberman dog or security guard at the love junkyard
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junk
yard

Tiny trysts or grand affairs, there's no more need for teddy be
ars
The time for pretty words has past, so fly the flag of love hal
f mast
At the love junkyard

There's no dobermans though or security guards at the love junk
yard
Open twenty four hours, bring your broken heart, to the love ju
nkyard

To the love, to the love junkyard

Is that you? is that you? Baby, is that you?

Look what I've done to you ...