

# That's How I Knew This Story Would Break My Heart

Aimee Mann

I drew a picture of you  
You and your anchor tattoo  
And saw the face that I knew  
Covered in shame  
You drew a bird that was here  
A kind of sweet chanticleer  
But with a terrible fear  
That the cage couldn't tame

That's how I knew this story would break my heart  
When you wrote it  
That's how I knew this story would break my heart

So, like a ghost in the snow  
I'm getting ready to go  
'Cause baby, that's all I know  
How to open the door  
And though the exit is crude  
It saves me coming unglued  
For when you're not in the mood  
For the gloves and the canvas floor

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