

Divorce Song

Babybird

When the diamonds in your smile fall out,
when the laughter in this house runs away
and the men come to take away the T.V.
And you find yourself changing the locks.
And the line on my face just can't be for me,
like the gun in your hand can't just be for me.

When the sticks and stones start to hurt
and we're talking just to dig up dirt.
With our minds running out in the street and we're stuck into the
house like concrete
And the blood on my hands, just can't be for me
And the life that goes on, just can't be for me

And the line on my face just can't be for me,
And the knife in your hand just can't be for me.