

Paul

Big Thief

Oh the last time I saw Paul
I was horrible and almost let him in
But I stopped and caught the wall
And my mouth got dry so all I did was take him for a spin

Yeah we hopped inside my car
And I drove in circles 'round the freight train yard
And he turned the headlights off
Then he pulled the bottle out
Then he showed me what was love

I'll be your morning bright goodnight shadow machine
I'll be your record player baby if you know what I mean
I'll be your real tough cookie with the whiskey breath
I'll be a killer and a thriller and the cause of our death

In the blossom of the months
I was sure that I'd get driven off with thought
So I swallowed all of it
As I realized there was no one who could kiss away my shit

I'll be your morning bright goodnight shadow machine
I'll be your record player baby if you know what I mean
I'll be your real tough cookie with the whiskey breath
I'll be a killer and a thriller and the cause of our death

Paul, I know you said that you'd take me any way I came or went
But I'll push you from my brain
See, you're gentle baby
I couldn't stay, I'd only bring you pain

I was your starry-eyed lover and the one that you saw
I was your hurricane rider and the woman you'd call
We were just two moonshiners on the cusp of a breath
And I've been burning for you baby since the minute I left