

Corrugated Tin Facade

Buck 65

Look at this mess
He thought he was cheatin' God
She leaves in the autumn
His face like a beaten dog
Now he's become everything that you hate
He's just in time to be too late
His friends are like snowflakes
His lies are confessions
Behold the old man
and his ruined possessions
He can't play guitar but he does try very hard
Pens from hotel rooms, old library card
Photos and whatnots, blood in his boots
Sun in his eyes, an anchor instead of roots
Clocks on every wall, fish in the ocean
Solitude, faith, suspicion, commotion
The whole in his stomach tastes like words
He dreams and imagines his face like hers
He knows he can't live without his greatest fears
And nothing's more beautiful than
a woman's tears...

Cardboard boxes full of regrets
He feeds his remorse like you feed your pets
Voices in his head that all said, "live a day" but
The look in his eyes makes him a dead giveaway
The bough that he breaks, the line that he draws
He fell in love with the ugliness that nobody saw
As close as he came, as far as he stood,
He loved her with his mouth as hard as he could
Most people change when they enter the door
They walk home from work and remember the war
He's digging a ditch, and spent the day piling
Dirt until it hurt and went away smiling
Alone and heartbroken, just the way he likes it
Only the loneliness knows him wholly
And nothing seems to work, wrong everywhere
He watches her brushing her long, heavy hair