Crickets

Creeper

Baby I'm sorry to call you so late,
Oh I forget I can't call you that name.
Still make those slips all of the time,
Don't know when I'll get better.

I think to the night that you handed me back,
Records that we shared and the life that we had.
You said in that condescending tone,
I'll never forget you.

She's in your jeans,
But I don't care.
You were my dream.
Now my nightmare.

At your sister's wedding I gave all that I had,
Your father was cold, and your mother was sad.
I thought to myself they were like you and I,
When we last met.

My love is a nail I can't pull out with plyers,
The lovers I've had have been gaslighting liars.
Don't know what that says about me,
But I just give in.

I mean it now it's making me ill.

She's in your jeans,
But I don't care.
You were my dream.
Now my nightmare.

So call me when you break up,
As you always do.
I can't promise I will pick up,
I'm done with you.

She's in your jeans,
But I don't care.
You were my dream.
Now my nightmare.

She's in your jeans,
But I don't care.
You were my dream.
Now my nightmare.

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