

# She's All I Got Left

Ezra Furman

Well, I sold my nice clothes  
I sold my boots  
Feel like a tree with a hundred branches  
But I sold my roots  
She's all, she's all  
I got left

I watched my best friend leave me  
Without one look back  
All those clouds coming in  
They look so hot and black  
She's all, she's all  
I got left

Well, she got my heart  
Inside her hand  
She could close it up shut  
And crush me into sand  
But she don't, but she don't  
Do that  
She don't do that

Well, ever man, woman, and child  
That I've ever known  
Is just a distance voice on the other end  
Of a telephone  
She's all, she's all  
I got left

I tried to make someone hear me  
With my music and words  
But the sound waves bounced off  
Everybody's ears but hers  
She's all, she's all  
I got left

Well, she got my heart  
Inside her hand  
She could close it up shut  
And crush me into sand  
But she don't, but she don't  
Do that  
She don't do that