

Notes in His Pockets

Grammatics

Drunk at the bar at last, last call
My baby's home on her night off
So Im involved in a serious talk
With a girl I had known growing up
So we buy a six; We decide to split
She has a downtown apartment
She opens the door, falls in the floor
Says, Im bitter sick of sweet and pure
Take me now Im yours

Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill
Phone calls after the bars close unlisted numbers.
If she only knew, then he'd be through
But who knows which parts are true
She hates how it looks, but what can she do?
The girls all talk behind her back, they say she's
being used.

At Sullivans drinking with Justin,
He says he's seen my ex-girlfriend
She's back in town and what's worse
He knows where and when she works
So we head over to the Underwood
Shes trading shots with regulars
She gives me a hugs til our hips are flush
Says, Boy, weve hardly kept in touch
Its time for catching up

Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill
Phone calls after the bars close
Unlisted numbers
Still, he insists on his innocence;
Says those girls are all gossips
She's gotta drop the axe, catch him in the act
With his shame around his ankles
Chain the guilt around his neck