

# I'd Still Be In Love With You

James Reyne

You rode in on your wrecking ball  
Like you were ridin' on the range  
You razed this playhouse wall by wall  
In language wild and strange  
And weren't we going to take this ride together?  
And what about this damned tattoo?  
Of the stupid snake and your squandered face  
And the wretched "I love you"

You call this dump a playhouse?  
This shanty shack you call a nest?  
With that jagged hole that's in the wall  
Where your fist came to rest?  
And all those rusting, busted car wrecks  
Out there littering the yard  
The junk monuments to your laziness  
All your dreams that never start

We were drunk on love  
Yeah? So says who?

The bitter songs of blame we sang  
The vicious words just left to hang  
You can't un-ring a bell that's rang  
Or I'd still be in love with you

You used to be a dancer  
Back in the class of '004  
But you don't look so good out on the dancefloor anymore  
Those by-gones are all long-gone  
And the dirty water's off your chest  
And I know you remember where  
That hatchet's laid to rest

Your lies of rock and roll drone on and on, you're such a bore  
And if you were any good I would have heard of you before  
And the hand you're dealt's the one you've just gone and bitten  
And all your songs sound like  
Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens

It's time to get myself a new man  
Oh yeah? Whose?

We fell in with a swingin' crowd  
A-ring a ding a ding  
They had that big old yellow moon  
Right there on a string  
We were just a coupla show-biz kids  
Who hit the heights then hit the skids  
But still, you wouldn't be dead for quids  
Or I wouldn't have been in love with you

And I won't be your passing fancy  
And I won't heed your siren's call  
And I won't be your missing person  
Who no-one missed at all  
And I will find someone maybe

A lot more me than you  
With eyes and sighs that don't tell lies  
And lips as chapped and blue, but true  
And I reckon they will do