

This whole park bench belongs to me - I'm not crazy
I reserved it late last spring
Don't sit there, that's my dog
Thought we'd spend the summer here
(My wilderness vacation)
Scare off the tourists, or charge them to feed us
Yes, I'm a real financier

And when the interest rates fall, I will invest in a mall
Somewhere to keep from the cold wind that rattles my bones
And the sticks and the stones
That shatter my ears
Since Davy left here

I was always too high strung, seeking my salvation
Now I just seek oblivion (and my blood pressure's down)
Used to be so hard to keep up with all the Joneses
Now I just keep up with me
If you don't like it go home

When this world finally ends. I will be wealthy again
I have all my past in this blue shopping bag that I guard
Like the strings of my heart
That once rang so clear
When Davy was here

In your pity, you're forgetting that
I was once somebody's better half

Visit me again sometime, here among the flowers
When you've know a love like mine, it's hart to chit chat for l
ong

Life has more rips in its seams
Than any novelist dreams
Come when the fabric of nightttime is tattered and torn
We'll talk into dawn
But you'll have to go
When Davy gets home