

Mother Wound

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It was our third date, and we were in the park
It was a Tuesday in the middle of March
I said the wrong thing, I knew it in my heart, I guess
I read your fortune, I saw the mother wound
You lit a cigarette, then we were in my room
You took my clothes off, I was in debt to you again

I should've known that was no way to start a conversation
Loving you lowered my expectations
Loving you lowered my expectations
I should've shown you I'm no saint before it got complicated
Loving me went from a high worth chasing
To something lower than your expectations

You had a bad night, and your patience was gone
You'd been the good guy for a little too long
I read your cards right, but I wish I'd been wrong for once
It was our third month, you were renting a room
It was our first fight in the middle of June
I tried to reach you, there was no getting through for us

I should've known that was no way to start a conversation
Loving you lowered my expectations
Loving you lowered my expectations
I should've shown you I'm no saint before it got complicated
Loving me went from a high worth chasing
Loving me went from a wall worth breaking
Loving me went from a life worth saving
To something lower than your expectations