

Magazine

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Our separation seems forever, I'll do it if it's what you like
Go take your bags to New York City, call me when your plane arrives

I'll feed the children, wash the dishes, I'll keep the house lookin' nice

Well, don't you worry now, everything's gonna be all right

It's been snowin' this October turnin' grass into grain
Do you see much past your hotel window Friday nights with your gang?

I can only hope that things were different and darlin' do you feel the same

Every time you're drinkin' wine in the rain?

Oh, oh, all you said you've seen is my face in a magazine
My hair slicked back and clean or so it seemed
And now anyone can say that a man shouldn't live this way
So take your pretty poison right into the grave, we'll never change

I sold our house, the 3rd December, we're livin' where our feet done land

And the babies screams, they might get to heaven

But they're buried far 'neath the sand

All I know's my minds done thinkin', my mouths doin' what it can

To keep the rhythm and put a nickel back in your hand

Oh, oh, all you said you've seen is my face in a magazine
My hair slicked back and clean or so it seemed

And now anyone can say that a man shouldn't live this way

So take your pretty poison right into the grave

We dated naked out in the rain

We are okay to the pain, they'll never change, oh no, no, no, no, no