

Overseas Now

Mal Blum

You clean the bathroom
On your hands and on your knees
Wearing latex gloves
That you borrow from her
I don't know what you think you're doing
But you're doing it for free
Do you know even what you're doing anymore?

And I know it's not my business
And I know it's not my right
But the expression on your face
Looks so awkward and contrived
But I know it's not my business
And I know it's not my right
And I don't know what to call it
But I wouldn't call it

Oh, I'm a rising star, I'm a sinking ship
You're a work of art, something delicate
You're my mother's son
You're my favorite song
I'm the things you hide
When you turn the lights back on

I'm a one or two or three page explanation
You're a getaway vacation
That I hoped would bring salvation
It did not
And it's killing me
You were the only person
Who could understand
The things I think inside my head
And somehow you forgot

I dated Audrey Hepburns
Just to be Paul Varjack
And I picked up all the paychecks
But I never called them back
I guess I wasn't fooling anybody
But I never knew myself
As well as I knew how to act

And I know it's not my business
And I know it's not my right
But you crawl into my bed
In the middle of the night
And you ask me not to leave you
But you don't ask me to stay
And I never can say no
When you look at me like that

I'm a rising star, I'm a sinking ship
You're a work of art, something delicate
You're my mother's son
No, you're my favorite song
I'm the things you hide
When you turn the lights back on

I'm a one or two or three page explanation
That you wouldn't take the time
To give to anyone at all
I'm a one or two or three page explanation
That you wouldn't take the time
To give to anyone
Anyone at all

Are you overseas now?
With the drugs
And all the men
Or are you dead
Or hiding in your loft
Behind your papers and your pens
Just how we met
I never did believe a word they said
The bluest blues
The reddest reds
I never did believe a word they said
They made it up
Even the end