

The Weather

Ron Pope

I know you loved me once
Damn it, I still love you now
Miss your hands on me
Like a drowning man misses the air
Somehow I know we'll be
Better off if we end up together
So I button up my coat to the throat
And step out in the weather

I met this dancer at the Horseshoe
We started sharing our nights
And people say she's no good for me
But you know the kind that I like
I woke up in her apartment
Needles and burnt up spoons
I wonder if you're thinking of me
As I'm thinking of you

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I tried to find you on your birthday
I called up your mother's house
She swore that she hadn't heard from you
And asked why I don't come around
Then my sister saw your cousin
At a bar on Christmas eve
She said you don't wanna hear from me

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